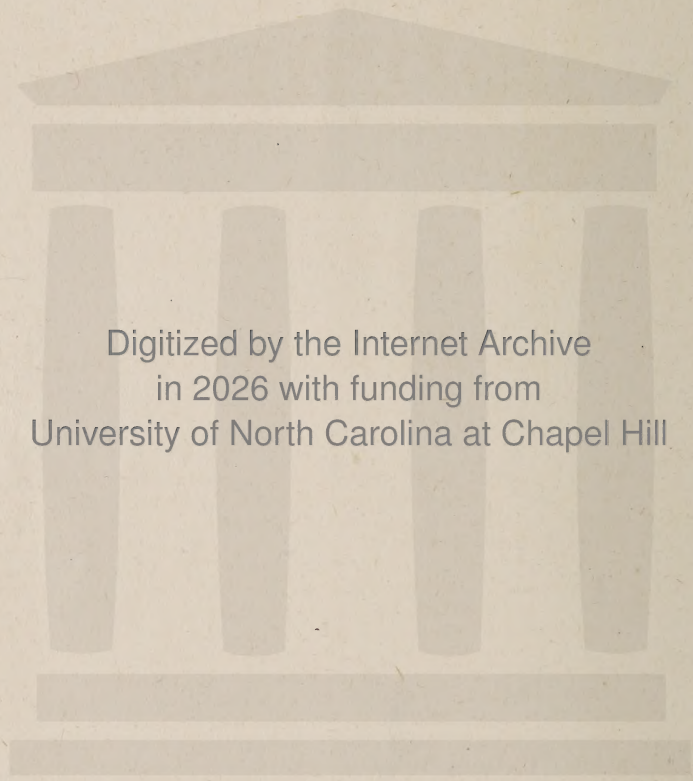
Calvary's Praises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Calvary's Praises

FOR CHURCH, SUNDAY SCHOOL,
AND GOSPEL MEETINGS

BY

CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE

With Songs from
The following Composers

Ira D. Sankey, P. P. Bliss, E. O. Excell, James McGranahan, J. S. Fearis, Chas. H. Gabriel, Geo. C. Stebbins, Fred H. Bysche, Wm. H. Doane, Jno. R. Sweney, E. S. Lorenz, Edna G. Young, H. R. Palmer, H. L. Gilmour, Peter Bilhorn, DeLoss Smith, B. D. Ackley, Wm. J. Kirkpatrick, Robt. Lowry. Ira B. Wilson, Victor H. Benke, Wm. G. Fischer, Wm. Eddie Marks, Mrs. C. H. Morris, Dr. E. T. and Flora H. Cassel, Haldor Lillenas, Will L. Thompson, J. Lincoln Hall, L. E. Jones, Clarence B. Strouse, Mrs. J. G. Wilson, Joseph Knapp, J. B. Herbert, J. H. Rosecrans, S. J. Vail, W. Stillman Martin, Frank A. Simpkins, Nellie Place Chandler, Samuel W. Beazley, Harry W. Miller, Mrs. J. C. Fretz, Carrie E. Rounsefell, Philip Phillips, Frank M. Davis. Geo. A. Minor, James Rowe, Lowell Mason, S. C. Foster, Geo. D. Moore, W. A. Post, Elihu S. Rice, W. A. ogden, M. G. Prescott, A. J. Showalter, J. B, Woodbury, J. P. Powell, O. S. Grinnell, F. S. Shepherd, R. E. Hudson, E. E. Hasty, Knowles Shaw, Wm. B. Bradbury, J. S. Norris, J. Ross Miller, and fifty-seven other Song and Hymn writers.

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MUSIC PUBLISHER
2203 Campbell Park. Chicago, Ill.

Preface.

THE SINGING of hymns, and sacred songs has ever been one of the holiest and mightiest forces for the Kingdom of God, and the salvation of humanity. The infant and the aged, the conquering hero, the dying saint, and the dying soldier, all alike lean heavily upon the power of song, The Hebrews celebrated the discovery of a spring, the shadow of a rock in a weary land, and the gathering of the harvest, with song. And only when in hopeless captivity did they hang their harps on the willows. The angels sang over the manger and the songs of Moses and the Lamb, and "a new song" will be sung in the Gity of God. Paul and Silas with their feet fast in the stocks, incarcerated in a foreign jail, at midnight, prayed and sang praises unto God. The armies of our Lord, as well as the armies of our lands have been marvelously inspired by the tremendous influence of song. We have culled the entire hymnology of the church, and have brought together here the very best of all the great hymns, that they might beget reverence, devotion, and consecration in sacred worship. We have the cream of the great new songs and choruses, that they might awaken life, and beget self-sacrifice, activity, and zeal in all the organizations carrying on the great work of the Church. That CALVARY'S PRAISES may exalt the Christ of Calvary, and help to lead men to and build them up in Him, is our prayer, at the foot of His cross.

CHAS, REIGN SCOVILLE.

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Calvary's Praises

No. 1. All Hail the Power of Jesus Name,

Edward Perronet. Oliver Holden.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
2. Crown Him, ye morn - ing star of light, Who fixed this earth-ly ball;
3. Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The worm-wood and the gall,
4. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res-trial ball,
5. O that with yon-der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might, And crown Him Lord of all;
Go, spread your tro-phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
Now hail the strength of Israel's might, And crown Him Lord of all.
Go, spread your tro-phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 2. Galvary.

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C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. I love the sto - ry sweet and old, Of Christ the Lord who died for me;
2. My sins like mountains high were piled, Oh, where should I for ref-uge flee?
3. Praise God! I cried, my faith prevails, My sins are gone and I am free;
4. His arms of grace stand o-pen wide, In - vite - ing sin-ners such as we;

The sweet-est sto - ry ev - er told, Of par-don bought on Cal - va-ry.
When sweet the voice of mer-cy cried, "Look up and trust in Cal - va-ry."
For - ev - er-more the blood a-vails, The cleansing stream of Cal - va-ry!
For me and all the world be-side, There's mercy still at Cal - va-ry.

CHORUS.

My faith still clings to Cal-va - ry, To Cal - va-ry, to Cal - va-ry, Where
His pre-cious blood my on-ly plea, My on - ly plea, my on - ly plea, He

1

lift - ed up for you and me, The Son of God I see;

2

poured it out on Cal - va - ry, For me, on Cal - va - ry.

No. 3. Whom Have You Helped Today?

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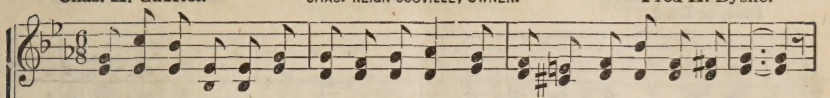
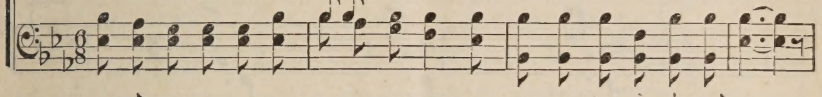
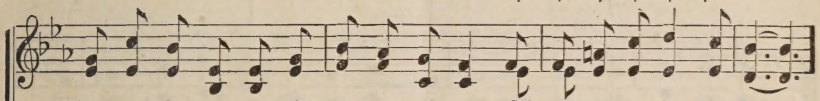
Chas. H. Gabriel. Fred H. Byshe.

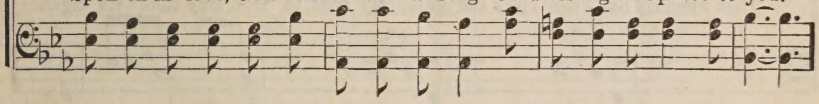


1. Ma-ny are anx-iously seek-ing to-day, For wis-dom to guide them a-right;
2. Ma-ny have burdens of sorrow to bear, And cross-es you never have known;
3. Ma-ny around you are sore-ly in need Of words you might eas-i-ly speak;
4. On-ly a word, as you hur-ry a-long! Who knows of the good it may do;

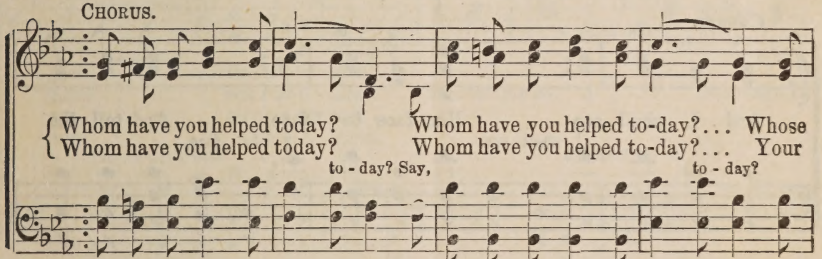




Al-most dis-cour-aged they grope on the way, Like wanderers in the night.
Trembling, they halt on the brink of de-spair, De-ject-ed, unsought, a - lone!
Pa-tient-ly, ear-nest-ly, mute-ly they plead With you for the aid they seek.
Spok-en in love, God will make it a song Of bless-ing and peace to you.

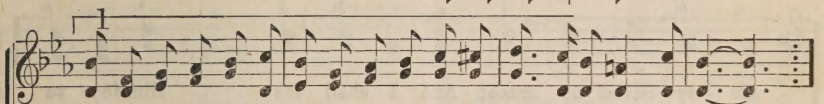


CHORUS.



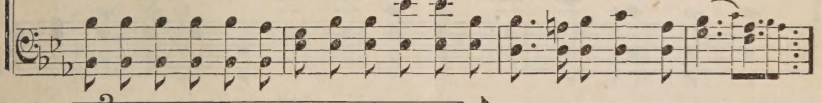
{ Whom have you helped today? Whom have you helped to-day?... Whose
{ Whom have you helped today? Whom have you helped to-day?... Your

to - day? Say, to - day?



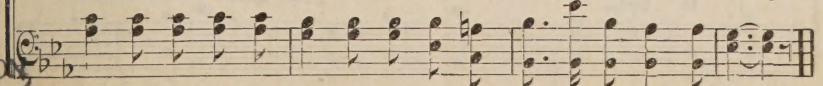
1

cares have you lightened? Whose face have you brightened? Whose tears have you wiped a-way?



2

heart con-fess-ing, Have you the blessing— Say, whom have you helped today?



WILSON
NcU

No. 4. Saved by Grace.

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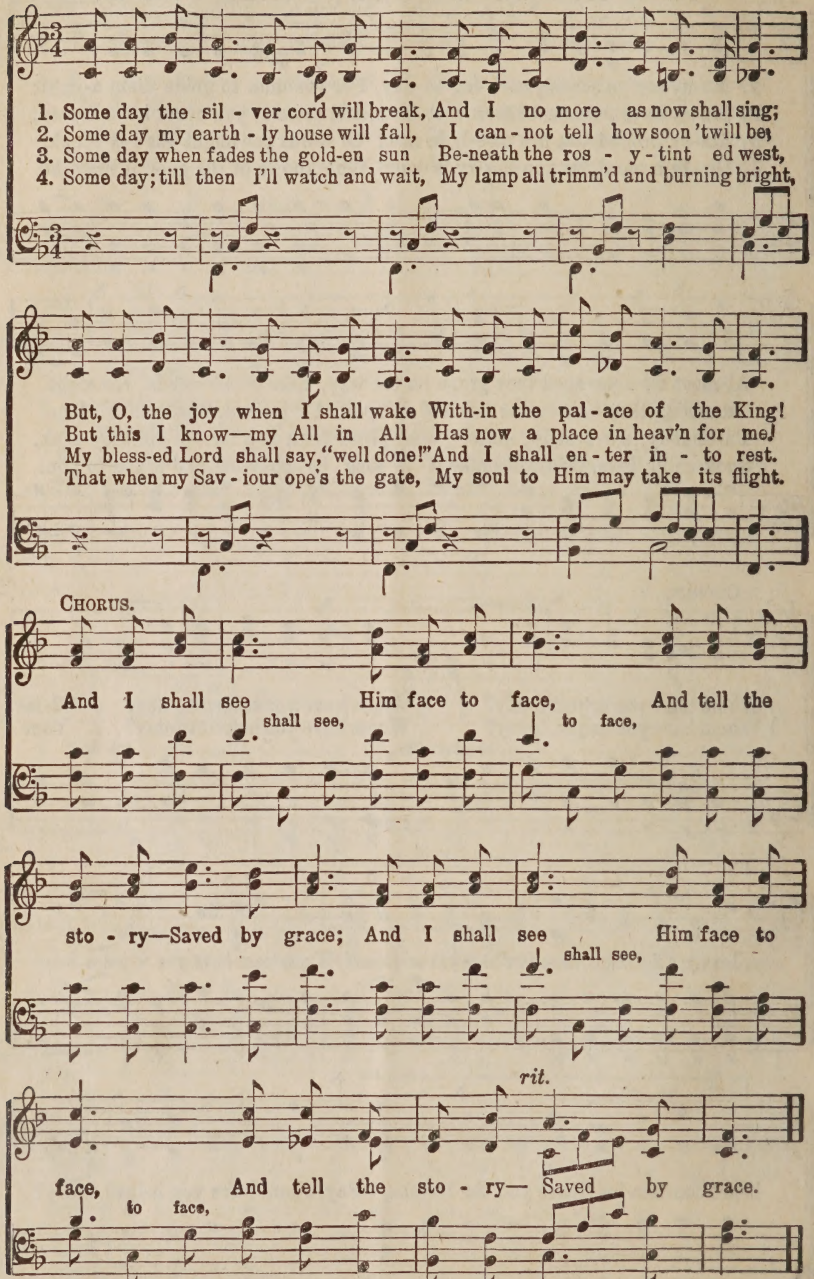
Fanny J. Crosby. Solo, or Duet.

George C. Stebbins.


1. Some day the sil - ver cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing;
2. Some day my earth - ly house will fall, I can - not tell how soon 'twill be;
3. Some day when fades the gold-en sun Be-neath the ros - y - tint ed west,
4. Some day; till then I'll watch and wait, My lamp all trimm'd and burning bright,
But, O, the joy when I shall wake With-in the pal - ace of the King!
But this I know—my All in All Has now a place in heav'n for me.
My bless-ed Lord shall say, "well done!" And I shall en - ter in - to rest.
That when my Sav - iour ope's the gate, My soul to Him may take its flight.
CHORUS.
And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the
shall see,
to face,
sto - ry—Saved by grace; And I shall see Him face to
shall see,
rit.
face, And tell the sto - ry— Saved by grace.
to face,

No. 5. He Loved Me So.

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N. P. C. Nellie Place Chandler.

1. O'er Ju-dah's plain, . . . long years ago, . . . The song rang out . . . that all might
2. His life of toil, . . . neglect and pain, . . . To save my soul, . . . shall it be
3. Up Cal-va-ry . . . His cross He bore, . . . The crown of thorns . . . for me He
4. His *life* He gave, . . . and this small thing, . . . *My heart*, He asks . . . of me to
know, ... The Christ was born, . . . the promised One, . . . The Father's
vain? . . . . Gethsem'ny's pray'rs . . . be-fore me rise! . . . For this my
wore; . . . . The taunts, the sneers, . . . Oh! can it be, ... All this for
bring; . . . . Heav'ns gifts to me . . . had not ap-pealed, . . . But to His
CHORUS.
well . . . . be-lov-ed Son.
Lord . . . . left Par-a-dise. He loved me so, ... He loved me
me, ... all this for me?
love . . . . . I yield, I yield.
The Fa-ther's well
He loved me so,
so, ... He came to save . . . my soul from woe, ... It fills my
He loved me so, He came to save my soul from woe,
heart . . . with joy, to know . . It was be-cause . . He loved me so. . .
It fills my heart with joy, to know It was because He loved, He loved me so.

No. 6. God Will Take Care of You.

Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis.

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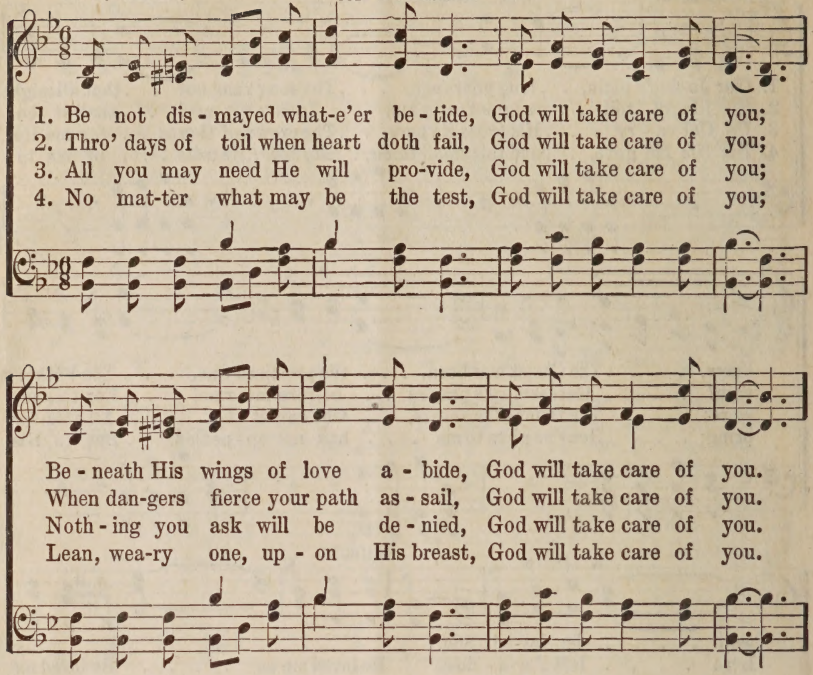
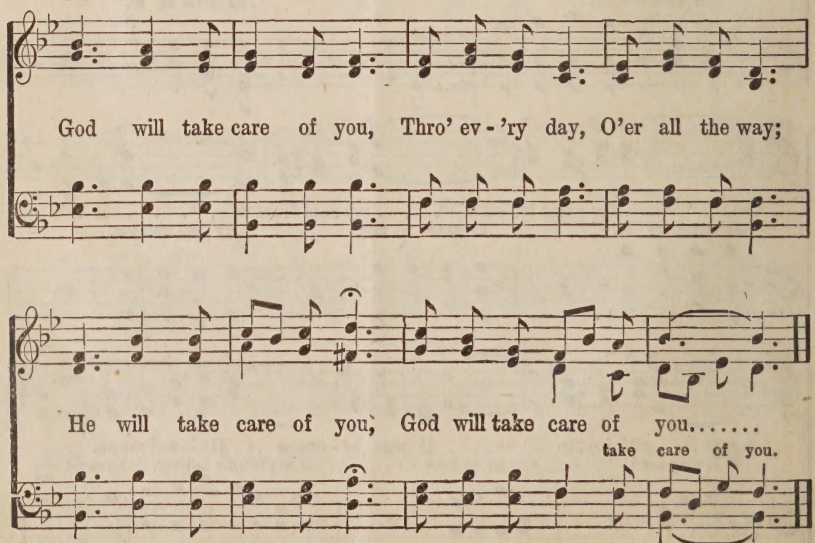
C. D. Martin. W. C. Martin.


1. Be not dis - mayed what-e'er be - tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro-vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat-ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;
Be - neath His wings of love a - bide, God will take care of you.
When dan-gers fierce your path as - sail, God will take care of you.
Noth - ing you ask will be de - nied, God will take care of you.
Lean, wea-ry one, up - on His breast, God will take care of you.

CHORUS.



No. 7. Such a Little Way to Jesus.

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Jessie Brown Pounds. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Such a lit - tle way to Je - sus! Close, so close to Him I stand,
2. Such a lit - tle way to Je - sus, But the roads of life di - vide,
3. Far as heav'n and earth di-vid-ed, Are the roads when life is past;
4. I will take the step to Je - sus, I will seek His love to - day;
I can hear His ten - der mes-sage, I can all but touch His hand.
And the gentle Friend and Help-er, Will no long - er be de - nied.
Such an endless way from Je - sus, Is the way of sin at last!
I will glad - ly go to meet Him While 'tis but a lit - tle way.
CHORUS.
1-3. Such a lit - tle way to Je - sus! Such a lit - tle way to go!
4. Such a lit - tle way to Je - sus! Such a lit - tle way to go!
Shall I scorn His in - vi - ta - tion, Or His love and blessing know?
I will heed His in - vi - ta - tion, And His love and blessing know.

No. 8. True Hearted, Whole Hearted.

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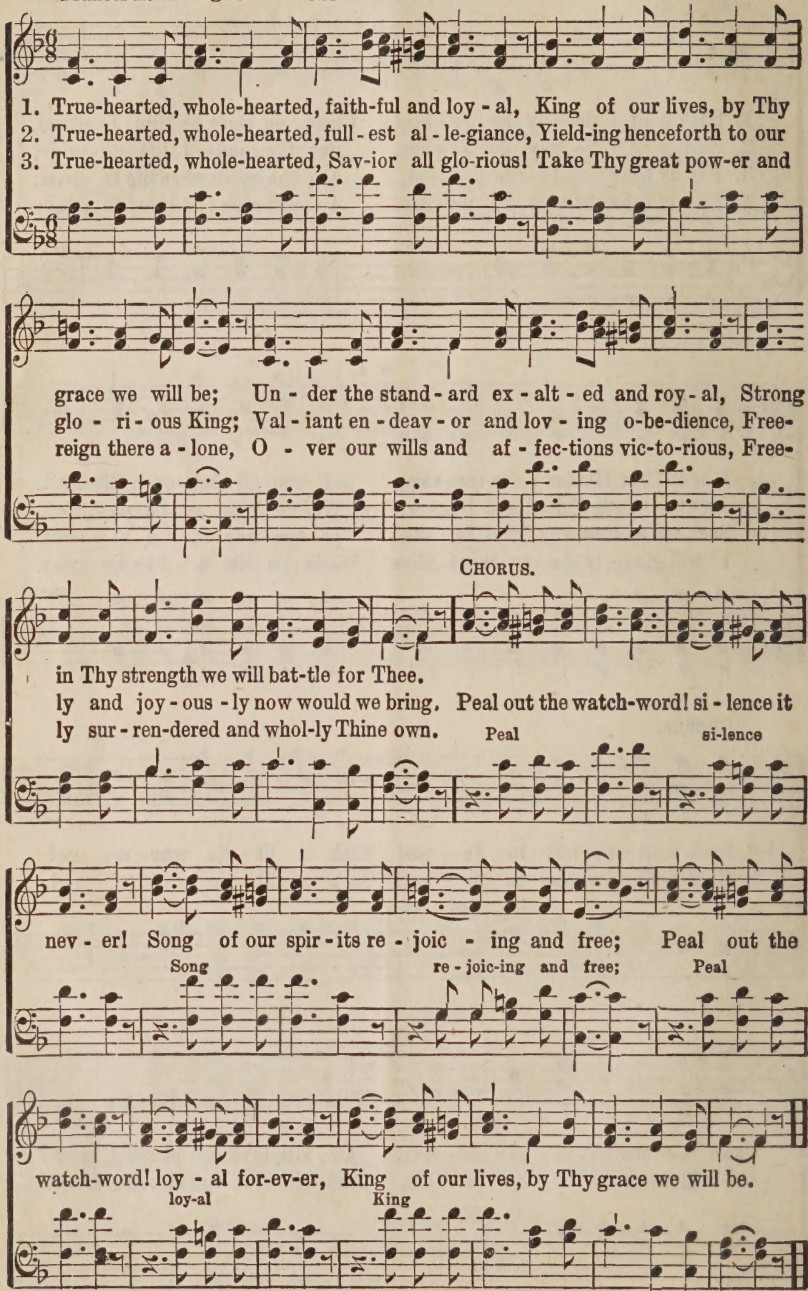
BIGLOW MAIN CO. OWNER.

Frances R. Havergal. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. True-hearted, whole-hearted, faith-ful and loy - al, King of our lives, by Thy
2. True-hearted, whole-hearted, full - est al - le-giance, Yield-ing henceforth to our
3. True-hearted, whole-hearted, Sav-ior all glo-rious! Take Thy great pow-er and
grace we will be; Un - der the stand - ard ex - alt - ed and roy - al, Strong
glo - ri - ous King; Val - iant en - deav - or and lov - ing o-be-dience, Free-
reign there a - lone, O - ver our wills and af - fec-tions vic-to-rious, Free-
CHORUS.
in Thy strength we will bat-tle for Thee.
ly and joy - ous - ly now would we bring, Peal out the watch-word! si - lence it
ly sur - ren-dered and whol-ly Thine own.
Peal
si-lence
nev - er! Song of our spir - its re - joic - ing and free; Peal out the
Song
re - joic-ing and free;
Peal
watch-word! loy - al for-ev-er, King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be.
loy-al
King

No. 9. He Is the Savior You Need.

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L. E. J. L. E. Jones.

1. Have you ac - cept-ed of Je-sus, the Lord? He is the Savior you need!
2. He will support you when tempted and tried, He is the Savior you need!
3. He will de - liv - er thee out of de-spair, He is the Savior you need!
4. Trust Him, be-lieve Him, accept and o - bey, He is the Savior you need!
Do you be-lieve Him and trust in His word? He is the Savior you need.
He will be near you to guard and to guide, He is the Savior you need.
He all your bur-dens and sor-rows will share, He is the Savior you need.
Doubt-ing no long - er, re-ceive Him to-day, He is the Savior you need.
CHORUS.
He..... is the Savior you need, He..... is a Sav-ior in-deed;
He is the Sav-ior,
He is a Sav - ior,
Cru - ci-fied One, God's well be-loved Son, He is the Sav-ior you need.

No. 10. Christ is King.

Chas. Reign Scoville. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY SCOVILLE & SMITH. De Loss Smith.

1. Come friends sing, of the faith that's so dear to me,
2. Cru - ci - fied, thus He suf - fered and bled for me;
3. At His feet on old Ol - i - vet's Hill they say,
Re - vealed thro' God's Son, in Gal - i - lee; He brought
Death and the grave won sin's vic - to - ry; Then the
Cloud char-iots halt - ed, took Christ a - way; Then the
peace on earth and good will to the sons of men,
sky grew dark and the tem-ple veil rent in twain,
an - gels came and to wond'ring dis - ci - ples said
Go tell it to the world, her King reigns a - gain.
Rocks rent, and An - gels came, for He lived a - gain.
He'll come, and earth and sea shall yield up their dead.

Christ is King.

Chorus.
I am so hap-py in Je - sus, Cap - tiv - i - ty's Cap-tor is
He; . . . An - gels re - joice when a souls saved, Some day we
like Him shall be, . . . Sor - row and joy have the same Lord,
cres.
Val - ley of shad - ows shall sing; . . . Death has its life, its door
Harmony.
o - pens in heav - en e - ter - nal - ly, Christ is King . . . . .

No. 11. I Will Sing the Wondrous Story.

F. H. Rowley.

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THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO., OWNERS.
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Peter P. Bilhorn.

1. I will sing the wondrous sto - ry Of the Christ who died for me;
2. I was lost, but Je - sus found me, Found the sheep that went a - stray,
3. I was bruised, but Je-sus healed me; Faint was I from many a fall;
4. Days of darkness still come o'er me, Sor - row's paths I oft - en tread,
5. He will keep me till the riv - er Rolls its wa - ters at my feet;
How He left His home in glo - ry For the cross of Cal - va - ry.
Threw His lov - ing arms a-round me, Drew me back in - to His way.
Sight was gone, and fears possessed me, But He freed me from them all.
But the Sav - ior still is with me; By His hand I'm safe-ly led.
Then He'll bear me safe-ly o - ver, Where the loved ones I shall meet.
CHORUS.
Yes, I'll sing..... the won-drous sto - - - ry Of the
Yes, I'll sing
the won-drous sto - ry
Christ..... who died for me,..... Sing it with..... the saints in
Of the Christ
who died for me,
Sing it with
glo - - ry, Gathered by..... the crys-tal sea.....
the saints in glo-ry,
Gathered by
the crys-tal sea.

No. 12. The Sun Will Shine Again.

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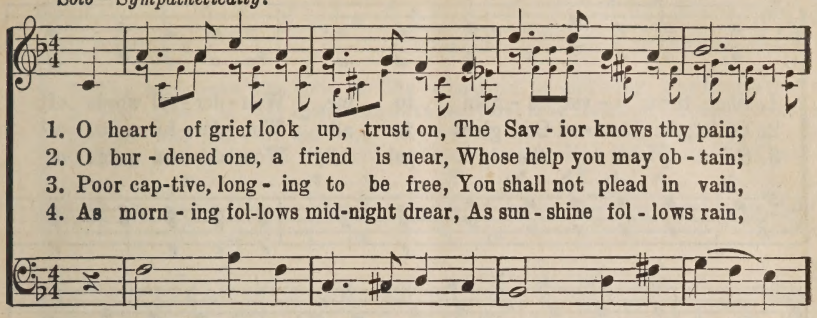
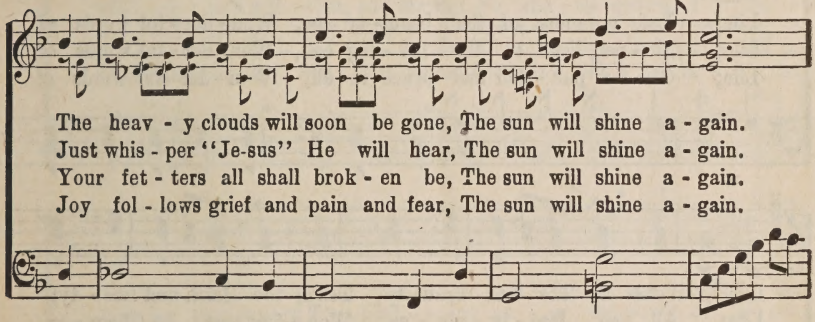
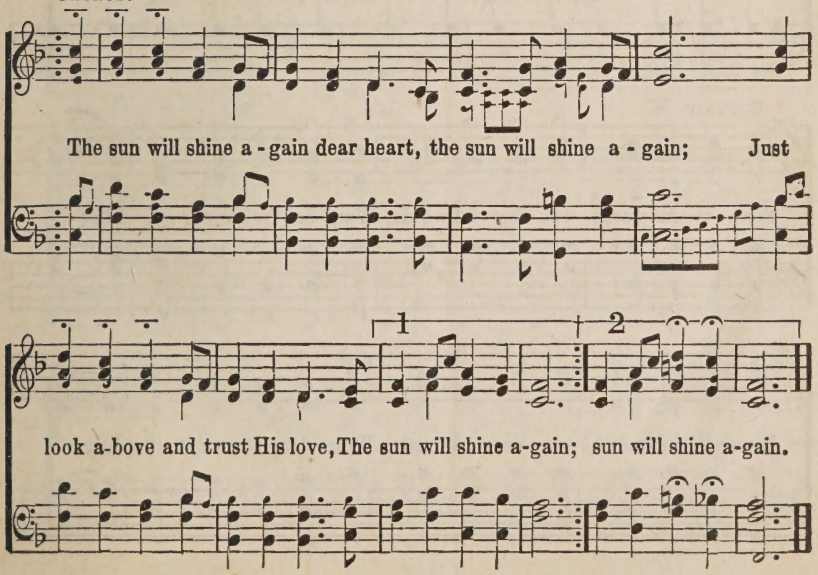
JAMES ROWE — WORDS AND MUSIC. — FRED H. BYSHE.

Solo—Sympathetically.


1. O heart of grief look up, trust on, The Sav - ior knows thy pain;
2. O bur - dened one, a friend is near, Whose help you may ob - tain;
3. Poor cap-tive, long - ing to be free, You shall not plead in vain,
4. As morn - ing fol-lows mid-night drear, As sun - shine fol - lows rain,


The heav - y clouds will soon be gone, The sun will shine a - gain.
Just whis - per "Je-sus" He will hear, The sun will shine a - gain.
Your fet - ters all shall brok - en be, The sun will shine a - gain.
Joy fol - lows grief and pain and fear, The sun will shine a - gain.

CHORUS.


The sun will shine a - gain dear heart, the sun will shine a - gain; Just
1
2
look a-bove and trust His love, The sun will shine a-gain; sun will shine a-gain.

No. 13. Wonderful Words of Life.

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USED BY PER.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won - der - ful words of
2. Christ, the bless - ed One gives to all Won - der - ful words of
3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won - der - ful words of
Life; Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won - der - ful words of
Life; Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won - der - ful words of
Life; Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won - der - ful words of
Life; Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty;
Life; All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en.
Life; Je - sus, on - ly Sav - ior, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er.
REFRAIN.
Beau - ti - ful words, won - der - ful words, Won - der - ful words of Life;
Beau - ti - ful words, won - der - ful words, Won - der - ful words of Life.

No. 14. Which Are You?

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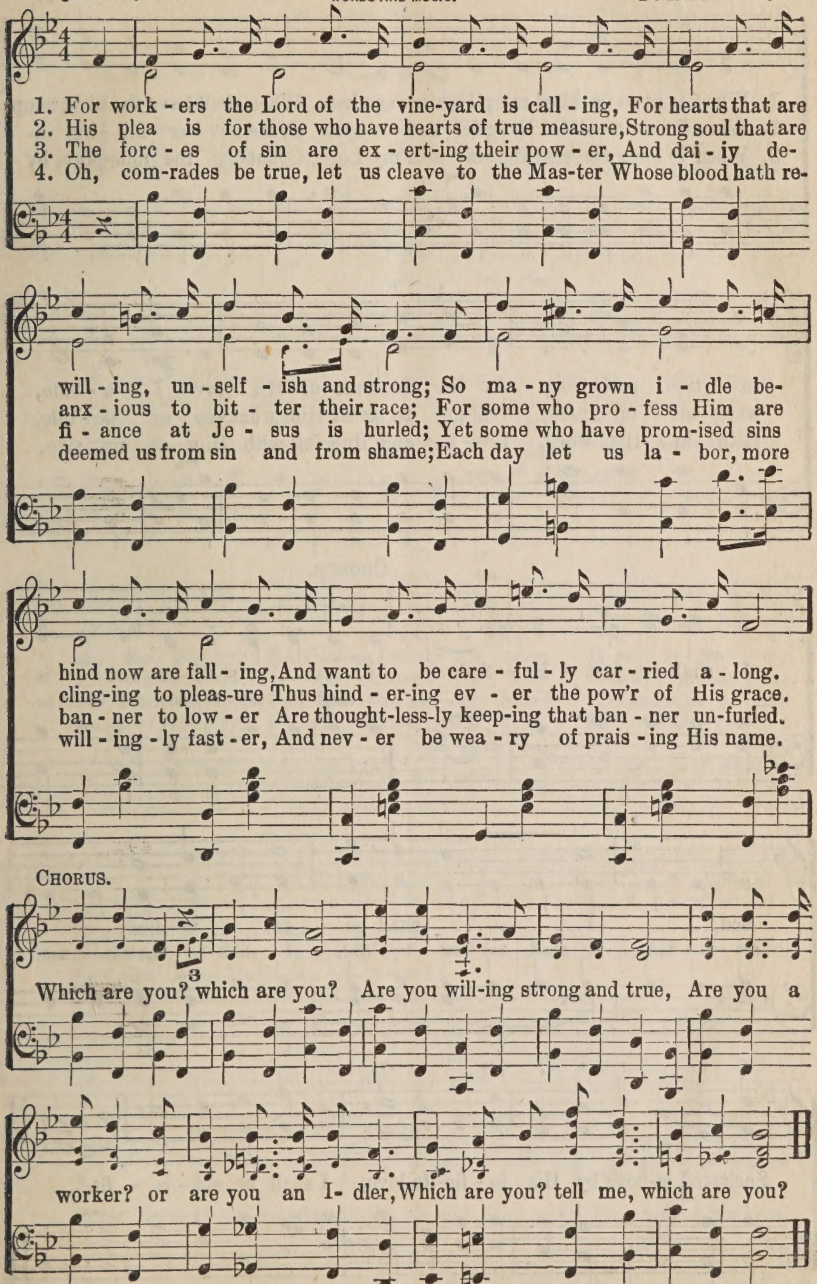
James Rowe. WORDS AND MUSIC. De Loss Smith.


1. For work - ers the Lord of the vine-yard is call - ing, For hearts that are will - ing, un - self - ish and strong; So ma - ny grown i - dle be-
2. His plea is for those who have hearts of true measure, Strong soul that are anx - ious to bit - ter their race; For some who pro - fess Him are
3. The forc - es of sin are ex - ert-ing their pow - er, And dai - ly de- fi - ance at Je - sus is hurled; Yet some who have prom-ised sins
4. Oh, com-rades be true, let us cleave to the Mas-ter Whose blood hath re- deemed us from sin and from shame; Each day let us la - bor, more
hind now are fall - ing, And want to be care - ful - ly car - ried a - long.
cling-ing to pleas-ure Thus hind - er-ing ev - er the pow'r of His grace.
ban - ner to low - er Are thought-less-ly keep-ing that ban - ner un-furled.
will - ing - ly fast - er, And nev - er be wea - ry of prais - ing His name.
CHORUS.
Which are you? which are you? Are you will-ing strong and true, Are you a
worker? or are you an I- dler, Which are you? tell me, which are you?

No. 15. Satisfied.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY B. D. ACKLEY.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.

1. When I have fin-ished my pil - grim - age here, When shall have vanished temp-
2. When I am troub-led by grief and de-spair, Grace nev - er fail - ing a-
3. When I have traveled the way with my Lord, Count-ing the mile-posts by
ta - tion and fear, As in the arms of His love I a - bide,
waits me up there; Will-ing to trust Him what - ev - er be - tide,
faith in His word, Liv - ing and dy - ing with Him at my side,
CHORUS.
I shall be sat - is - fied. I..... shall be sat - is
I shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be
fied,..... I..... shall be sat - is - fied;
sat - is - fied. I shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied;
rit.
Sheltered a-bove by His in - fin-ite love, I shall be sat - is - fied.

No. 16. I Love to Tell the Story.

Catherine Hankey.

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William G. Fischer.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
2. I love to tell the sto - ry, More won - der - ful it seems Than
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What
4. I love to tell the sto - ry, For those who know it best Seem
Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to
all the gold - en fan - cies Of all our gold - en dreams. I love to
seems, each time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to
hun - ger - ing and thirst-ing To hear it like the rest, And when, in
tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 't is true; It sat - is - fies my
tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me; And that is just the
tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard The message of sal-
scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old
CHORUS.
long - ings As noth - ing else can do.
rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill
va - tion From God's own ho - ly word.
sto - ry That I have loved so long.
be my theme in glo - ry To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

No. 17. Faith is the Victory.

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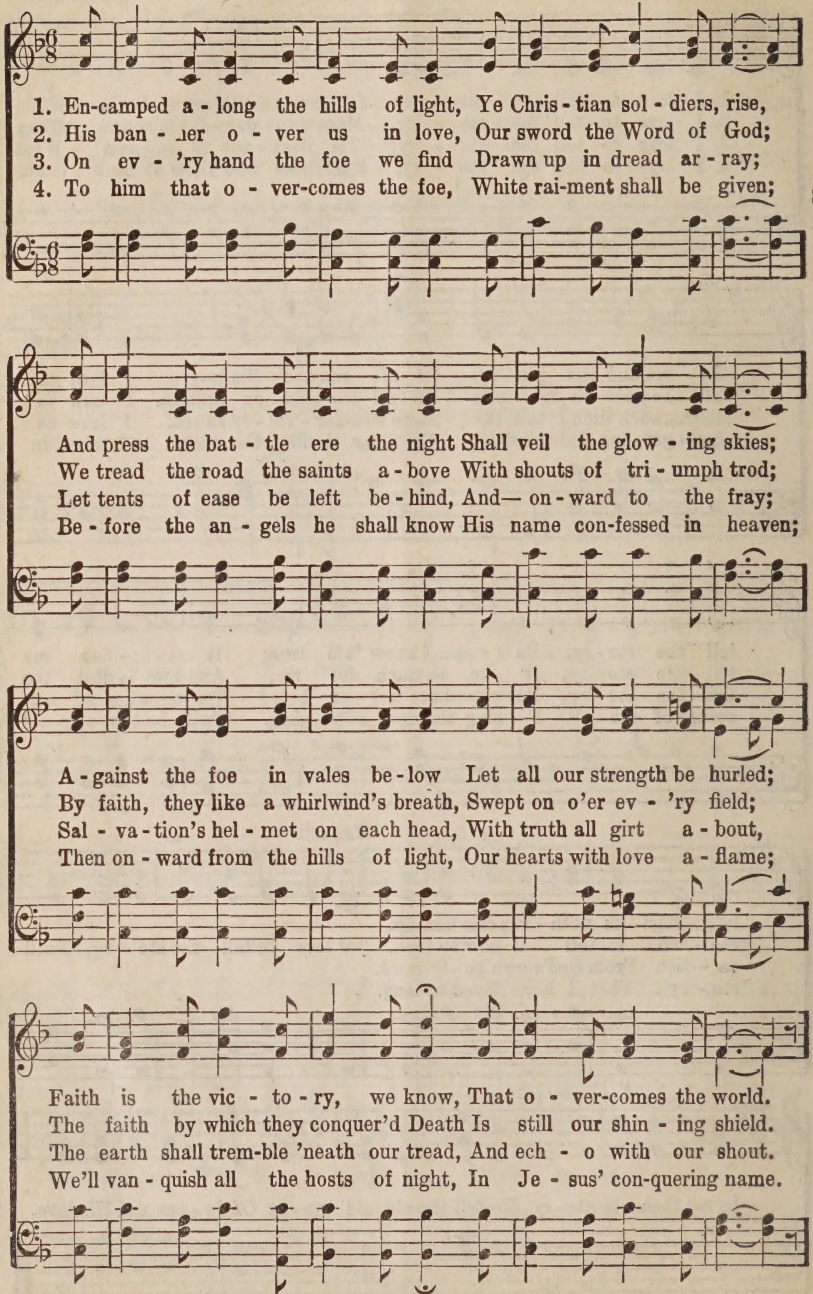
USED BY PER.

John H. Yates. Ira D. Sankey.


1. En-camped a - long the hills of light, Ye Chris - tian sol - diers, rise,
2. His ban - ner o - ver us in love, Our sword the Word of God;
3. On ev - 'ry hand the foe we find Drawn up in dread ar - ray;
4. To him that o - ver-comes the foe, White rai-ment shall be given;
And press the bat - tle ere the night Shall veil the glow - ing skies;
We tread the road the saints a - bove With shouts of tri - umph trod;
Let tents of ease be left be - hind, And— on - ward to the fray;
Be - fore the an - gels he shall know His name con-fessed in heaven;
A - gainst the foe in vales be - low Let all our strength be hurled;
By faith, they like a whirlwind's breath, Swept on o'er ev - 'ry field;
Sal - va - tion's hel - met on each head, With truth all girt a - bout,
Then on - ward from the hills of light, Our hearts with love a - flame;
Faith is the vic - to - ry, we know, That o - ver-comes the world.
The faith by which they conquer'd Death Is still our shin - ing shield.
The earth shall trem-ble 'neath our tread, And ech - o with our shout.
We'll van - quish all the hosts of night, In Je - sus' con-quering name.

Faith is the Victory.

Chorus.
Faith is the vic - to - ry! Faith is the vic - to - ry!
Faith is the vic - to - ry! Faith is the vic - to - ry!
Oh, glo - ri - ous vic - to - ry, That o - ver-comes the world.

No. 18. Holy Spirit, Living Water.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY CHAS H. GABRIEL.
CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE, OWNER.

Rev. S. H. Prather. Edna G. Young.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, liv - ing wa - ter, O re - fresh my thirst - y soul;
2. Wash me, Ho - ly Spir - it, wash me, Till each stain be white as snow;
3. O im - part that heav'nly wis-dom, Pure and peace-a - ble and kind;
:S:
Fine.
Let the bil - lows of Thine o - cean O - ver me in cleansing roll.
Be with - in a well of wat - er, Fill me now, and o - ver-flow.
Wis-dom which has no dis - sembling, An im-par - tial, low - ly mind.
D.S.—And en - due me with that pow - er Which a-lone Thou canst im-part.
Chorus.
D. S.
With Thy-self, the ho - ly unc-tion, Now a - noint my head and heart,

No. 19. Not Now—Just Now.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE.

Mrs. C. H. M. WORDS AND MUSIC. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Not now, not now, and can it be That an - y soul to Christ will say,
2. With marvelous patience o'er and o'er, The Spir - it with thy soul has striv'n,
3. Not now, and shall it ev - er be, That thou wilt still un-saved re - main,
4. Just now thy stubborn heart relents And gives the long-fought battle o'er;
Some oth - er time I'll yield to Thee, Some oth - er more convenient day,
But barred and bolt-en was the door, And no ad-mit-tance hast thou giv'n,
As far as it con-cern-eth thee, That Je - sus shed His blood in vain,
Now of the sin-ful pasts re-pents, To Christ throws o-pen wide the door,
CHORUS.
Some oth - er more con - ven - ient day.
And no ad - mit-tance hast thou giv'n. Just now, oh, soul to-
That Je - sus shed His blood in vain. just now, oh,
To Christ throws o-pen wide the door.
day, Throw o - pen wide the door; In-
soul to - day, throws o - pen wide the door; . . . In.
vite the Sav - ior in to stay, Your roy-al Guest for - ev - er-more.
vite the Sav - - ior in to stay,

No. 20. The Gomforter Has Come.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
USED BY PER.

F. Bottome. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. O spread the ti - dings 'round, wher - ev - er man is found, Wher-
2. The long, long night is past, the morn - ing breaks at last, And
3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal - ing in His wings, To
4. O bound-less love di - vine! how shall this tongue of mine To
5. Sing, till the ech - oes fly a - bove the vault-ed sky, And
:8:
ev - er hu-man hearts and hu-man woes a - bound; Let ev - 'ry Christian
hush'd the dreadful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold-en
ev - 'ry cap-tive soul a full de-liv'-rance brings; And thro' the va-cant
wond'ring mortals, tell the match-less grace di-vine— That I, a child of
all the saints a - bove to all be - low re - ply, In strains of end - less
D.S.-Ho-ly Ghost from heav'n, The Fa-ther's promise giv'n; O spread the tidings
FINE.
tongue pro-claim the joy - ful sound: The Com - fort - er has come!
hills the day ad - vanc - es fast! The Com - fort - er has come!
cells the song of tri-umph rings; The Com - fort - er has come!
hell, should in His im - age shine! The Com - fort - er has come!
love the song that ne'er will die; The Com - fort - er has come!
'round, Wher - ev - er man is found— The Com - fort - er has come!
CHORUS.
D. S.
The Com - fort - er has come, The Com - fort - er has come! The

No. 21. I Shall Look Like the King.

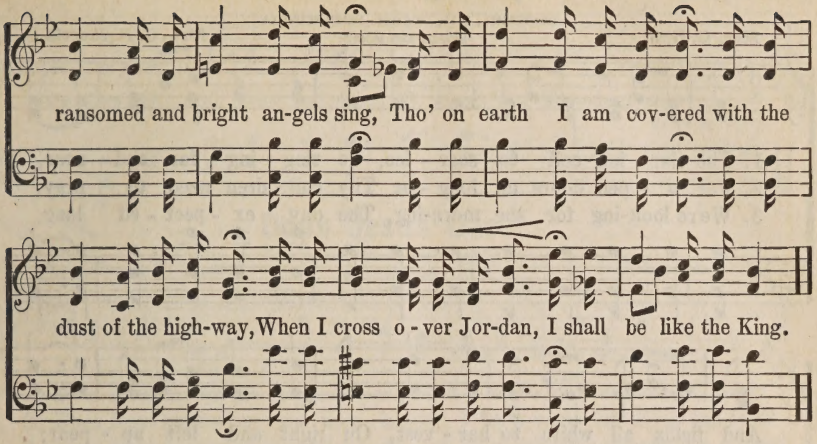
COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. WORDS AND MUSIC. Haldor Lillenas.

Baritone Solo and Chorus.

1. O how oft - en I think as I walk down the val - ley Of that
2. In the im - age of God were our par - ents cre - a - ted, Pure and
3. In my Sav - ior I trust who has bought my re-demp-tion, And thro'
blest home in heav - en where bright an - gels sing; And I
fair as the morn - ing, as flow'rs in the spring; But all
storm, or thro' sun - shine to His cross I will cling; Then as
read of our Lord, that some day I'll be like Him, When I
tho' sin and shame has de - filed and de-formed us, When I
pure as the light, and as ho - ly as an - gels, When I
rit.
look.... on His beau - ty, I shall be..... like the King.....
cross.... o - ver Jor - dan, I shall look.... like the King.....
cross.... o - ver Jor - dan, I shall look.... like the King.....
CHORUS. Slow, ad lib.
I shall look like the King, When I cross o - ver Jor-dan, When I hear all the

I Shall Look Like the King.


ransomed and bright an-gels sing, Tho' on earth I am cov-ered with the
dust of the high-way, When I cross o - ver Jor-dan, I shall be like the King.

No. 22. Ere You Left Your Room This Morning.

Mrs. M. A. Kidder. Did you think to pray? W. O. Perkins.

1. Ere you left your room this morning, Did you think to pray? In the name of
2. When you met with great temptation, Did you think to pray? By His dy-ing
3. When your heart was filled with anger, Did you think to pray? Did you plead for
4. When sore trials came up-on you, Did you think to pray? When your soul was
f.
FINE.
Christ, our Sav - ior, Did you sue for loving fa - vor, As a shield to-day?
love and mer - it Did you claim the Holy Spir - it As your guide and stay?
grace, my broth-er, That you might for-give an-oth - er Who had crossed your way?
bowed in sor-row, Balm of Gil-iad did you bor - row At the gates of day?
D. S.—So when life seems dark and dreary, Don't for-get to pray.
CHORUS.
D. S.
Oh, how praying rests the wea - ry! Pray'r will change the night to day;

No. 23. Thy Kingdom Come.

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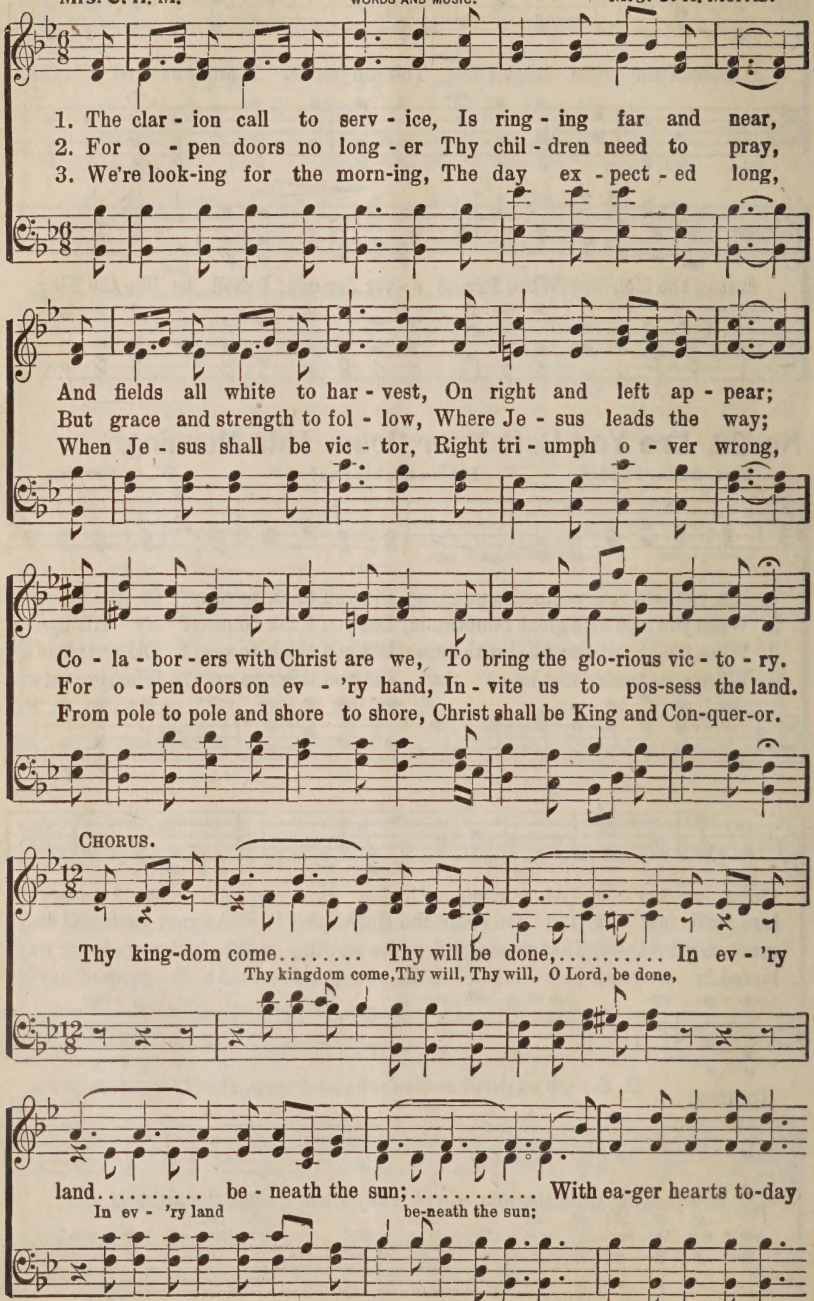
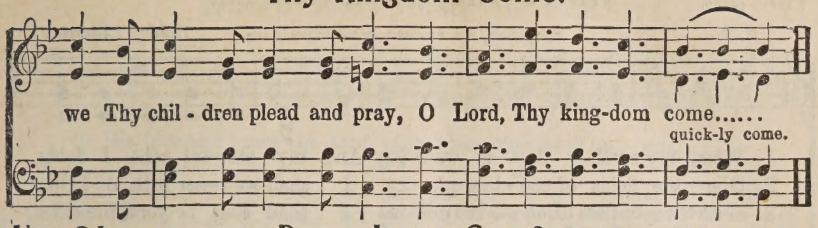
Mrs. C. H. M. WORDS AND MUSIC. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. The clar - ion call to serv - ice, Is ring - ing far and near,
2. For o - pen doors no long - er Thy chil - dren need to pray,
3. We're look-ing for the morn-ing, The day ex - pect - ed long,
And fields all white to har - vest, On right and left ap - pear;
But grace and strength to fol - low, Where Je - sus leads the way;
When Je - sus shall be vic - tor, Right tri - umph o - ver wrong,
Co - la - bor - ers with Christ are we, To bring the glo-rious vic - to - ry.
For o - pen doors on ev - 'ry hand, In - vite us to pos-sess the land.
From pole to pole and shore to shore, Christ shall be King and Con-quer-or.
CHORUS.
Thy king-dom come..... Thy will be done,..... In ev - 'ry
Thy kingdom come, Thy will, Thy will, O Lord, be done,
land..... be - neath the sun;..... With ea-ger hearts to-day
In ev - 'ry land
be-neath the sun;

Thy Kingdom Come.



No. 24. Does Jesus Care?

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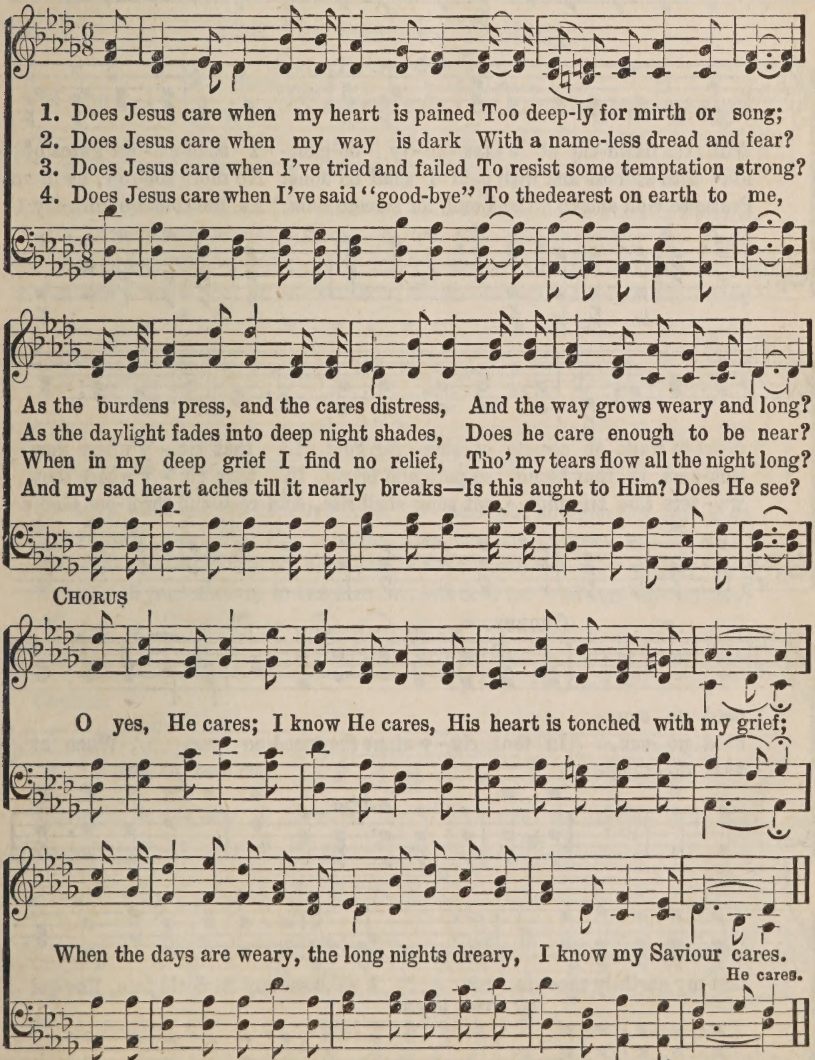
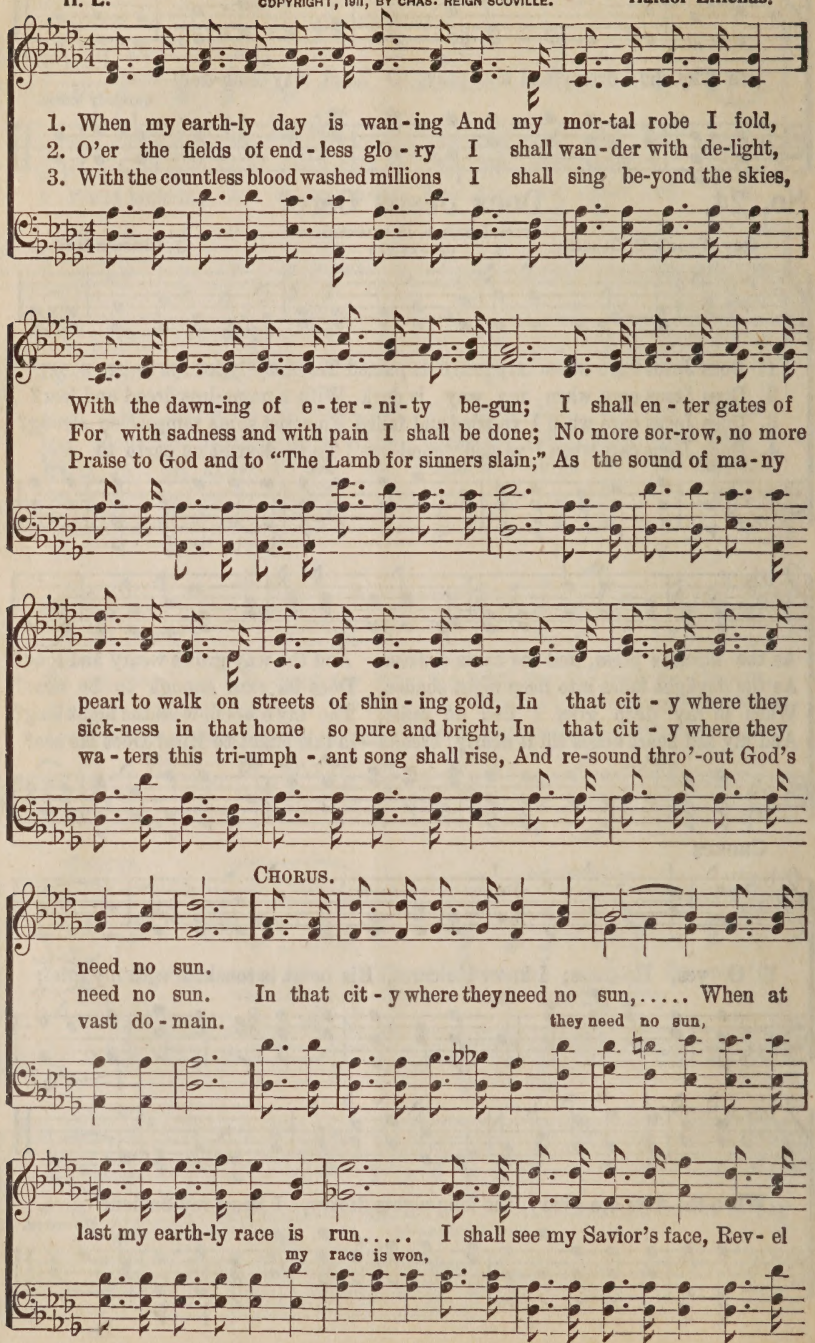
Rev. Frank E. Graeff. J. Lincoln Hall.

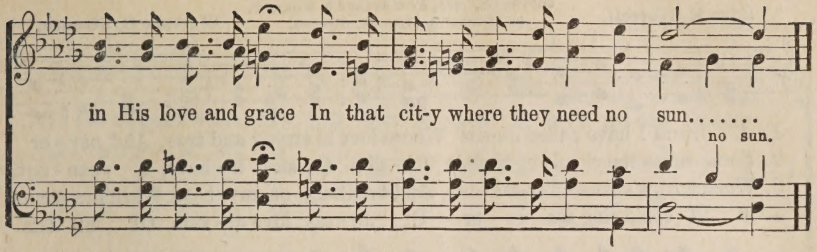

1. Does Jesus care when my heart is pained Too deep-ly for mirth or song;
2. Does Jesus care when my way is dark With a name-less dread and fear?
3. Does Jesus care when I've tried and failed To resist some temptation strong?
4. Does Jesus care when I've said "good-bye" To thedearest on earth to me,
As the burdens press, and the cares distress, And the way grows weary and long?
As the daylight fades into deep night shades, Does he care enough to be near?
When in my deep grief I find no relief, Tho' my tears flow all the night long?
And my sad heart aches till it nearly breaks—Is this aught to Him? Does He see?
CHORUS
O yes, He cares; I know He cares, His heart is touched with my grief;
When the days are weary, the long nights dreary, I know my Saviour cares.
He cares.

No. 25. Where They Need No Sun.

H. L. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE. Haldor Lillenas.


1. When my earth-ly day is wan-ing And my mor-tal robe I fold,
2. O'er the fields of end-less glo-ry I shall wan-der with de-light,
3. With the countless blood washed millions I shall sing be-yond the skies,
With the dawn-ing of e-ter-ni-ty be-gun; I shall en-ter gates of
For with sadness and with pain I shall be done; No more sor-row, no more
Praise to God and to "The Lamb for sinners slain;" As the sound of ma-ny
pearl to walk on streets of shin-ing gold, In that cit-y where they
sick-ness in that home so pure and bright, In that cit-y where they
wa-ters this tri-umph-ant song shall rise, And re-sound thro'-out God's
CHORUS.
need no sun.
need no sun. In that cit-y where they need no sun,..... When at
vast do-main.
they need no sun,
last my earth-ly race is run..... I shall see my Savior's face, Rev-el
my race is won,

Where They Need No Sun.



No. 26. The Harvest is Waiting.

May be used as a Solo or Duet.

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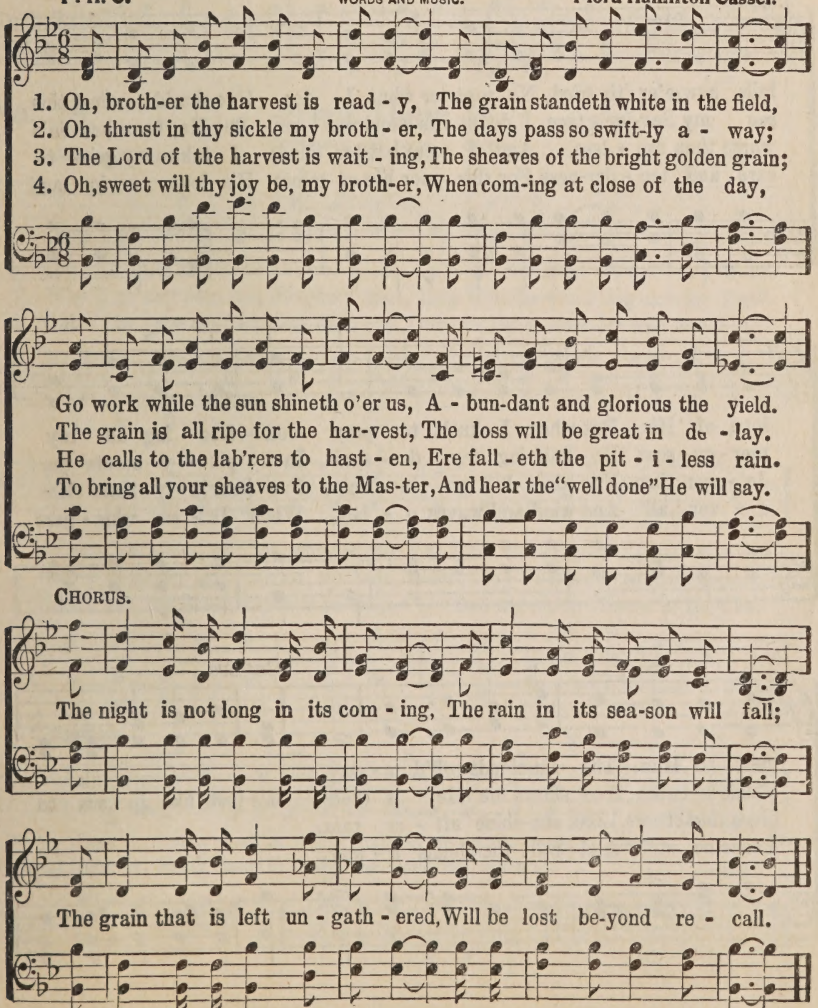
F. H. C. WORDS AND MUSIC. Flora Hamilton Cassel.


1. Oh, broth-er the harvest is read - y, The grain standeth white in the field,
2. Oh, thrust in thy sickle my broth - er, The days pass so swift-ly a - way;
3. The Lord of the harvest is wait - ing, The sheaves of the bright golden grain;
4. Oh, sweet will thy joy be, my broth-er, When com-ing at close of the day,
Go work while the sun shineth o'er us, A - bun-dant and glorious the yield.
The grain is all ripe for the har-vest, The loss will be great in de - lay.
He calls to the lab'rers to hast - en, Ere fall - eth the pit - i - less rain.
To bring all your sheaves to the Mas-ter, And hear the "well done" He will say.
CHORUS.
The night is not long in its com - ing, The rain in its sea-son will fall;
The grain that is left un - gath - ered, Will be lost be-yond re - call.

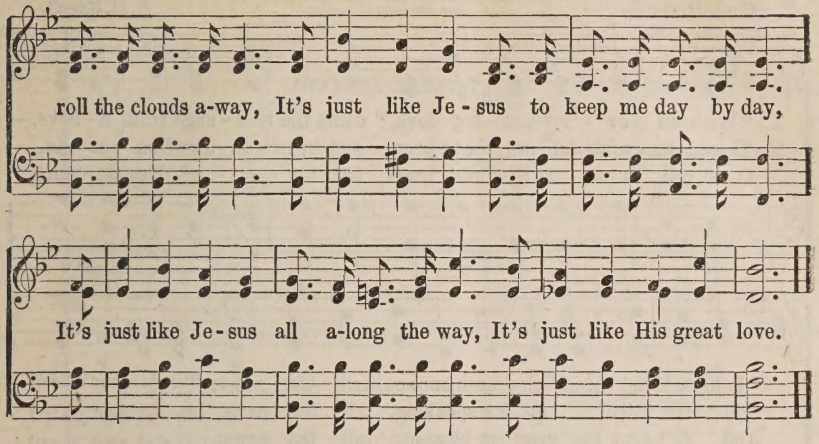
No. 27. It's Just Like His Great Love.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY CLARENCE B. STROUSE.
BIEDERWOLF & STROUSE, OWNERS.

Edna R. Worrell, Clarence B. Strouse.

1. A friend I have called Je-sus Whose love is strong and true, And nev - er
2. Some-times the clouds of trouble Be - dim the sky a - bove, I can - not
3. When sorrow's clouds o'er-take me, And break up - on my head, When life seems
4. O I could sing for - ev - er Of Je - sus' love di - vine, Of all His
fails how-e'er 'tis tried, No mat-ter what I do; I've sinn'd a-gainst this
see my Sav-ior's face, I doubt His wondrous love; But He, from heaven's
worse than use - less, And I were bet-ter dead; I take my grief to
care and ten - der-ness For this poor life of mine: His love is in and
love of His, But when I knelt to pray Con - fess - ing all my
mer - cy - seat Be - hold-ing my de - spair, In pit - y bursts the
Je - sus then, Nor do I go in vain, For heav'n - ly hope He
o - ver all And wind and waves o - bey, When Je - sus whis - pers
CHORUS.
guilt to Him, The sin-clouds roll'd a - way.
clouds be-tween, And shows me He is there. It's just like Je - sus to
gives that cheers, Like sun-shine aft - er rain.
"Peace be still" And rolls the clouds a - way.

It's Just Like His Great Love.


roll the clouds a-way, It's just like Je - sus to keep me day by day,
It's just like Je - sus all a-long the way, It's just like His great love.

No. 28. Bring Them In.

Alexcenah Thomas.

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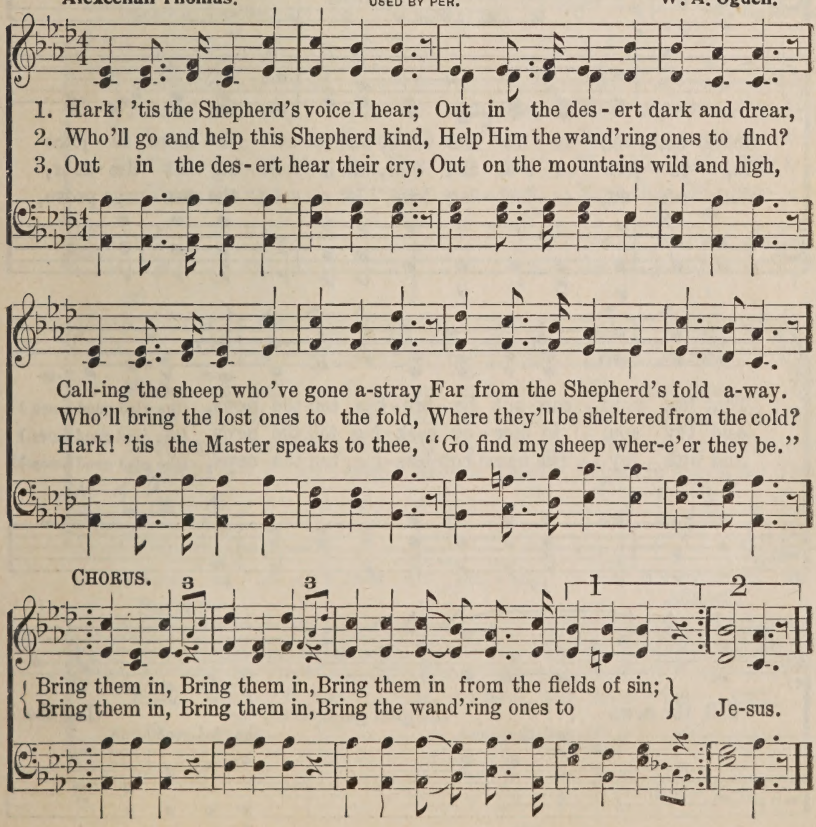
W. A. Ogden.


1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear; Out in the des - ert dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help Him the wand'ring ones to find?
3. Out in the des - ert hear their cry, Out on the mountains wild and high,
Call-ing the sheep who've gone a-stray Far from the Shepherd's fold a-way.
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be sheltered from the cold?
Hark! 'tis the Master speaks to thee, "Go find my sheep wher-e'er they be."
CHORUS.
Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;
Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring the wand'ring ones to
Je-sus.

No. 29. The Glad Good News.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel. E. O. Excell.

1. "With an ev - er- last - ing love," came the mes - sage from a - bove,—
2. Though un - mind-ful we have been, and have wan - dered on in sin,
3. O - pen now to Him your heart, lest for - ev - er He de - part,

"I have loved thee," God hath spoken, tell the news; (the glad good news;)
Still His voice is ev - er speaking, tell the news; (the glad good news;)
And ac - cept the gracious bless-ing, tell the news; (the glad good news;)

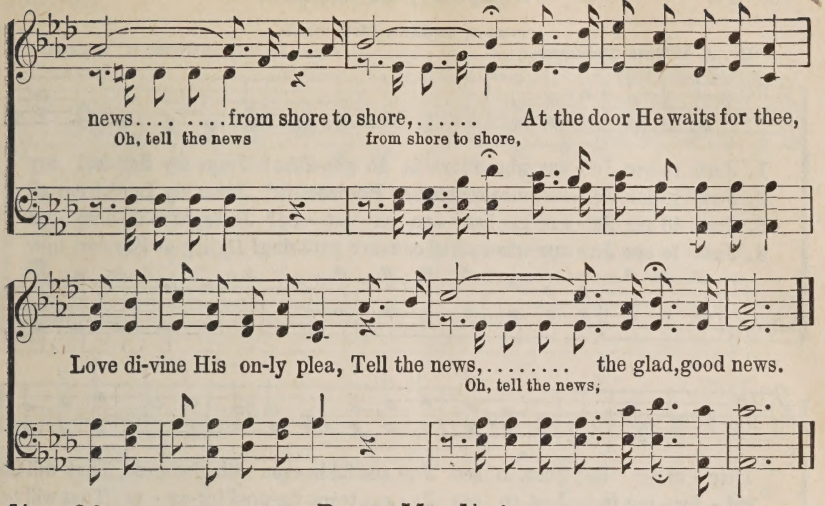
Heark - en, soul, un - to His voice, and for-ev - er - more re - joice
He, re - ject - ed o'er and o'er, still is wait - ing at the door,
"With an ev - er - last - ing love," let us each the mes - sage prove,

That His word can - not be bro - ken, tell the news, (the glad good news.)
And thy soul in mer - cy seek - ing, tell the news, (the glad good news.)
And with joy His name con-fess - ing, tell the news, (the glad good news.)

CHORUS.

Tell the news ..... the glad good news, Tell the
Oh, tell the news, the glad good news,

The Glad, Good News.


news.... ....from shore to shore,..... At the door He waits for thee,
Oh, tell the news from shore to shore,
Love di-vine His on-ly plea, Tell the news,..... the glad, good news.
Oh, tell the news,

No. 30. Pass Me Not.

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USED BY PER.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-ior, Hear my hum-ble cry;
2. Let me, at Thy throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief;
3. Trust-ing on-ly in Thy mer-its, Would I seek Thy face;
4. Thou, the spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me—
FINE.
While on oth-ers Thou art smil-ing, Do not pass me by.
Kneel-ing there in deep con-tri-tion, Help my un-be-lief.
Heal my wound-ed, bro-ken spir-it, Save me by Thy grace.
Whom have I on earth be-side Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?
D. S.—While on oth-ers Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.
REFRAIN.
D. S.
Sav-ior, Sav-ior, Hear my hum-ble cry;

No. 31. Just to See Jesus.

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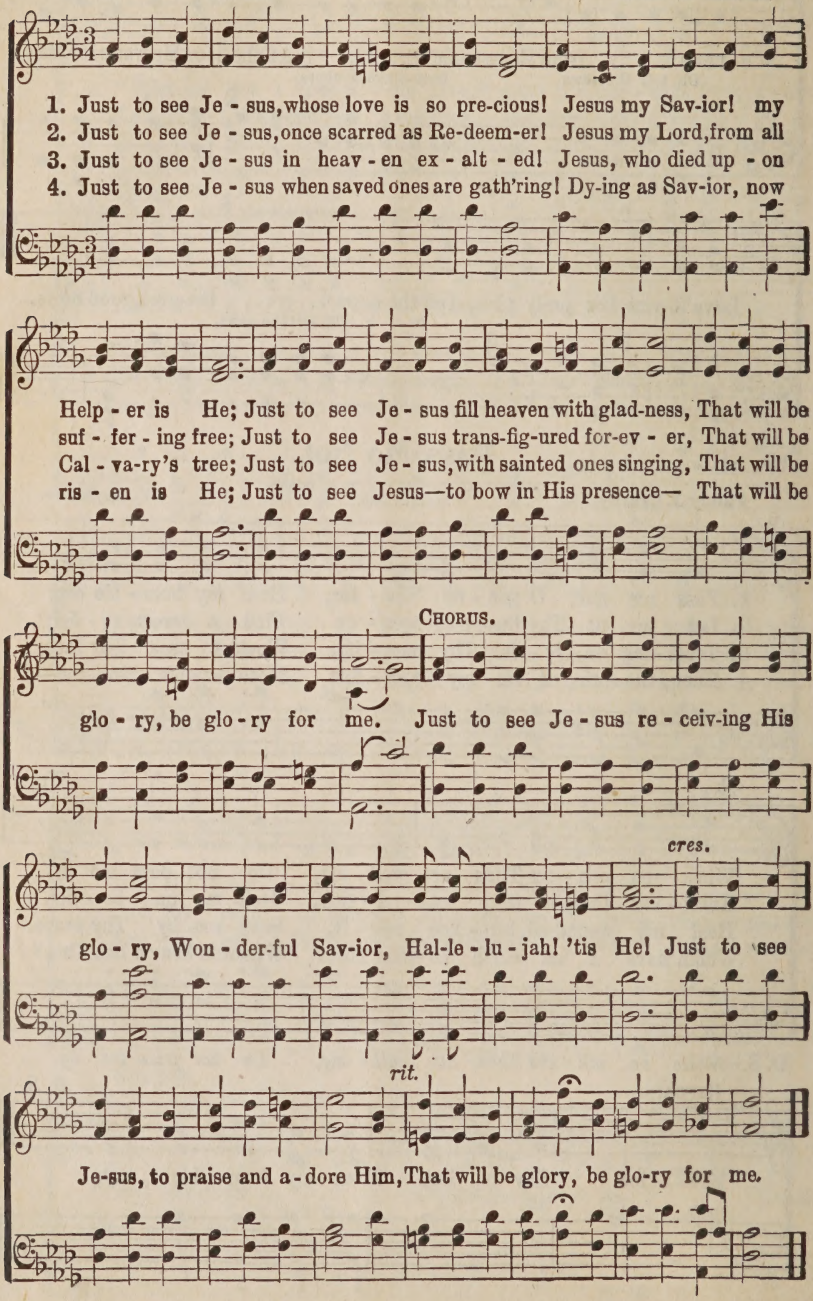
Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Just to see Je - sus, whose love is so pre-cious! Jesus my Sav-ior! my
2. Just to see Je - sus, once scarred as Re-deem-er! Jesus my Lord, from all
3. Just to see Je - sus in heav - en ex - alt - ed! Jesus, who died up - on
4. Just to see Je - sus when saved ones are gath'ring! Dy-ing as Sav-ior, now
Help - er is He; Just to see Je - sus fill heaven with glad-ness, That will be
suf - fer - ing free; Just to see Je - sus trans-fig-ured for-ev - er, That will be
Cal - va-ry's tree; Just to see Je - sus, with sainted ones singing, That will be
ris - en is He; Just to see Jesus—to bow in His presence— That will be
CHORUS.
glo - ry, be glo - ry for me. Just to see Je - sus re - ceiv-ing His
cres.
glo - ry, Won - der-ful Sav-ior, Hal-le - lu - jah! 'tis He! Just to see
rit.
Je-sus, to praise and a - dore Him, That will be glory, be glo-ry for me.

No. 32. Mother Knows.

Solo and Duet.

FROM WHITE RIBBON VIBRATIONS BY PER. ENGLEWOOD, COLO.
COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY FLORA H. CASSEL.

Anon. Flora Hamilton Cassel.

1. No - bod - y knows of the work it makes To keep the home to-geth - er,
2. No - bod - y knows of the sleep-less care Bestowed on ba - by broth - er,
3. No - bod - y knows of the anxious fears, Lest darlings may not weath - er,
4. No - bod - y clings to the wayward child, Tho' scorn'd by ev - 'ry oth - er,
No - bod - y knows of the steps it takes, No - bod - y knows but moth-er;
No - bod - y knows of the tend - er pray'r, No - bod - y knows but moth-er;
Storms of this life in the com-ing years, No - bod - y knows but moth-er;
Leads it so gen tly from path-ways wild, No - bod - y can but moth-er;
No - bod - y list - ens to child-ish woes, Which kiss - es on - ly smoth - er,
No - bod - y knows of the lessons taught, Of lov - ing one an - oth - er;
No - bod - y knows of the tears that start, The grief she glad-ly smoth - er,
No - bod - y knows of the hour - ly pray'r, For him, our err - ing broth - er,
No - bod - y's pain'd by the might - y blow, No - bod - y,—on - ly moth - er.
No - bod - y knows of the patience sought, No - bod - y,—on - ly moth - er.
No - bod - y knows of the break-ing heart, No - bod - y,—on - ly moth - er.
Pride of her heart, once so pure and fair, No - bod - y,—on - ly moth - er.

No. 33. Throw Out the Life-Line.

May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.

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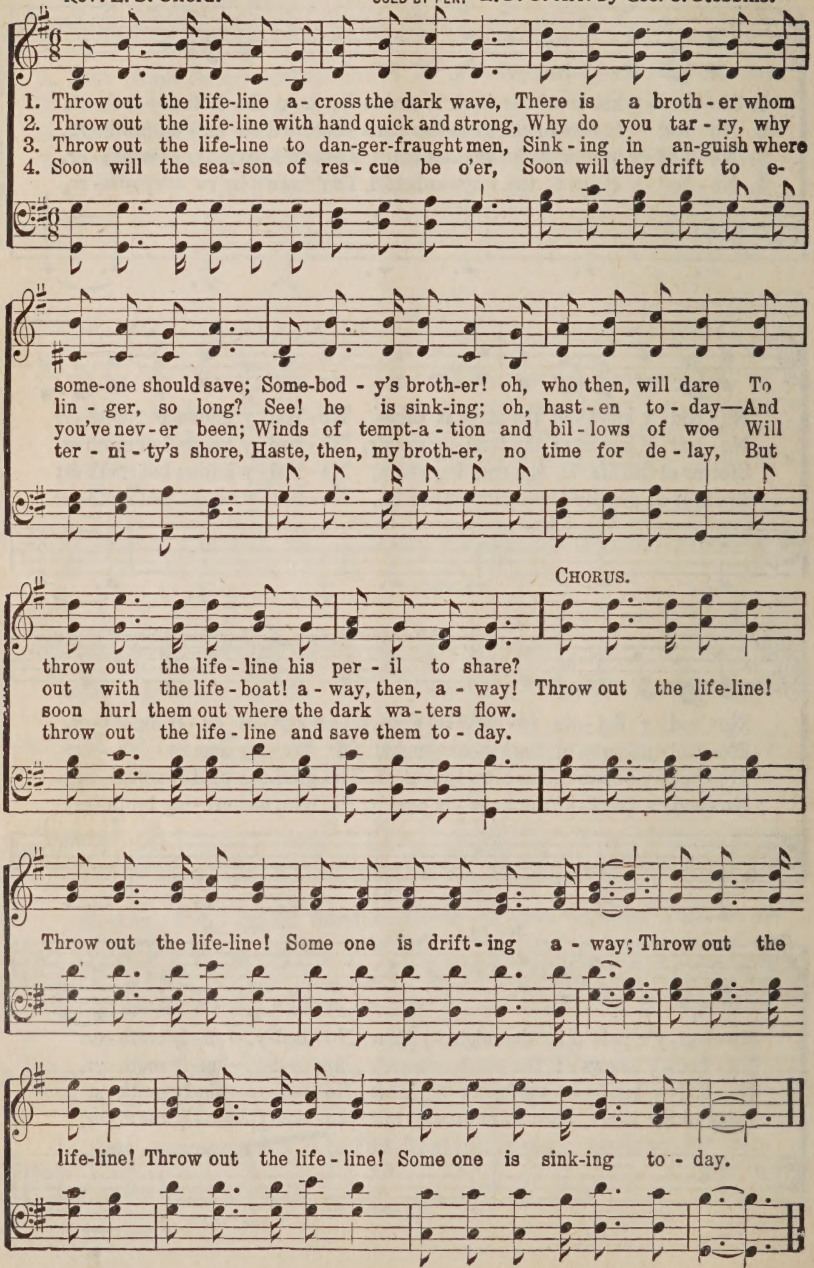
USED BY PER.

Rev. E. S. Ufford. E. S. U. Arr. by Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. Throw out the life-line a - cross the dark wave, There is a broth - er whom
2. Throw out the life-line with hand quick and strong, Why do you tar - ry, why
3. Throw out the life-line to dan-ger-fraught men, Sink - ing in an-guish where
4. Soon will the sea - son of res - cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e-
some-one should save; Some-bod - y's broth-er! oh, who then, will dare To
lin - ger, so long? See! he is sink-ing; oh, hast - en to - day—And
you've nev - er been; Winds of tempt-a - tion and bil - lows of woe Will
ter - ni - ty's shore, Haste, then, my broth-er, no time for de - lay, But
CHORUS.
throw out the life - line his per - il to share?
out with the life - boat! a - way, then, a - way! Throw out the life-line!
soon hurl them out where the dark wa - ters flow.
throw out the life - line and save them to - day.
Throw out the life-line! Some one is drift - ing a - way; Throw out the
life-line! Throw out the life - line! Some one is sink-ing to - day.

No. 34. Grace Is the Thing You Need.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE.

James Rowe. Howard E. Smith.

1. If you are bur-dened and wea-ry and lone, If to your soul peace and
2. If you are tired of de-spair and dis-grace, If you would look the whole
3. If you are wea-ry of liv-ing in sin, If to live bet-ter you
4. If you would hide all your dark, sin-ful past, If you would start for the
joy are un-known, If in the past on-ly tares you have sown,—
world in the face, Come to the Sav-ior's up-lift-ing em-brace,—
now would be-gin, Let the sweet Spir-it of Je-sus come in,—
home-land at last, Come, let your bur-den on Je-sus be cast,—
CHORUS.
Grace is the thing that you need. Sav-ing grace, grace di-vine,
Oh, it is help-ful in-deed! Let the dear Sav-ior come
in-to your life, Grace is the thing you need.

No. 35. The Stranger of Galilee.

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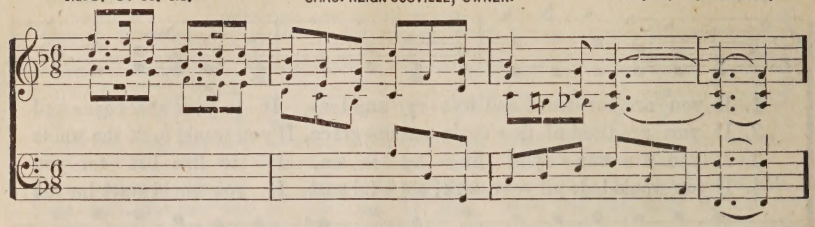
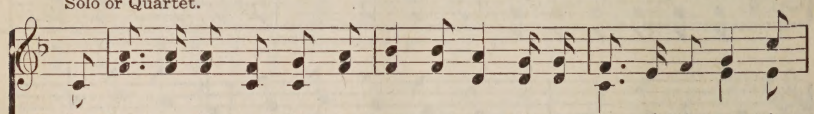
Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

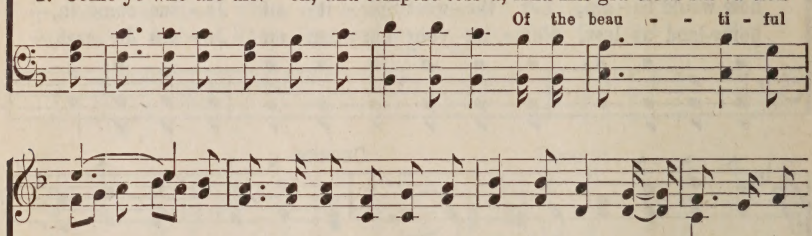


Solo or Quartet.



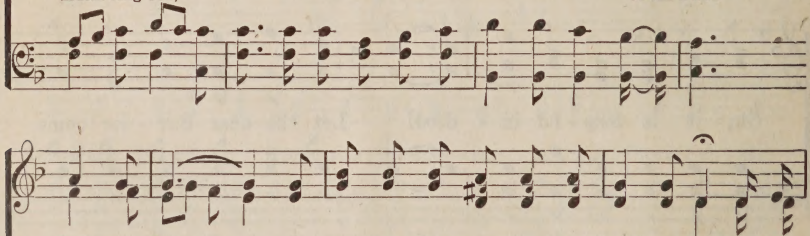
1. In fan - cy I stood by the shore, one day, Of the beau - ti-ful murm'ring
2. His look of com - pas-sion, His words of love, They shall never for-got - ten
3. I heard Him speak peace to the an-gry waves, Of that tur - bu-lent, rag-ing
4. Come ye who are driv - en, and tempest toss'd, And His gra-cious sal-va-tion

Of the beau - - - ti - ful



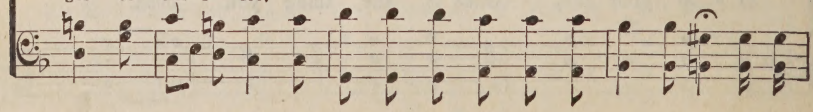
sea; ..... I saw the great crowds as they thronged the way Of the Stranger of
be,..... When sin-sick and helpless He saw me there, This Stranger of
sea;..... And lo! at His word are the wa-ters still'd, This Stranger of
see;..... He'll quiet life's storms with His "Peace, be still!" This Stranger of

murm'ring sea; Of the Stran - - -



Gal - i - lee;.... I saw how the man who was blind from birth, In a
Gal - i - lee;.... He show'd me His hand and His riv - en side, And He
Gal - i - lee;.... A peace-ful, a qui - et, and ho - ly calm Now and
Gal - i - lee;.... He bids me to go and the sto - ry tell What He

ger of Gal - i - lee;

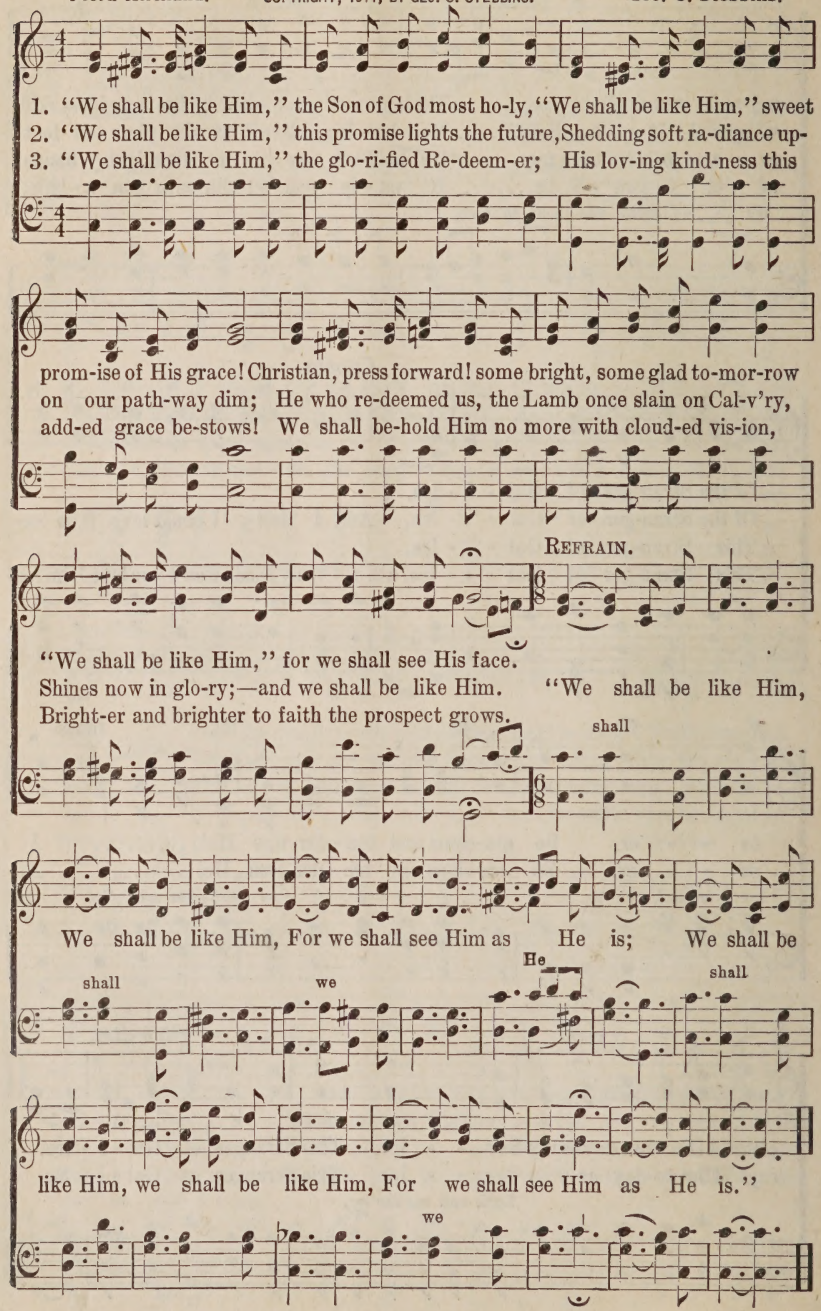


The Stranger of Galilee.

mo-ment was made to see;..... The lame was made whole by the matchless skill
whispered "It was for thee!".... My bur-den fell off at the pierc-ed feet
ev - er a-bides with me;..... He hold-eth my life in His might-y hands,
ev - er to you will be,..... If on - ly you let him with you a - bide,
mo - - ment was made to see;
CHORUS.
Of the Stran-ger of Gal - i - lee.
Of the Stran-ger of Gal - i - lee. And I felt I could love Him for-
This Stran-ger of Gal - i - lee.
This Stran-ger of Gal - i - lee. 4th v. Oh my friend won't you love Him for-
ff
p
rit.
tempo.
ev - - - er, So gra-cious and ten - der was He!..... I
ev - - - er, So gra-cious and ten - der was He!..... Ac-
ev - er and ev - er,
so ten - der is He!
cres.
rit. e dim.
claim'd Him that day as my Sav - - ior, This Stranger of Gal - i - lee.
cept Him to-day as your Sav - - ior This Stranger of Gal - i - lee.
Lord and my Sav-ior,

No. 36. "We Shall Be Like Him."

Flora Kirkland. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. "We shall be like Him," the Son of God most ho-ly, "We shall be like Him," sweet
2. "We shall be like Him," this promise lights the future, Shedding soft ra-diance up-
3. "We shall be like Him," the glo-ri-fied Re-deem-er; His lov-ing kind-ness this
prom-ise of His grace! Christian, press forward! some bright, some glad to-mor-row
on our path-way dim; He who re-deemed us, the Lamb once slain on Cal-v'ry,
add-ed grace be-stows! We shall be-hold Him no more with cloud-ed vis-ion,
REFRAIN.
"We shall be like Him," for we shall see His face.
Shines now in glo-ry;—and we shall be like Him. "We shall be like Him,
Bright-er and brighter to faith the prospect grows.
shall
We shall be like Him, For we shall see Him as He is; We shall be
shall
we
He
shall
like Him, we shall be like Him, For we shall see Him as He is."
we

No. 37. Stepping in the Light.

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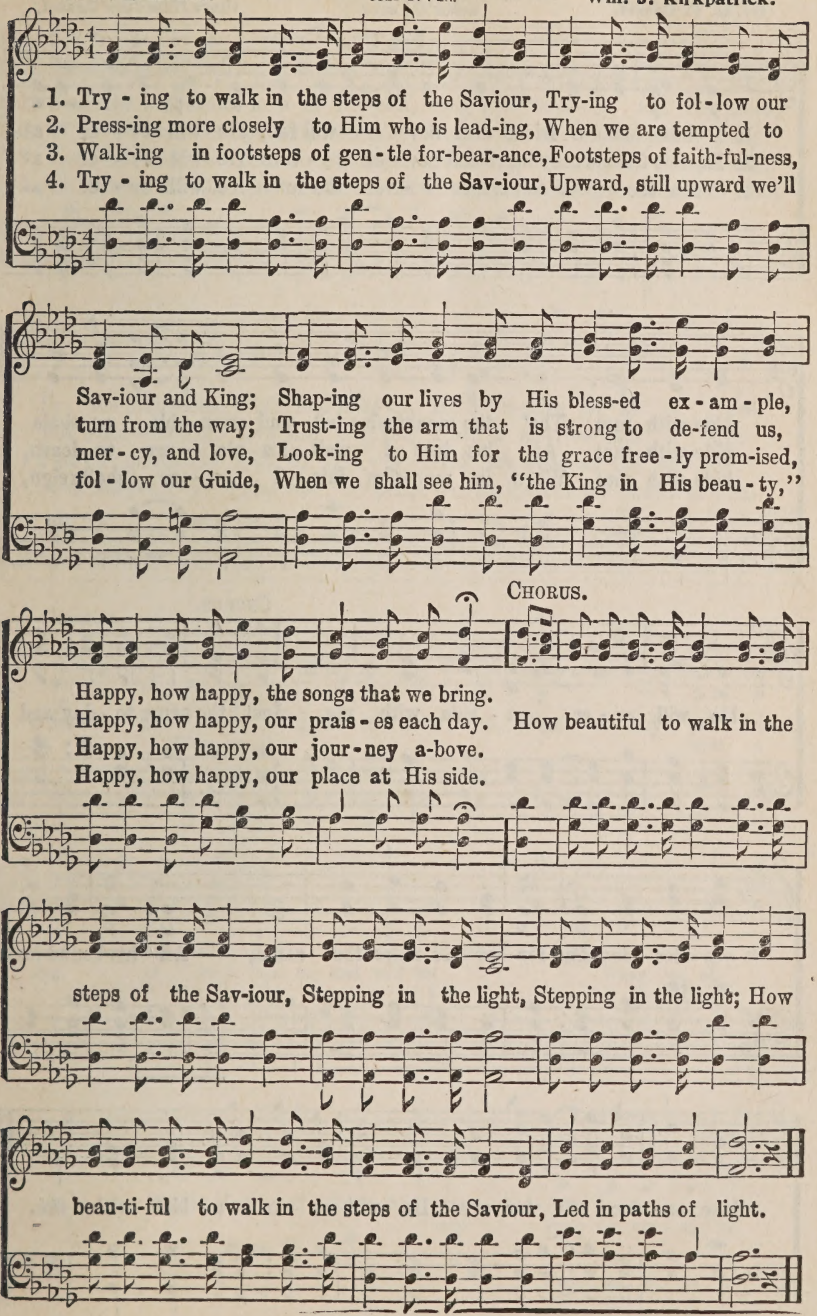
L. H. Edmunds. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

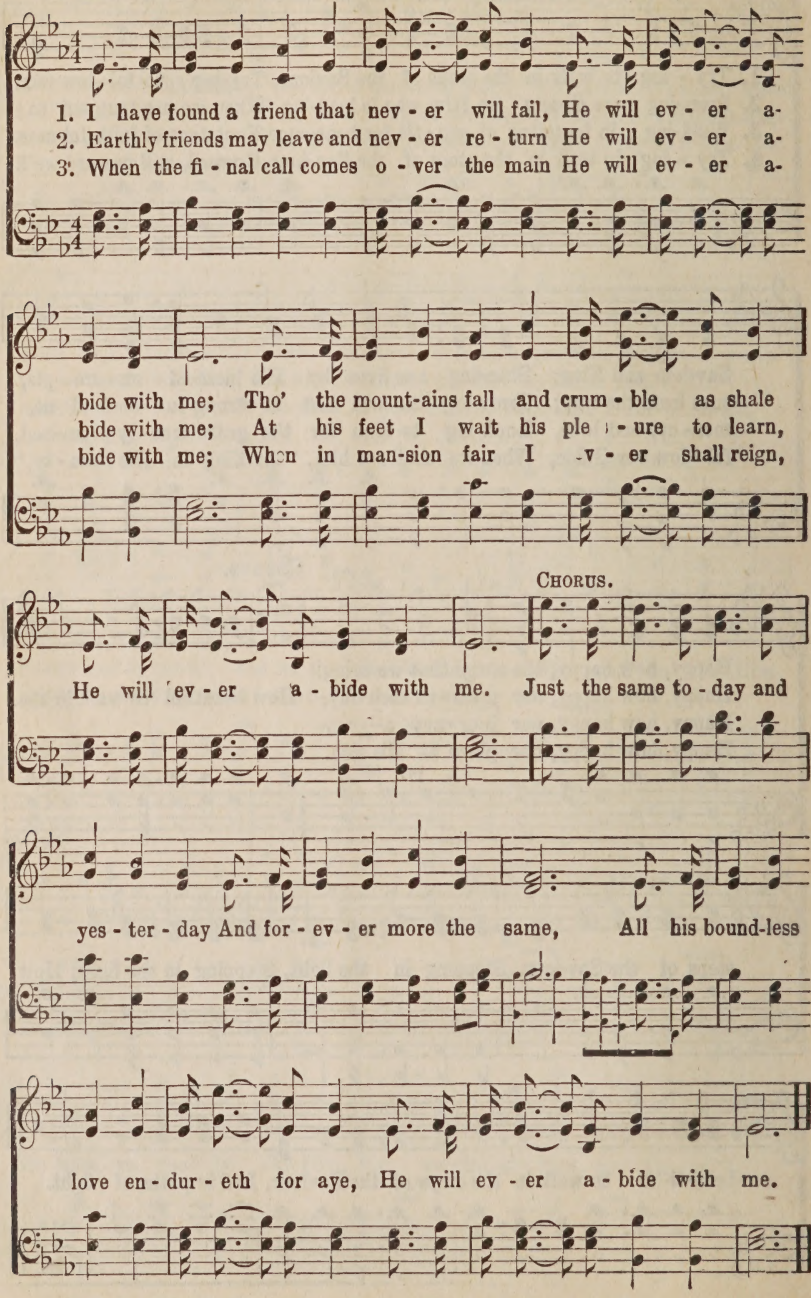

1. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Try-ing to fol - low our
2. Press-ing more closely to Him who is lead-ing, When we are tempted to
3. Walk-ing in footsteps of gen - tle for-bear-ance, Footsteps of faith-ful-ness,
4. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav-iour, Upward, still upward we'll
Sav-iour and King; Shap-ing our lives by His bless-ed ex - am - ple,
turn from the way; Trust-ing the arm that is strong to de-fend us,
mer - cy, and love, Look-ing to Him for the grace free - ly prom-ised,
fol - low our Guide, When we shall see him, "the King in His beau - ty,"
Chorus.
Happy, how happy, the songs that we bring.
Happy, how happy, our prais - es each day. How beautiful to walk in the
Happy, how happy, our jour - ney a-bove.
Happy, how happy, our place at His side.
steps of the Sav-iour, Stepping in the light, Stepping in the light; How
beau-ti-ful to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Led in paths of light.

No. 38. He Will Ever Abide With Me.

Dr. E. T. Cassel.

COPYRIGHT, 1911 BY CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Flora Hamilton Cassel.


1. I have found a friend that nev - er will fail, He will ev - er a-
2. Earthly friends may leave and nev - er re - turn He will ev - er a-
3. When the fi - nal call comes o - ver the main He will ev - er a-
bide with me; Tho' the mount-ains fall and crum - ble as shale
bide with me; At his feet I wait his ple - ure to learn,
bide with me; When in man-sion fair I -v - er shall reign,
CHORUS.
He will ev - er a - bide with me. Just the same to - day and
yes - ter - day And for - ev - er more the same, All his bound-less
love en - dur - eth for aye, He will ev - er a - bide with me.

No. 39. When We All Get to Heaven.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY MRS. J. G WILSON.
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E. E. Hewitt. Mrs. J. G. Wilson.

1. Sing the won-drous love of Je - sus, Sing His mer - cy and His grace;
2. While we walk the pil-grim path-way, Clouds will o - ver-spread the sky;
3. Let us then be true and faith-ful, Trust-ing, serv-ing ev - 'ry day;
4. On - ward to the prize be-fore us! Soon His beau-ty we'll be - hold;
In the man-sions, bright and bless-ed, He'll pre-pare for us a place.
But when trav'ling days are o - ver, Not a shad-ow, not a sigh.
Just one glimpse of Him in glo - ry Will the toils of life re - pay.
Soon the pearl - y gates will o - pen, We shall tread the streets of gold.
for us a place.
CHORUS.
When we all get to heav - en, What a day of re-
When we all
What a
joic - ing that will be! When we all see
day of re - joic - ing that will be!
When we all
Je - sus, We'll sing and shout the vic - to - ry.....
and shout the vic - to - ry.

No. 40. How Good He Is!

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. WORDS AND MUSIC. J. B. Herbert.

1. He sought me on the mountain when my feet had gone a - stray, How
2. He leads me in green pastures, and be - side the wa - ters still; How
3. I lean on Him in dan - ger, and He ev - 'ry foe dis - arms: How
4. To save my soul from dy - ing once He gave His Son to die: How
5. This, all a - long life's path-way is the bur - den of my song: How
good God is! He led me out of darkness to The realms of perfect day,
good God is! My cup to o-ver-flow-ing with His blessing He doth fill,
good God is! Each day I find beneath me are the ev-er-last-ing arms,
good God is! He says that I shall see Him in His glory by and by,
good God is! I know I'll shout this chorus when I Join the blood-washed throng,
How good God is!
CHORUS.
How good He is! How good God is!
How good
How good He is!
How good He is!
How good God is! He is lead - ing me to
How good He is!
How good He is!
heav - en where He has for me a home, How good He is!
How good

No. 41. The Cross is Not Greater.

B. B. COPYRIGHTED BY BALLINGTON BOOTH. Ballington Booth.

1. The cross that He gave may be heav-y, But it ne'er outweighs His grace;
2. The thorns in my path are not sharper Than composed His Crown for me;
3. The light of His love shineth brighter, As it falls on paths of woe,
4. His will I have joy in ful-fill-ing, As I'm walk-ing in His sight,
The storm that I fear'd may surround me, But it ne'er excludes His face.
The cup that I drink not more bit-ter Than He drank in Gethsem-a-ne.
The toil of my work groweth light-er, As I stoop to raise the low.
My all to the blood I am bring-ing, It a-lone can keep me right.
Chorus.
The cross is not great-er than His grace, The storm can-not
hide His bless-ed face; I am sat-is-fied to know That with
Je-sus here be-low, I can con-quer ev-'ry foe.

No. 42. Pull Up Stream.

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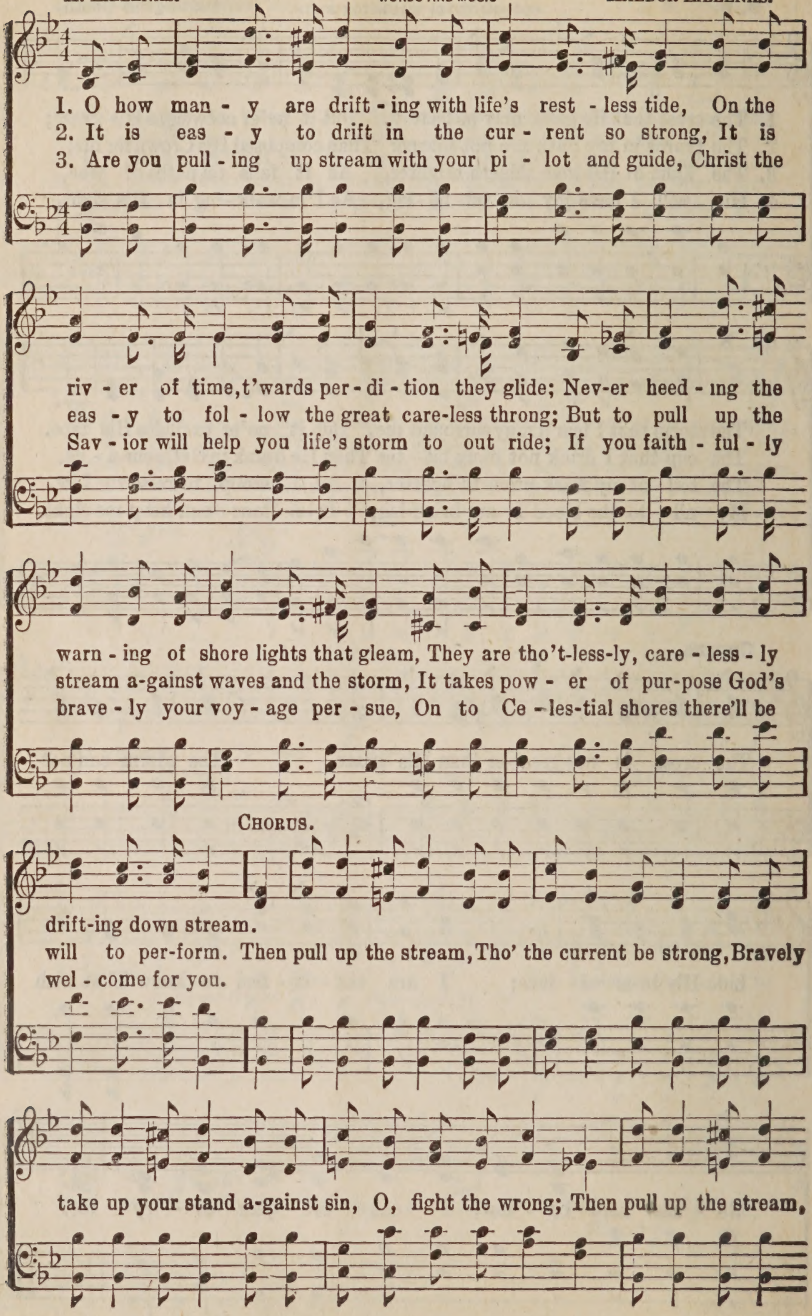
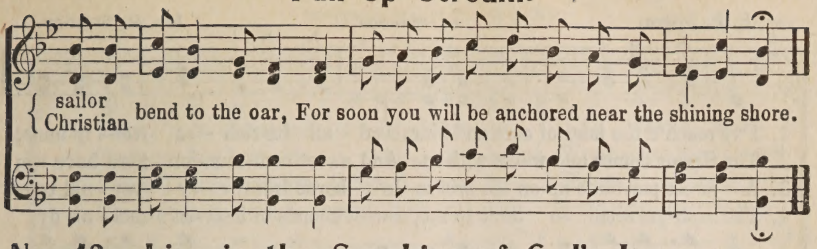
H. LILLENAS. WORDS AND MUSIC HALDOR LILLENAS.


1. O how man - y are drift - ing with life's rest - less tide, On the
2. It is eas - y to drift in the cur - rent so strong, It is
3. Are you pull - ing up stream with your pi - lot and guide, Christ the
riv - er of time, t'wards per - di - tion they glide; Nev-er heed - ing the
eas - y to fol - low the great care-less throng; But to pull up the
Sav - ior will help you life's storm to out ride; If you faith - ful - ly
warn - ing of shore lights that gleam, They are tho't-less-ly, care - less - ly
stream a-gainst waves and the storm, It takes pow - er of pur-pose God's
brave - ly your voy - age per - sue, On to Ce - les-tial shores there'll be
CHORUS.
drift-ing down stream.
will to per-form. Then pull up the stream, Tho' the current be strong, Bravely
wel - come for you.
take up your stand a-gainst sin, O, fight the wrong; Then pull up the stream,

Pull Up Stream.



No. 43. Live in the Sunshine of God's Love.

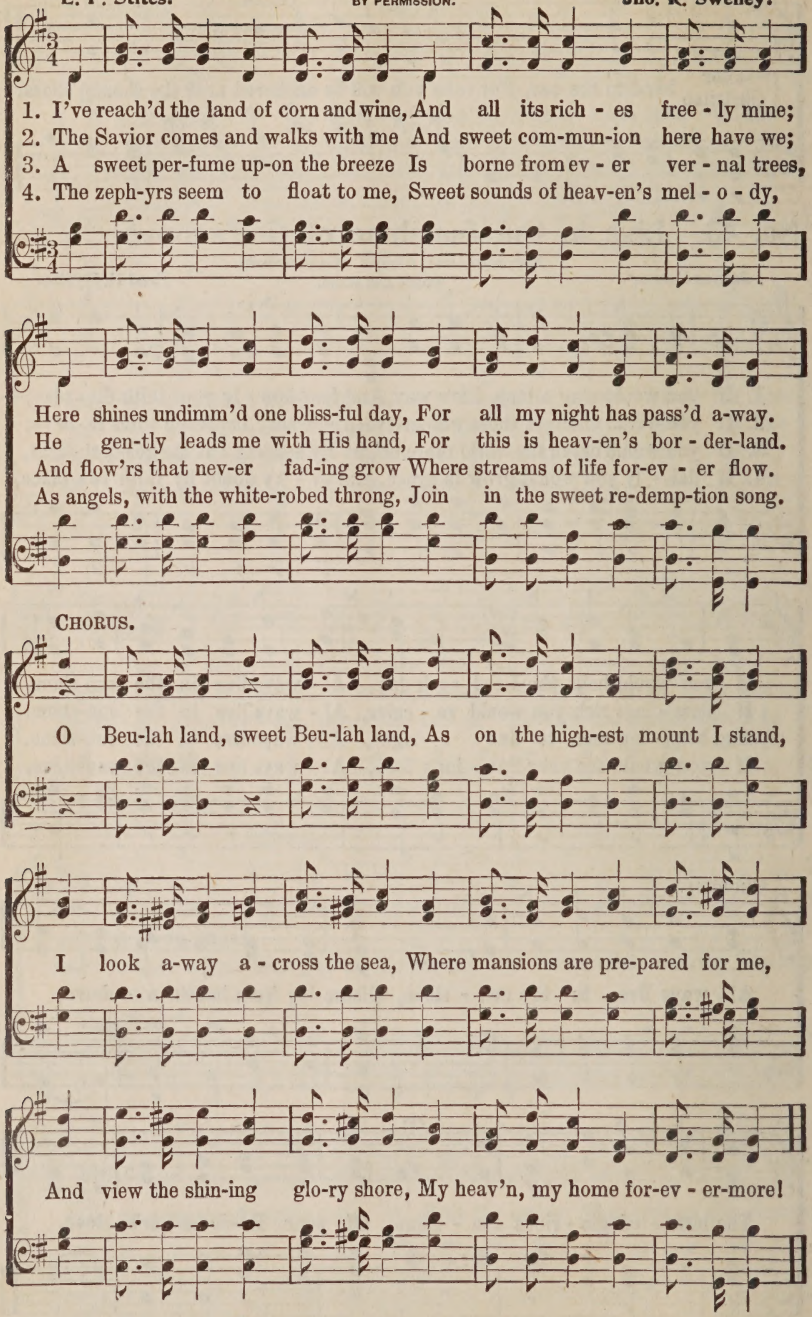
COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE.

James Rowe. WORDS AND MUSIC. Fred H. Byshe.

1. If you would sing a-long life's way, And fear-less - ly your faith dis - play;—
2. If you would comfort those who grieve, And weary, burdened souls re - lieve;
3. If you would make the world more bright By sending out the gos- pel light,
4. If dai - ly you would grow in grace, And ev - 'ry doubt by faith re - place,
If you would help the Lord each day, Al - ways live in the sun-shine.
If bless - ings rich you would re - ceive, Al - ways live in the sun-shine.
And help - ing men to live a - right, Al - ways live in the sun-shine.
If you would see your Sav - ior's face, Al - ways live in the sun-shine.
CHORUS.
Al - ways live in the sun - shine, Gleam-ing from heav'n a - bove;
The bless - ed glo - rious sun - shine, Of your Re-deem - er's love.

No. 44. Beulah Land.

E. P. Stites. BY PERMISSION. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. I've reach'd the land of corn and wine, And all its rich - es free - ly mine;
2. The Savior comes and walks with me And sweet com-mun-ion here have we;
3. A sweet per-fume up-on the breeze Is borne from ev - er ver - nal trees,
4. The zeph-yrs seem to float to me, Sweet sounds of heav-en's mel - o - dy,
Here shines undimm'd one bliss-ful day, For all my night has pass'd a-way.
He gen-tly leads me with His hand, For this is heav-en's bor - der-land.
And flow'rs that nev-er fad-ing grow Where streams of life for-ev - er flow.
As angels, with the white-robed throng, Join in the sweet re-demp-tion song.
CHORUS.
O Beu-lah land, sweet Beu-lah land, As on the high-est mount I stand,
I look a-way a - cross the sea, Where mansions are pre-pared for me,
And view the shin-ing glo-ry shore, My heav'n, my home for-ev - er-more!

No. 45. The Great Change.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY DE LOSS SMITH.

Chas. Reign Scoville. De Loss Smith.

1. Since I'm in Christ and par - doned from sin, O what a world is
2. Fath-om-less love of e - ter - nal length, Weak - ness has changed to
3. Things I once loved are things I now hate, Since I have en - tered
4. That which was gain I count now but loss, What seemed pure gold I
this I'm now in! All things are changed by power di - vine, For I love
won-der-ful strength, All things are changed in "All mine are Thine," For I love
thro' the "Straight Gate." Toil all is pleas-ure, life is sub - lime, For I love
see now was dross: Tho' but a branch, I live in the Vine, For I love
CHORUS.
Christ and know He is mine. O what a change, O what a change, .
O what a change, O what a change,
Since thro' His blood . . . I'm saved by His grace; . . . And as He leads, . .
Since thro' His blood by His grace; And as He leads,
still I shall change, Un - til I see . . . . . His face. . . . . .
still I shall change, Un - til I see beau - ti - ful face.

No. 46. That is the Love for Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE.

James Rowe. WORDS AND MUSIC. Haldor Lillenas.

Base Solo and Chorus.

The love that sought me in the night,
1. The love that sought..... me in the night,..... The love that
2. The love that light - - - ens all my cares,..... And leads me
3. The love that lift - - - ed me from sin,..... And made me
4. The love that keeps..... a-way all gloom,..... And will not
The love that found me in the plight And led me back
found..... me in my plight..... And led me back.....
past..... all hid-den snares,..... The love that ev - - -
pure..... and sweet with-in,..... The love that helps.....
let..... me doubt or roam,..... The pre-cious love .....
to peace and light. That is the love
to peace and light,..... That is the love..... for
'ry tri-al shares,..... That is the love..... for
my soul to win,..... That is the love..... for
that guides me home,.... That is the love..... for
rit. e dim.
CHORUS. tempo.
me..... That is the love, for me,..... Ev-er my
the love for me, That is the love, the love for me,

That is the Love for Me.

theme..... 'twill be;..... Praise His dear name,.....
Ev - er my theme my theme 'twill be; Praise His dear name,
'Tis e'er the same,..... That is the love..... for me.....
'Tis e'er the same, that is the love for me, the love for me.

No. 47. There Is a Habitation.

L. H. Jameson. J. H. Rosecrans.

1. There is a hab - i - ta - tion, Built by the liv - ing God, For all of
2. A cit - y with foun-da - tions Firm as th'e-ter-nal throne; Nor wars, nor
3. No night is there, no sor - row, No death, and no de - cay; No yes - ter-
4. With - in its pearl-y port - als, An - gel - ic voic-es sing, With glo - ri-
Chorus.
ev - 'ry na-tion, Who seek that grand a-bode.
des - o - la-tions Shall ev-er move a stone. O Zi - on, Zi - on, I
day, no morrow— But one e - ter-nal day. O Zi-on, lovely Zi - on,
fied im-mor-tals, The prais-es of its King.
long Thy gates to see; O Zi - on, Zi - on, When shall I dwell in thee?
O love-ly Zi-on love-ly Zi - on,

No. 48. Scatter Seeds of Kindness.

Mrs. Albert Smith.

COPYRIGHTED BY S. J. VAIL.
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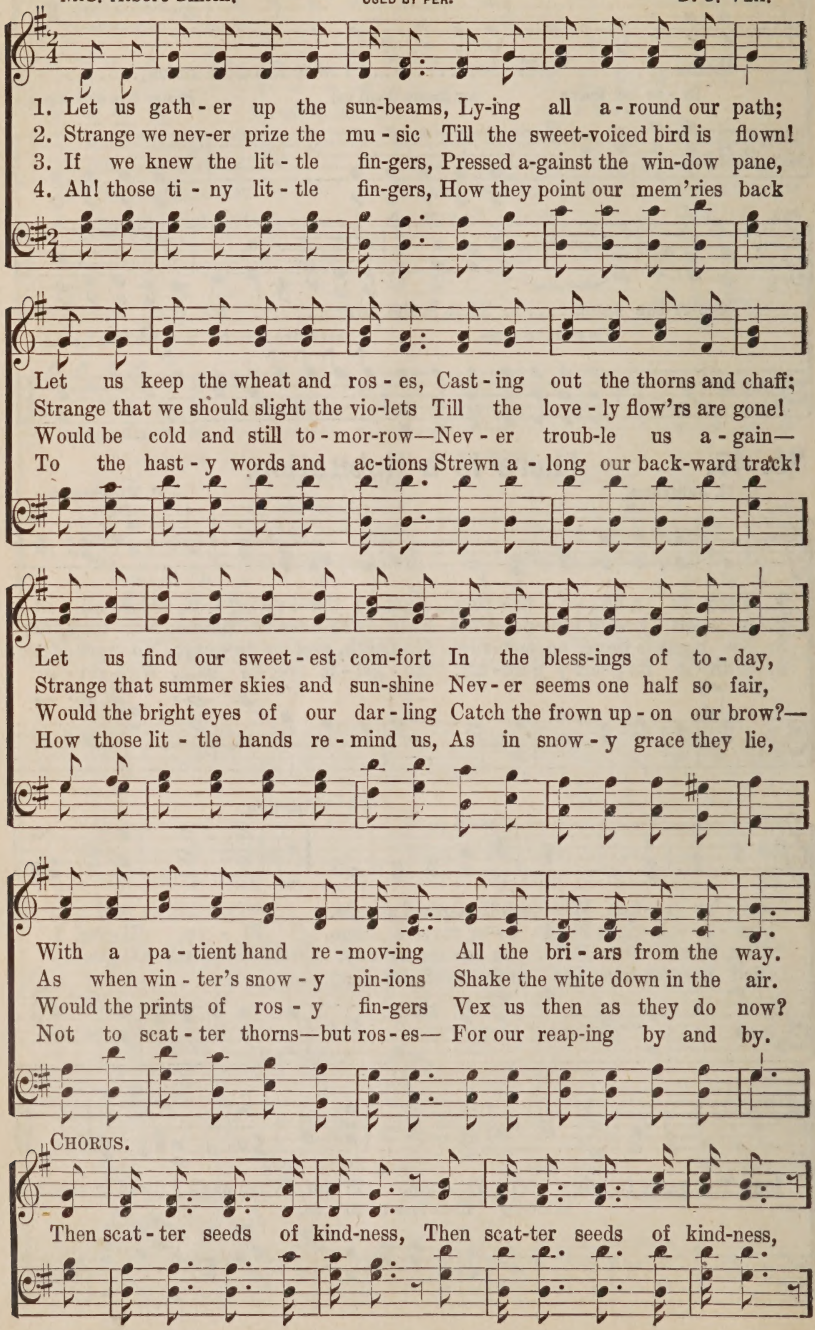
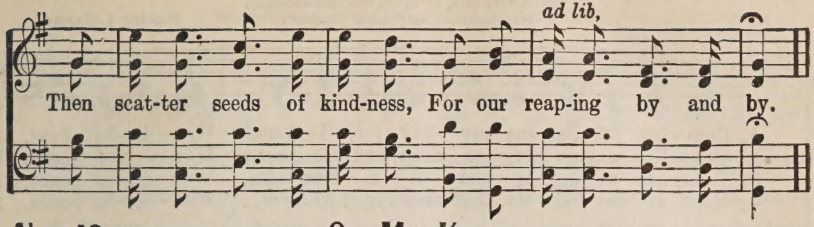
S. J. Vail.


1. Let us gath - er up the sun-beams, Ly-ing all a - round our path;
2. Strange we nev-er prize the mu - sic Till the sweet-voiced bird is flown!
3. If we knew the lit - tle fin-gers, Pressed a-gainst the win-dow pane,
4. Ah! those ti - ny lit - tle fin-gers, How they point our mem'ries back
Let us keep the wheat and ros - es, Cast - ing out the thorns and chaff;
Strange that we should slight the vio-lets Till the love - ly flow'rs are gone!
Would be cold and still to - mor-row—Nev - er troub-le us a - gain—
To the hast - y words and ac-tions Strewn a - long our back-ward track!
Let us find our sweet - est com-fort In the bless-ings of to - day,
Strange that summer skies and sun-shine Nev - er seems one half so fair,
Would the bright eyes of our dar - ling Catch the frown up - on our brow?—
How those lit - tle hands re - mind us, As in snow - y grace they lie,
With a pa - tient hand re - mov-ing All the bri - ars from the way.
As when win - ter's snow - y pin-ions Shake the white down in the air.
Would the prints of ros - y fin-gers Vex us then as they do now?
Not to scat - ter thorns—but ros - es— For our reap-ing by and by.
CHORUS.
Then scat - ter seeds of kind-ness, Then scat-ter seeds of kind-ness,

Scatter Seeds of Kindness.



No. 49. On My Knees.

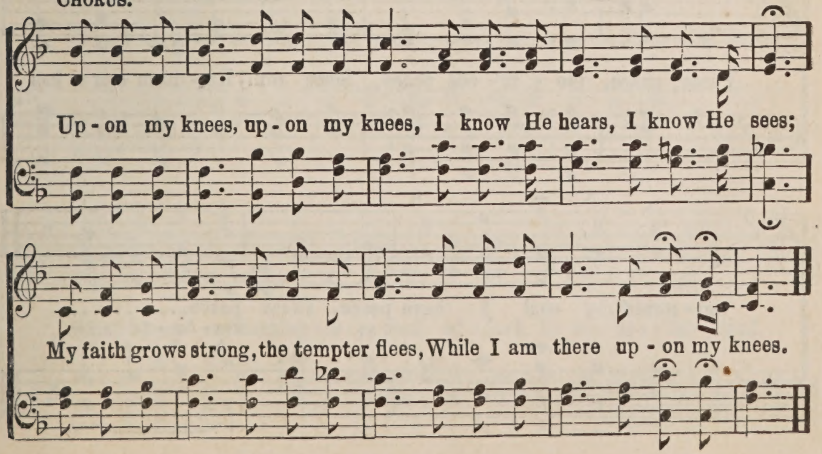
COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE.

FRED J. SHIELDS. WORDS AND MUSIC. HALDOR LILLENAS.

Quietly.

1. Up-on my knees be-fore the throne, I love to talk with God a - lone,
2. Up-on my knees I find re - lief, From ev-'ry sor-row care and grief,
3. Up-on my knees He gives me grace To run with patience, life's short race,
4. Up-on my knees, a soft re - treat, His Spir-it guides me—O how sweet,
I know He hears, I know He sees Me as I wait up - on my knees.
Christ lifts my load with greatest ease While I am wait - ing, on my knees.
My strength renewed, my weakness leaves While I am there up-on my knees.
His presence seemed a heav'n-ly breeze And thrills me there up-on my knees.

CHORUS.


Up - on my knees, up - on my knees, I know He hears, I know He sees;
My faith grows strong, the tempter flees, While I am there up - on my knees.

No. 50. Wonderful Peace.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY CHARLES REIGN SCOVILLE.
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H. L. Haldor Lillenas.

1. Com - ing to Je - sus my Sav - ior, I found Won - der-ful peace,
2. Peace like a riv - er, so deep and so broad, Won - der-ful peace,
3. Peace like a ho - ly and in - fi - nite calm, Won - der-ful peace,
4. Gone is the bat - tle that once raged with - in, Won - der-ful peace,

won - der - ful peace; Storms in their fu - ry may rage all a-
won - der - ful peace; Rest - ing my soul on the bos - om of
won - der - ful peace; Like to the strains of an e - ven - ing
won - der - ful peace; Je - sus has saved me and cleansed me from

REFRAIN.

round, I have peace, sweet peace.
God, I have peace, sweet peace.
psalm, I have peace, sweet peace.
sin, I have peace, sweet peace.

Peace, peace, won - der - ful peace,

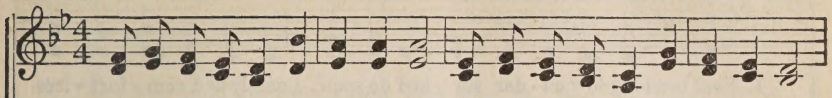
Peace, peace, glo - ri - ous peace, Since my Re - deem - er has

ran - somed my soul I have peace, sweet peace.....
won - der - ful peace.

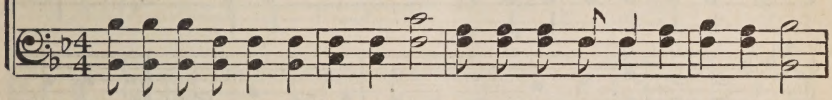
No. 51. In The Beulah Land.

International copyright, 1913, by Chas. Reign Scoville.

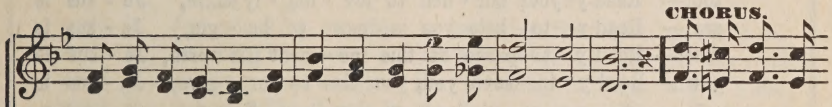
H. L. HALDOR LILLENAS.



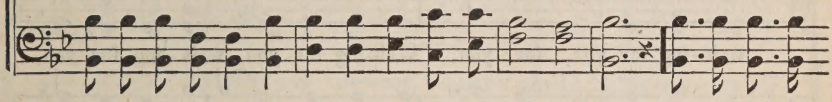
1. In the wilderness shall streams be found, Floods shall be out-poured on thirsty ground,
2. Deserts are transformed by grace divine In - to Beu-lah lands of corn and wine,
3. Hungry, thirsty soul, come and be blest, Drink the liv-ing wa - ter, be refreshed,
4. Lin-ger not in des-erts dark and drear, When the land of prom-ise is so near;

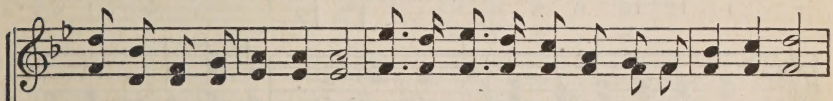


CHORUS.

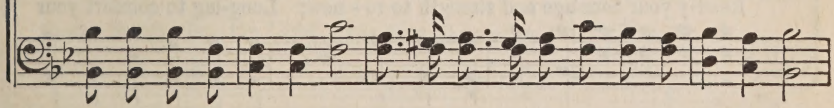


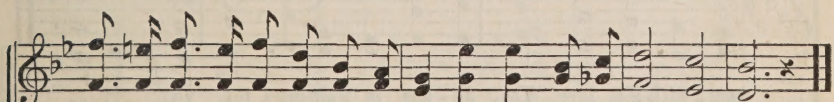
O-ver hill and plain shall praises sound In the Beu - lah land.
When the Sun of Righteousness doth shine In the Beu - lah land. Streams upon the
Eat the bread of heaven and find rest In the Beu - lah land.
Can you not the songs of gladness hear From the Beu - lah land.



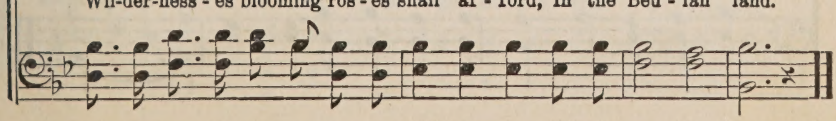


des-ert land shall be outpoured, Floods upon the thirsty ground thus saith the Lord,





Wil-der-ness - es blooming ros - es shall af - ford, In the Beu - lah land.



No. 52. Jesus is Waiting for You.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE.

JAMES ROWE. WORDS AND MUSIC. B. D. ACKLEY.

1. Soul bend-ing low un-der sin and de-spair, Lone-ly and com-fort-less
2. Soul lost in dark-ness, and wea-ry of sin, Fear-ing the foes that per-
3. Broth-er for-sak-en by loved ones of earth, Still there is one who is
4. Come to the arms of His mer-cy and live, Let Him your cour-age re-
too;— Read-y your bur-den to lov-ing-ly share, Je-sus is
sue;— Read-y to help you a-new to be-gin, Je-sus is
true;— Read-y to prove at this mo-ment His worth, Je-sus is
new;— Reed-y to save you, your sins to for-give, Je-sus is
CHORUS.
wait-ing for you, for you. Wait-ing for you, wait-ing for you,
Read-y your cour-age and strength to re-new; Long-ing to comfort your
heart with His love, Yes, Je-sus is wait-ing for you.....
is wait-ing for you.

No. 53. The Light of the World is Jesus.

P. P. Bliss. USED BY PERMISSION. P. P. Bliss.

1. The whole world was lost in the dark-ness of sin; The Light of the
2. No dark-ness have we who in Je - sus a - bide, The Light of the
3. Ye dwell - ers in dark-ness with sin blind-ed eyes, The Light of the
4. No need of the sun-light in heav-en, we're told, The Light of the
world is Je - sus; Like sun-shine at noon-day, His glo - ry shone in,
world is Je - sus; We walk in the Light when we fol - low our Guide,
world is Je - sus; Go, wash at His bid - ding and light will a - rise,
world is Je - sus; The Lamb is the light in the Cit - y of Gold,
CHORUS.
The Light of the world is Je - sus. Come to the Light,'tis shin - ing for
thee; Sweet - ly the Light has dawned up - on me, Once I was
blind but now I can see: The Light of the world is Je - sus.

No. 54. Yes, There's One.

COPYRIGHT, 1906 -BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE, OWNER.

Mrs. C. D. Martin — W. Stillman Martin.

1. Is there a - ny one can save us from the guilt and pow'r of sin?
   Is there a - ny one can ope the door of heav'n to let us in?
2. Is there a - ny one can keep us pure and hap - py ev - 'ry day?
   Is there a - ny one can guide us o'er life's rough and rug - ged way?
3. Is there a - ny one can cheer us, when our earth-ly hopes grow dim?
   "Peace that pass-eth un - der - stand-ing," hope and joy are found in Him,

CHORUS.

Yes, there's One, on - ly One! It is Je - sus—He can
Yes, there's One, on - ly One!

save us, He has pow - er to for - give! He can make us tru - ly

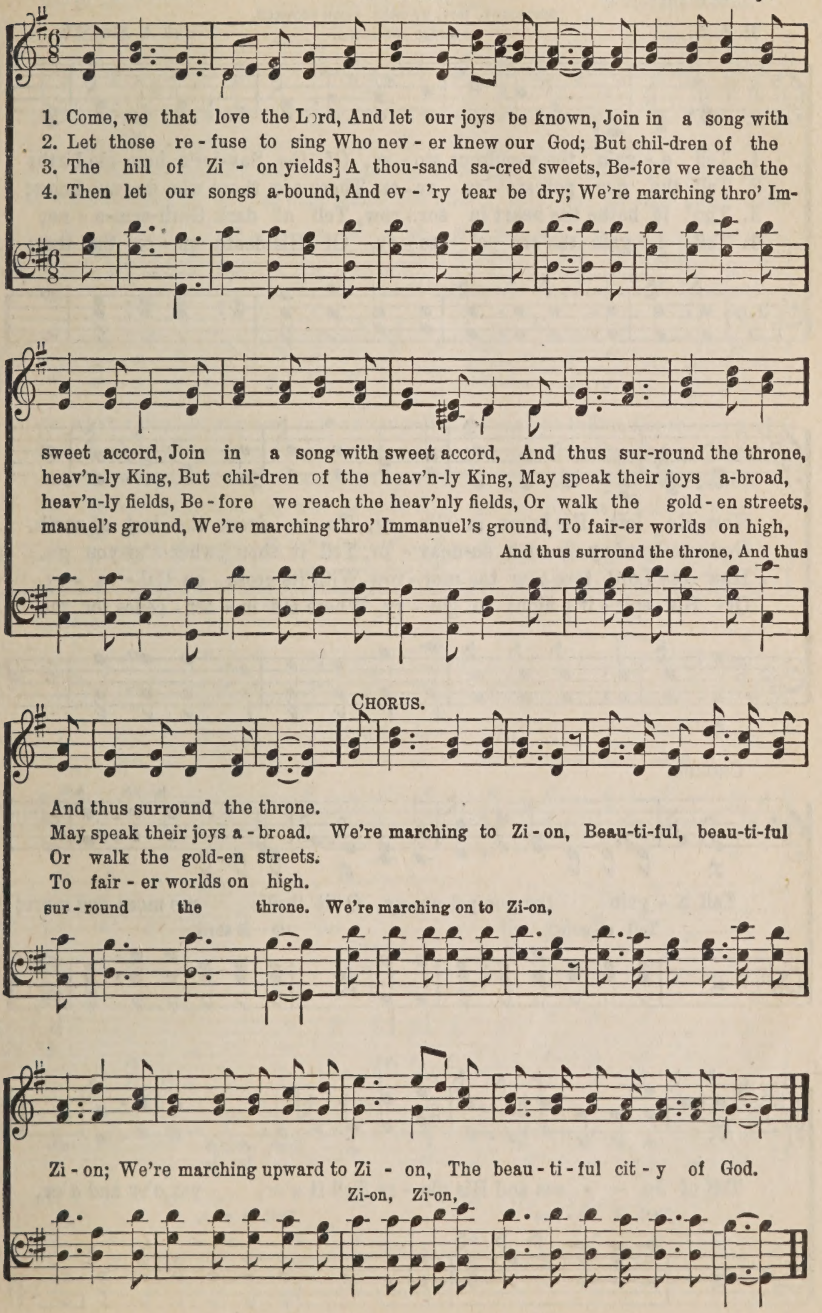
hap - py, in His full - ness we may live; If the word of His sal-

va - tion with the heart we will believe, He's the One, . . . the on - ly One.
He's the One,

No. 55. We're Marching to Zion.

COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF MARY RUNYON LOWRY. USED BY PER.

Rev. I. Watts. Rev. Robert Lowry.


1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join in a song with
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But chil-dren of the
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou-sand sa-cred sweets, Be-fore we reach the
4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're marching thro' Im-
sweet accord, Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus sur-round the throne,
heav'n-ly King, But chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, May speak their joys a-broad,
heav'n-ly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Or walk the gold - en streets,
manuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To fair-er worlds on high,
And thus surround the throne, And thus
CHORUS.
And thus surround the throne.
May speak their joys a - broad. We're marching to Zi - on, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful
Or walk the gold-en streets.
To fair - er worlds on high.
sur - round the throne. We're marching on to Zi-on,
Zi - on; We're marching upward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.
Zi-on, Zi-on,

No. 56. Tell it O'er and O'er.

Respectfully dedicated to Evangelist Chas. Reign Scoville.

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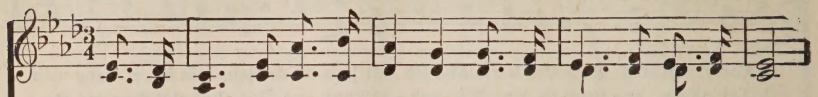
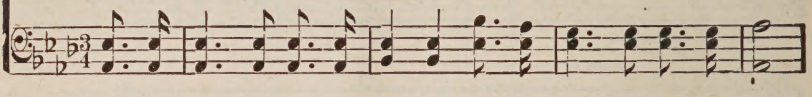
F. A. S. WORDS AND MUSIC. Frank A. Simpkin.

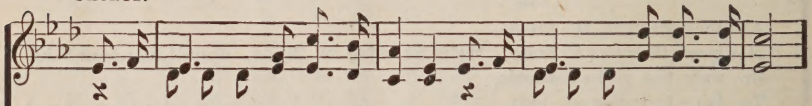


1. Tell a - gain the wondrous sto - ry, Of the Sav-ior's hum-ble birth;
2. Tell the gos - pel sto - ry ev - er, There are those who do not know;
3. Tho' it bathe the heart in sor - row, Tell of dark Geth-sem-a - ne;
4. Tell a - gain the cru - el sto - ry, Of His death up - on the tree;



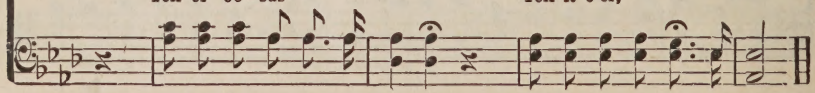
How He left His home in Glo - ry, To re - deem the lost of earth.
God re-wards your each en-deav - or, Tell it then wher-e'er you go.
How the Lord fore-saw the mor - row, With its cross on Cal - va - ry.
Of His spir - it's flight to glo - ry, Where He in - ter - cedes for me.

CHORUS.



Tell a - gain the gos-pel sto-ry, O it thrills me more and more;
Tell a - gain O it thrills

Tell of Je - - sus and His glo - ry, Tell it o'er, yes, o'er and o'er.
Tell of Je - sus Tell it o'er,



No. 57. I See It Differently Now.

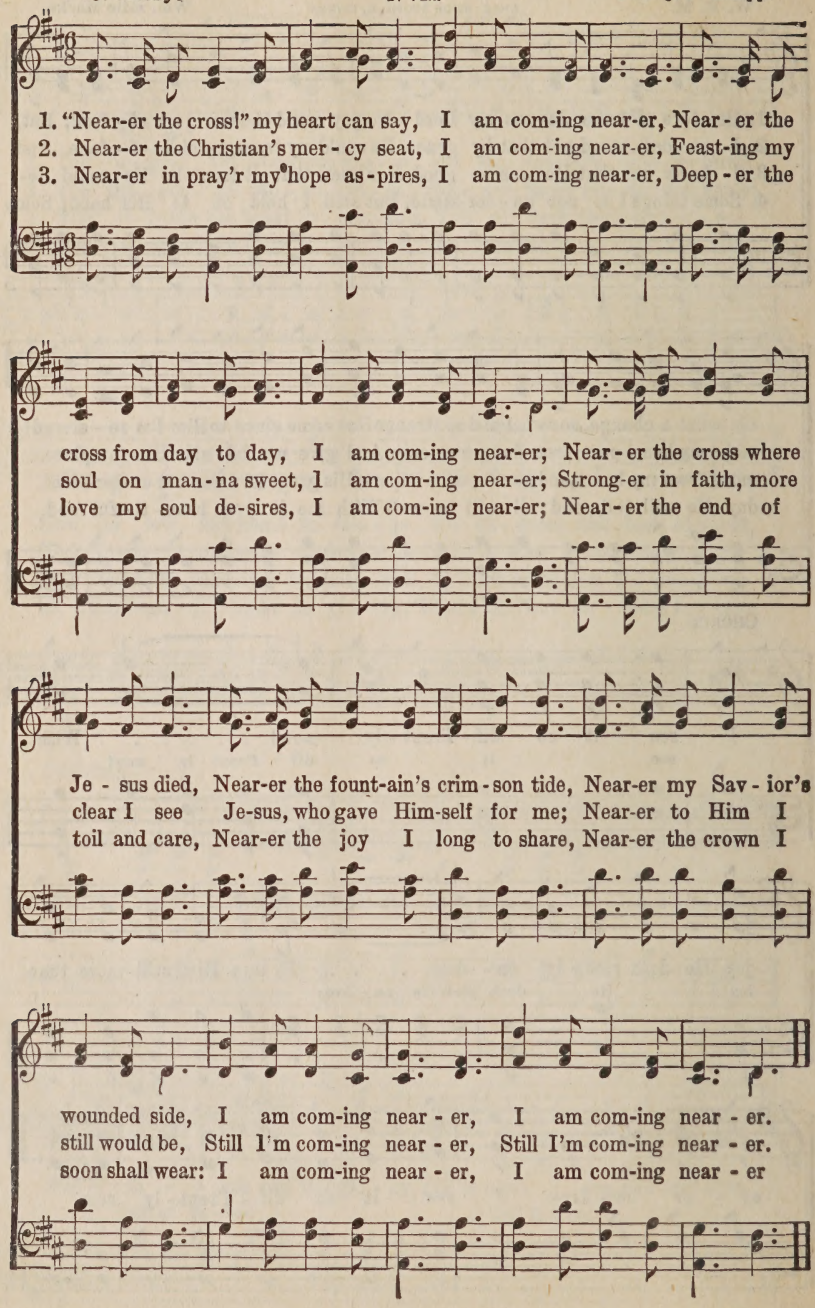
COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE, OWNER.

W. E. M. Wm. Edie Marks.

1. Be - fore I knew Je - sus my Lord No joy could the world me af - ford; But,
2. I un - der - stood not that by grace He could my transgressions ef - face, And
3. I knew not that He was so good, Nor knew that all troub-le He could Re-
4. Some things I do not un - der-stand, But still I hold on to His hand; Some
oh, what a change, so sweet and so strange Has come since to Him I'm re - stored!
make my heart pure, from danger se-cure And give me be - side Him a place.
move from my heart, and sweet peace impart; His great love was not un-der-stood.
day He will tell, and all will be well With me in yon beau - ti - ful land.
CHORUS.
I see it so dif - f'rent - ly now! . . . . . With
see it so dif - f'rent - ly now!
joy He doth rich - ly en - dow; . . . . I love Him still more than
joy He doth rich - ly en - dow;
ev - er be - fore, I see it so dif - f'rent - ly now.

No. 58. Nearer the Cross.

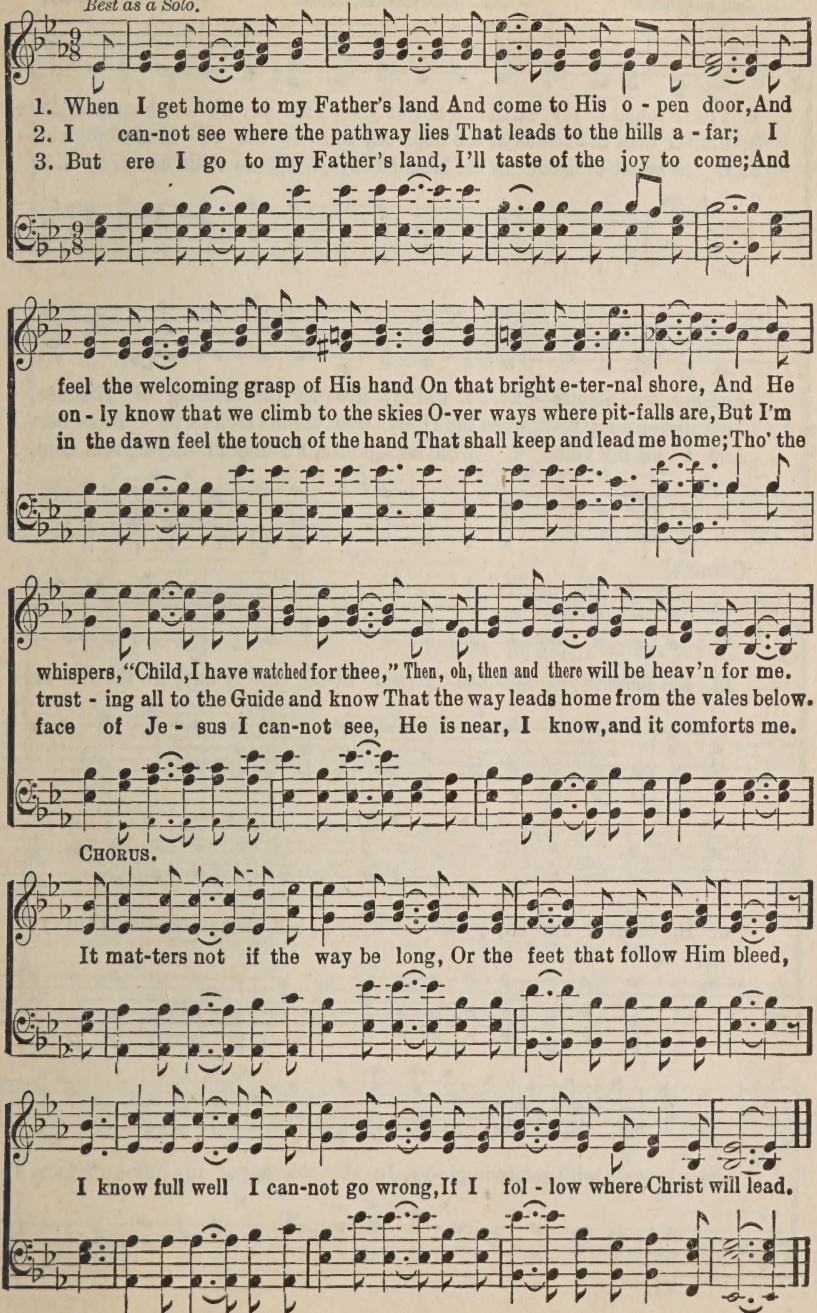
F. J. Crosby. BY PER. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.


1. "Near-er the cross!" my heart can say, I am com-ing near-er, Near-er the
2. Near-er the Christian's mer-cy seat, I am com-ing near-er, Feast-ing my
3. Near-er in pray'r my hope as-pires, I am com-ing near-er, Deep-er the
cross from day to day, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the cross where
soul on man-na sweet, I am com-ing near-er; Strong-er in faith, more
love my soul de-sires, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the end of
Je-sus died, Near-er the fount-ain's crim-son tide, Near-er my Sav-ior's
clear I see Je-sus, who gave Him-self for me; Near-er to Him I
toil and care, Near-er the joy I long to share, Near-er the crown I
wounded side, I am com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near-er.
still would be, Still I'm com-ing near-er, Still I'm com-ing near-er.
soon shall wear: I am com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near-er

No. 59. My Father's Land.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE.

Martha Little. *Best as a Solo.* WONDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. When I get home to my Father's land And come to His o - pen door, And
2. I can-not see where the pathway lies That leads to the hills a - far; I
3. But ere I go to my Father's land, I'll taste of the joy to come; And
feel the welcoming grasp of His hand On that bright e-ter-nal shore, And He
on - ly know that we climb to the skies O-ver ways where pit-falls are, But I'm
in the dawn feel the touch of the hand That shall keep and lead me home; Tho' the
whispers, "Child, I have watched for thee," Then, oh, then and there will be heav'n for me.
trust - ing all to the Guide and know That the way leads home from the vales below.
face of Je - sus I can-not see, He is near, I know, and it comforts me.
CHORUS.
It mat-ters not if the way be long, Or the feet that follow Him bleed,
I know full well I can-not go wrong, If I fol - low where Christ will lead.

No. 60. In the Shining of His Face.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL
CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE, OWNER.

Jennie Wilson. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. I have found a joy earth can nev-er give, Thro' my Savior's boundless grace;
2. Fair-er than the beams of the noon-day sun Is the ra - di-ance di - vine
3. O 'tis sweet to dwell in the bless-ed rays, Which no cloud can ev-er dim;

And my soul ex-ults as I dai - ly live In the shin-ing of His face.
That ill-umes my way, when the Ho-ly One On me looks with smile be-nign.
And I lift my voice in my Savior's praise, Finding all my light in Him.

CHORUS.

In the shin-ing of His face I am liv-ing ev-'ry day; In the shin-ing

of His face I am hap-py all the way; I will sing sal-va-tion's sto - ry

when I walk with saints in glo-ry, In the shin-ing of my Sav-ior's face.

No. 61. Lead Me Gently Home, Father.

BY PER. OF WILL L. THOMPSON & CO., OWNERS OF COPYRIGHT.

W. L. T. W. L. Thompson.

Solo or Duet. ad lib.
1. Lead me gen-tly home, Father, Lead me gen-tly home, When life's toils are
2. Lead me gen-tly home, Father, Lead me gen-tly home, In life's darkest
end - ed, And part-ing days have come, Sin no more shall tempt me, Ne'er from
hours, Father, When life's troubles come, Keep my feet from wand'ring, Lest from
rit.
p
Thee I'll roam, If Thou'lt on - ly lead me, Father, Lead me gen-tly home.
Thee I roam, Lest I fall up - on the way-side, Lead me gen-tly home.
Refrain.
Lead me gen - tly home, Fa-ther, Lead me gen - tly,
Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther, Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther,
Lest I fall up - on the way-side, Lead me gen-tly home.
gen - tly home.

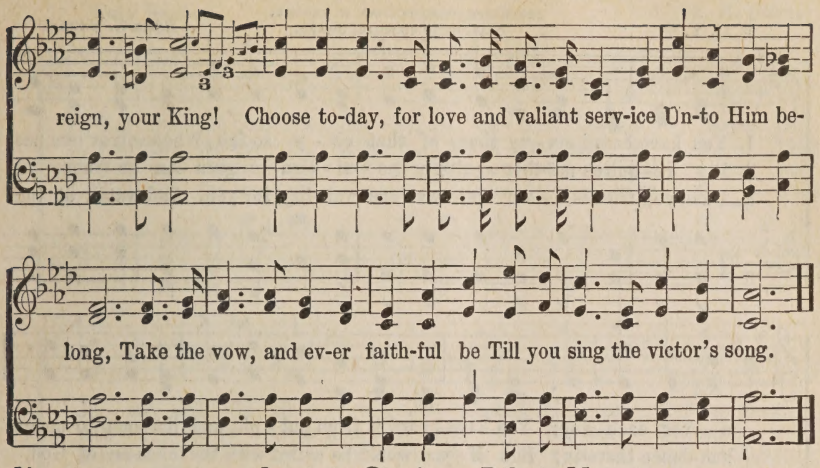
No. 62. Make Christ Your King.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE, OWNER.

Mrs. N. P. C. Mrs. Nellie Place Chandler.

1. O youth, with life be-fore you, and with glad - ness all a-round, While
2. True wis - dom you are seek-ing; no one ev - er sought in vain Who
3. Cour - a - geous be, and loy - al, for on ev - 'ry hand are foes That
in your heart the songs of hope and courage ring, "Remember thy Cre-a - tor
asked of Him who lived and taught in Gal-i - lee; A full-ness and a brightness
wait with subtile charms to lead your feet astray, Yet Christ the world's Redeemer
while the e-vil days come not," And choose the Christ of Cal-va - ry to
for your life in Him you'll find, And safe - ty from the sins that lie in
ev - 'ry step be-fore you knows, And He will guide, and guard, and love you
CHORUS.
be your King.
wait for thee. Choose to-day! ac-knowledge Him your Savior; Choose to-day!
all the way.
your heart a tribute bring Unto Him who suffered to redeem you, Let Him rule and

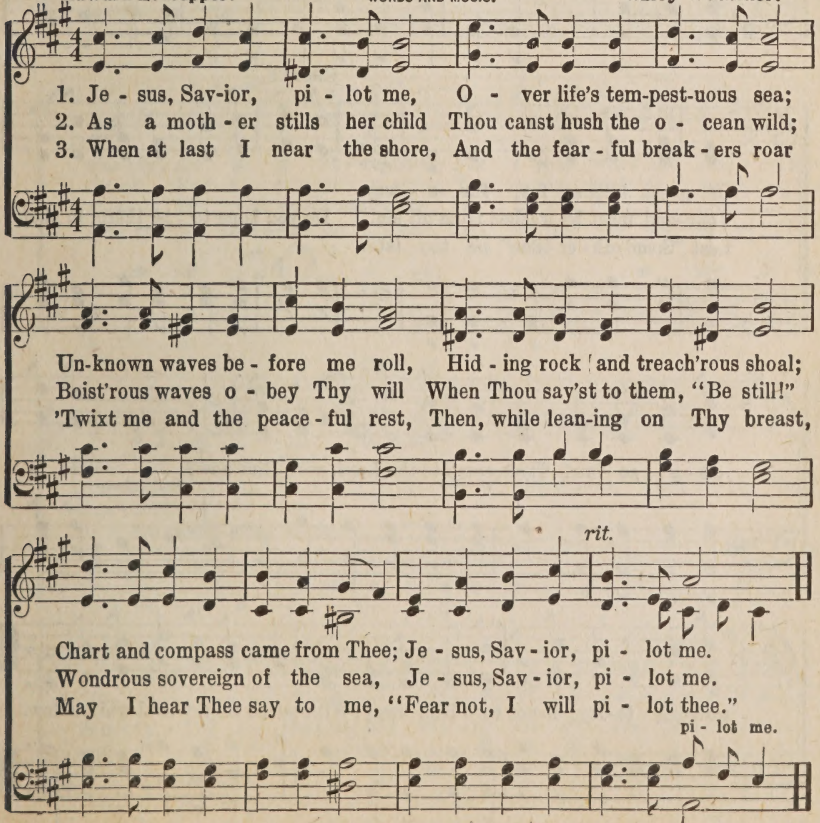
Make Christ Your King.


reign, your King! Choose to-day, for love and valiant serv-ice Un-to Him be-
long, Take the vow, and ev-er faith-ful be Till you sing the victor's song.

No. 63. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE.

Edward E. Hopper. WORDS AND MUSIC. Harry W. Miller.


1. Je - sus, Sav-ior, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem-pest-uous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar
Un-known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace - ful rest, Then, while lean-ing on Thy breast,
rit.
Chart and compass came from Thee; Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
Wondrous sovereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."
pi - lot me.

No. 64. Do You Hope to be There?

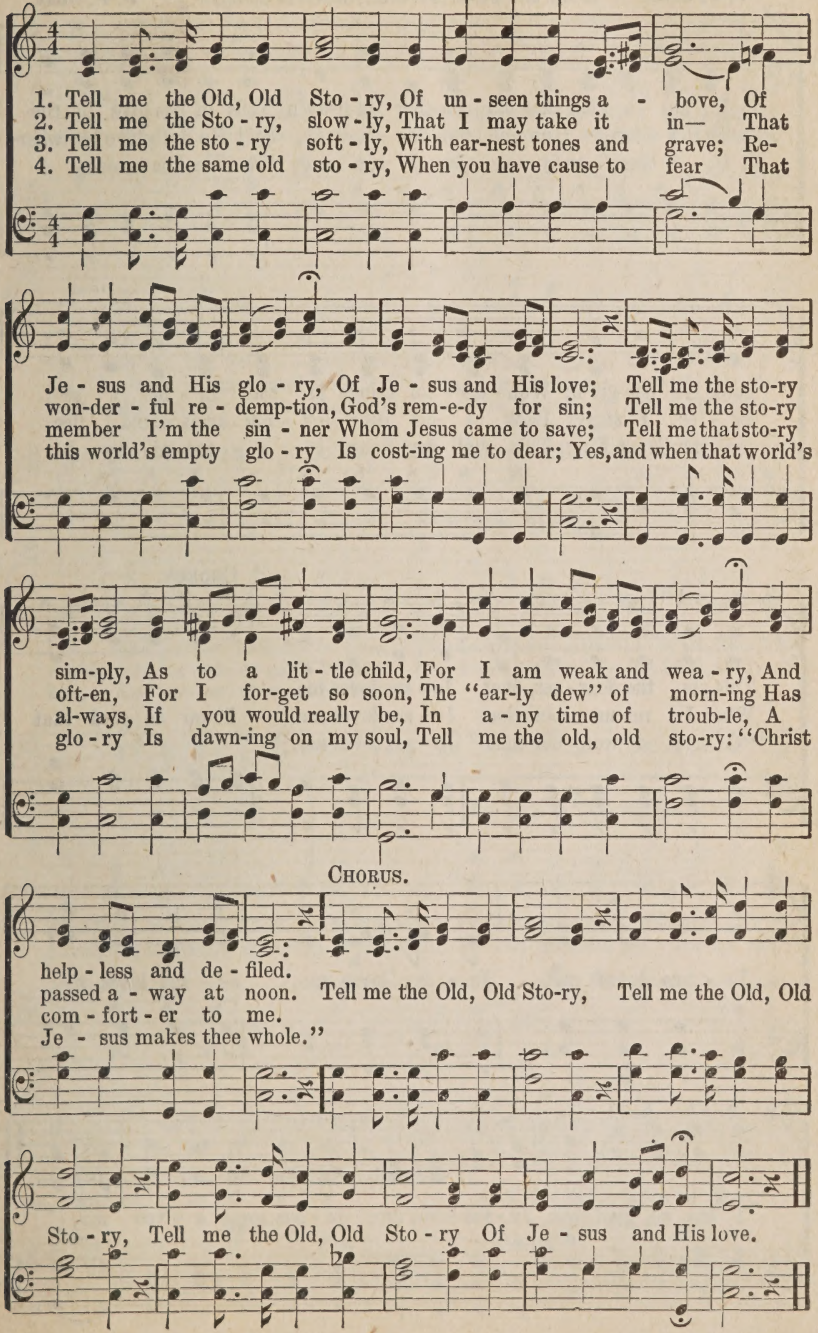
COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE, OWNER.

E. G. Y. Edna G. Young.

1. You have heard ma - ny times of that cit - y so fair, Whence trav'lers pass
2. It re - quires nei-ther wealth or po - si - tion to gain An en-trance a-
3. Have you friends o - ver there who are wait-ing for you, And watch at the
o - ver each day; You have heard it from pul - pit, and list-ened to songs
bun-dance there-in; But if you would be called with the chos-en of God,
beau - ti - ful gate; Oh, be read - y to go! say not "Some oth-er time,"
CHORUS.
Of green hills so far, far a - way.
Your soul must be washed from all sin. Do you hope to be there, in that
Lest "Some oth - er time" be too late.
cit - y so fair? Then come to the Lord, seek Him now; He is
just now;
wait-ing to-day; do not turn Him away; With peace He thy soul will en-dow.

No. 65. Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

Kate Hankey. USED BY PER. W. H. Doane.


1. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love; Tell me the sto-ry
2. Tell me the Sto - ry, slow - ly, That I may take it in— That won-der - ful re - demp-tion, God's rem-e-dy for sin; Tell me the sto-ry
3. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With ear-nest tones and grave; Re- member I'm the sin - ner Whom Jesus came to save; Tell me that sto-ry
4. Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have cause to fear That this world's empty glo - ry Is cost-ing me to dear; Yes, and when that world's sim-ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wea - ry, And oft-en, For I for-get so soon, The "ear-ly dew" of morn-ing Has al-ways, If you would really be, In a - ny time of troub-le, A glo - ry Is dawn-ing on my soul, Tell me the old, old sto-ry: "Christ
CHORUS.
help - less and de - filed.
passed a - way at noon. Tell me the Old, Old Sto-ry, Tell me the Old, Old com - fort - er to me.
Je - sus makes thee whole."
Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

No. 66. Jesus Loves Even Me.

P. P. Bliss. BY PER. OF THE JOHN CHURCH CO., OWNERS OF COPYRIGHT. P. P. Bliss.

1. I am so glad that our Fa-ther in heav'n Tells of His love in the
2. Tho' I for-get Him and wan-der a-way, Still He doth love me wher-
3. O, if there's on-ly one song I can sing, When in His beau-ty I
book He has giv'n; Won-der-ful things in the Bi-ble I see;
ev-er I stray; Back to his dear lov-ing arms would I flee,
see the Great King, This shall my song in e-ter-ni-ty be:
CHORUS.
This is the dear-est, that Je-sus loves me.
When I re-mem-ber that Je-sus loves me. I am so glad that
"O what a won-der that Je-sus loves me."
Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves me;
I am so glad that Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves e-ven me.

No. 67. Freedom.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE, OWNER.

J. C. F. Mrs. Jewell Camp Fretz.

1. Christ, our glorious Leader, calls to us to-day,—"Gird the ar-mor on and to the field a-way!" Slumber then no long-er, His command o-bey, And for-ev-er-more be free. { Freedom! freedom! free in Christ, the Lord!
2. Mov-ing brave-ly onward with His truth un-furled, See the hosts of sin be-fore us backward hurled; With our Captain we may o-ver-come the world, And for-ev-er-more be free. { Freedom! freedom! free in Christ, the Lord!
3. Tho' the bat-tle rag-es, strife will soon be past; Skies will soon be light, which now are o-ver-cast; We the victor's song of joy may sing at last, And for-ev-er-more be free.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

All male voices sing the bass.

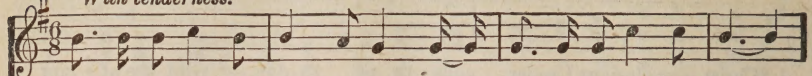
Freedom! freedom! trust-ing in His word! By His grace and in His strength we win, For His truth and love hath conquered sin!
Freedom! freedom! trust-ing in His word! We His faith-ful fol-low-ers will be, And we (*Omit.*) shall for-ev-er-more be free.

No. 68. Where is My Boy Tonight?

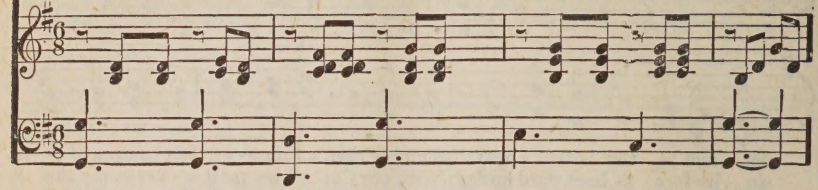
COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL. USED BY PER.

R. L. Rev. R. Lowry.

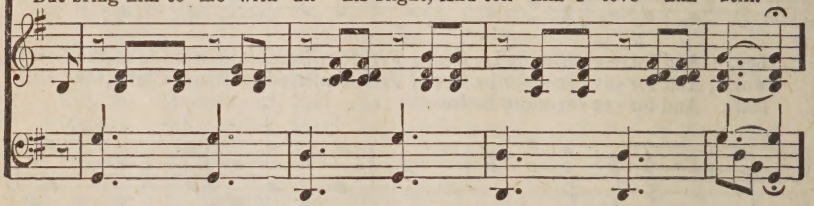
With tenderness.



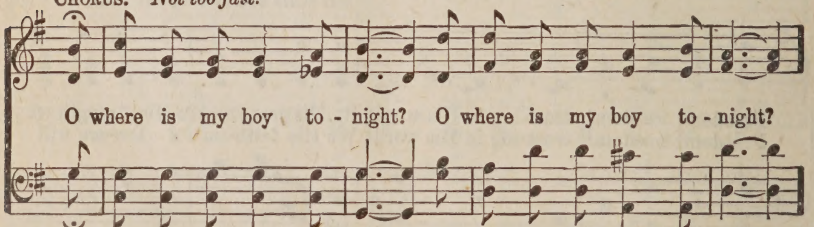
1. Where is my wand'ring boy to-night—The boy of my ten-derest care,
2. Once he was pure as morn-ing dew, As he knelt at his mother's knee;
3. O could I see you now, my boy, As fair as in old-en time,
4. Go for my wan-d'ring boy to-night; Go, search for him where you will;



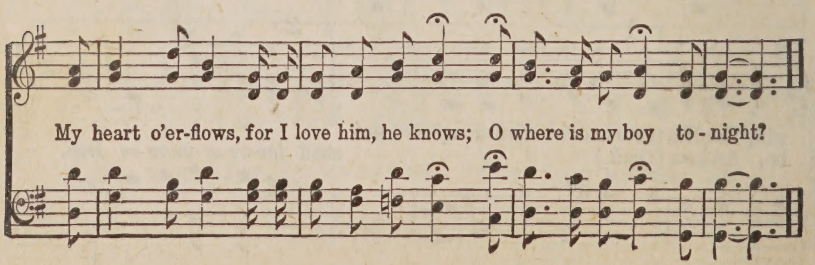
The boy that was once my joy and light, The child of my love and prayer?
No face was so bright, no heart more true, And none was so sweet as he.
When prattle and smile made home a joy, And life was a mer-ry chime!
But bring him to me with all his blight, And tell him I love him still.



CHORUS. *Not too fast.*



O where is my boy to-night? O where is my boy to-night?



My heart o'er-flows, for I love him, he knows; O where is my boy to-night?

No. 69. Gather in the Grain.

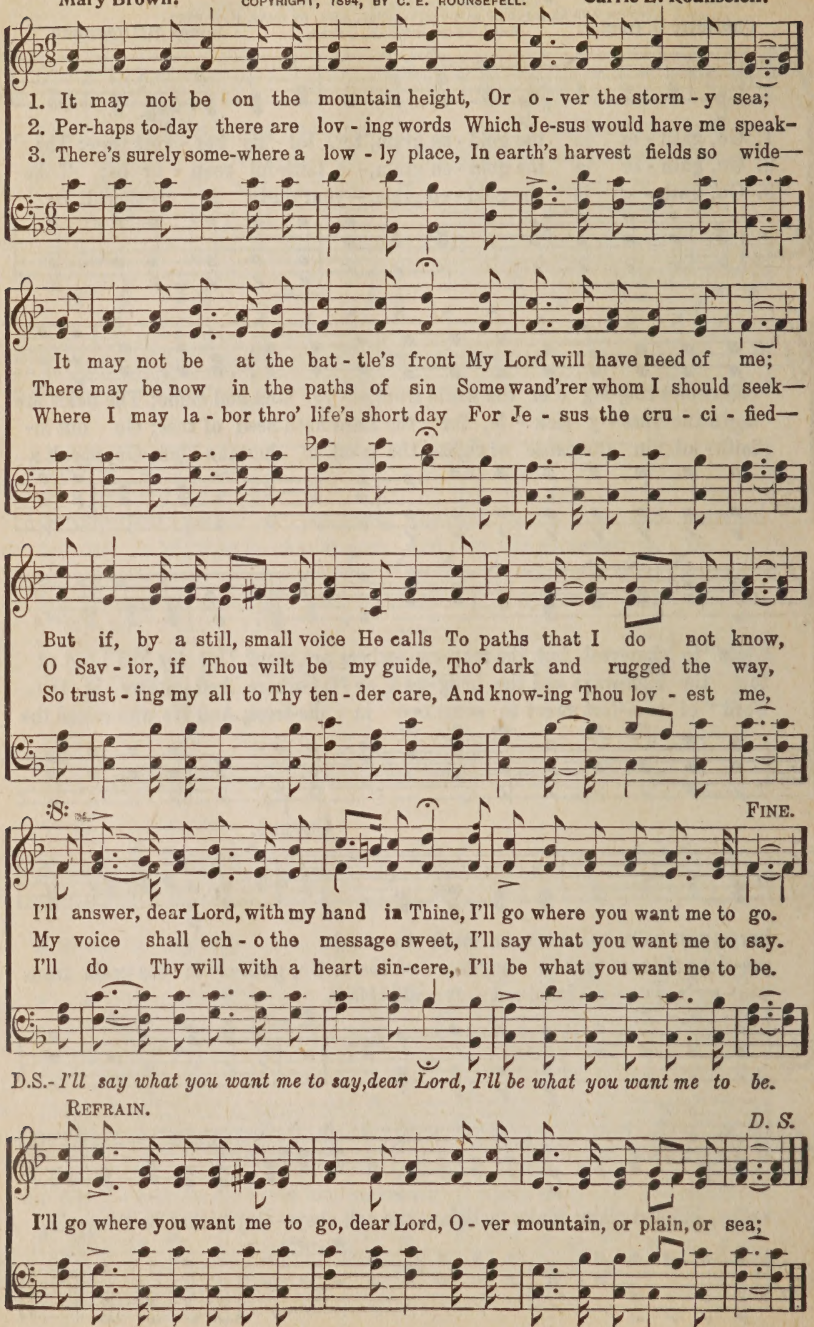
MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1875, BY Z. M. PARVIN.
WORDS AND RE-ISSUE OF MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE, OWNER.

Charlotte G. Homer. James McGranahan.

1. Go, gath - er in the gold - en grain, for, lo! 'tis har - vest time; The
2. Go, gath - er in the gold - en grain,—a faith-ful reap - er be; Take
3. Go, gath - er in the gold - en grain,—your du-ty is as-signed; Be
call comes ring-ing o'er the world from ev-'ry land and clime; The fields are
down the rust - y sick - le, for the Lord hath need of thee; Go out in-
faith - ful in the cause of right—the good of hu-man kind; Go, speak a
white to har-vest, but the reap-ers—where are they? Up! for the Lord of
to the high-ways and the hedg - es ev - 'ry-where, And gath-er in the
word of com-fort sweet to some one in dis-tress, And He who raised the
CHORUS.
har - vest calls to work, to work to - day!
pre-cious sheaves that lie neg-lect - ed there. Go, gath-er in the grain from
wid - ow's son, a - bund-ant - ly will bless.
valley, hill and plain; Make no delay, the call obey—Go, gather in the grain.

No. 70. I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

Mary Brown. COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY C. E. ROUNSEFELL. Carrie E. Rounsefell.


1. It may not be on the mountain height, Or o - ver the storm - y sea;
2. Per-haps to-day there are lov - ing words Which Je-sus would have me speak-
3. There's surely some-where a low - ly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide—
It may not be at the bat - tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek—
Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus the cru - ci - fied—
But if, by a still, small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
O Sav - ior, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,
So trust - ing my all to Thy ten - der care, And know-ing Thou lov - est me,
FINE.
I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall ech - o the message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what you want me to be.
D.S.- I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.
REFRAIN.
D. S.
I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O - ver mountain, or plain, or sea;

No. 71. A Word From My Father.

E. E. Hewitt.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED IN 1914, BY CHARLES REIGN SCOVILLE.

Henry P. Morton

1. A word from my Fa-ther I need, day by day, A word that will guide me on
2. A word from my Fa-ther, in morning's still hour; For life's waiting du - ties to
3. A word from my Fa-ther! it hush-es my fears, And gives me a rain-bow a-

life's chequered way; A word that will help me when tri - als ap - pear, And
gird me with pow'r; A word when the shad-ows of eve-ning draw nigh, To
mid fall - ing tears; It leads me to vic-t'ry, when foes 'round me throng, And

CHORUS.

shed thro' the darkness the sun-beams of cheer. A word..... from my
bear me the com-fort that breathes from on high.
tells me of man-sions of beau-ty and song. A word from my Fa-ther to-

Fa-ther to - day, A word..... from my Fa-ther to-day; A word from my
day,..... A word from my Father to - day;.....

Fa-ther will brighten the way; Oh, help me, dear Sav-ior, to heed and o - bey.

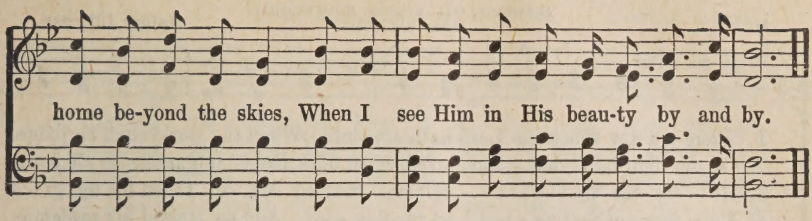
No. 72. I Shall See My Savior's Face.

To Mrs. Princess Clark Long.

Chas. Reign Scoville. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY SCOVILLE & SMITH. De Loss Smith.

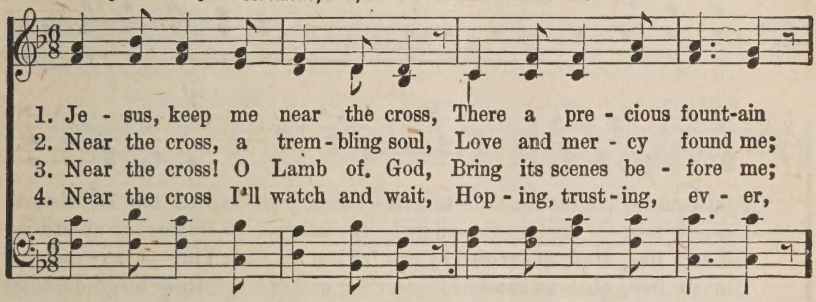
1. I shall see my Sav-ior's face, When I reach that hap-py place Just be-
2. I shall see the nail-pierc'd hand, When I reach the golden strand, 'Twill ex-
3. I shall see my moth-er's face, For she too was sav'd by grace, And with
yond the si - lent riv-er by and by; Oh, how hap - py I will be,
tend to me a wel-come by and by; I shall see the wound-ed side,
Je - sus she will meet me by and by; With our lov'd ones we will be,
When His glo-ry I shall see, And I'll dwell with Him forev-er, by and by.
From which flow'd the crimson tide, And I'll praise Him for redemption, by and by.
There with Christ e - ter - nal - ly, No more parting at the riv - er by and by.
CHORUS
I shall see Him face to face, I shall know His boundless grace, When I
reach the Ho-ly Cit - y by and by; All my hopes I'll re - al - ize, In that

I Shall See My Savior's Face.



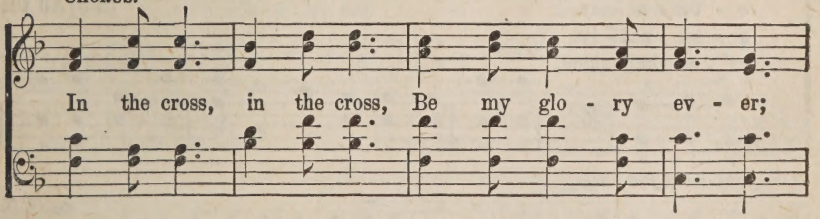
No. 73. Near the Cross.

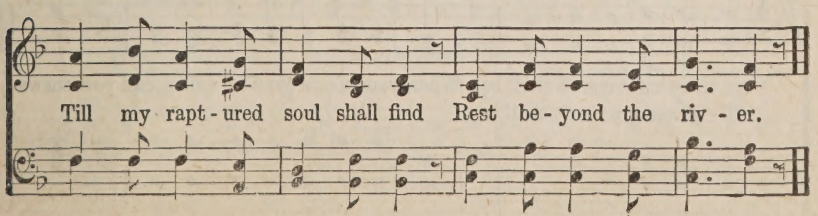
Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY W. H. DOANE. USED BY PER. W. H. Doane.


1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross, There a pre - cious fount-ain
2. Near the cross, a trem - bling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;
3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me;
4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust - ing, ev - er,

Free to all— a heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal - v'ry's mount-ain.
There the bright and Morn - ing Star Sheds its beams a - round me.
Help me walk from day to day, With its shad - ows o'er me.
Till I reach the gold - en strand, Just be - yond the riv - er.

CHORUS.

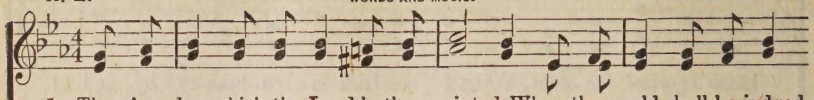




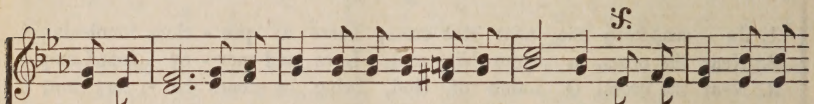
No. 74. At the Judgment Bar.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE.

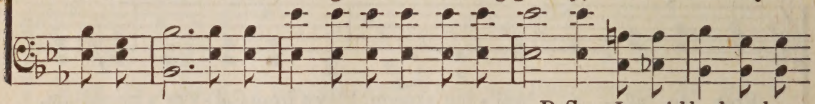
H. L. WORDS AND MUSIC. Haldor Lillenas.



1. There's a day which the Lord hath appointed, When the world shall be judged
2. On the right hand shall stand the redeemed ones, Robed in gar-ments all spot-
3. Ev - 'ry sin that was ev - er com - mitt-ed Un - a - toned for by grace
4. Ev - 'ry soul that re - ject - ed the Sav - ior, And de - spised his re-demp-
5. But the right-eous shall en - ter the King-dom Of their Fa - ther and Sav-

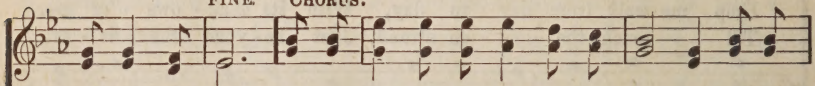


right-eous-ly, All the Na-tions to-geth-er shall gath - er, All the U - ni-verse
less and fair; On the left the un-god - ly shall gath- er, Doomed to un-end-ing
full and free, Must be car-ried by ev - 'ry lost sin - ner Thro' an un - end - ing
tion so free, Shall be ban-ished for-ev - er and ev - er In-to black darkness
ior Di - vine With the An-gels in un - end-ing glo - ry, As the sun they for-



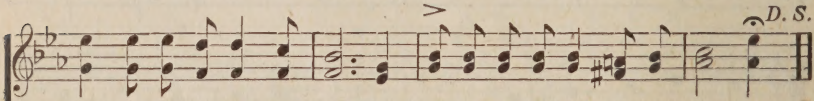
D.S.—*Je-sus' blood made a-*

FINE. CHORUS.



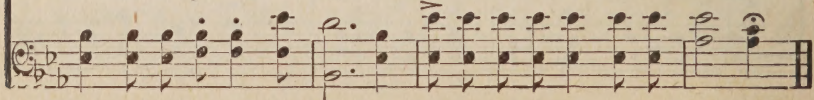
pres-ent shall be.
woe and de - spair. At the great judg-ment bar we must gath-er (1-2) Ev-'ry
e - ter - ni - ty. (3-5) All the
e - ter - nal - ly.
ev - er shall shine.

tone-ment for me.



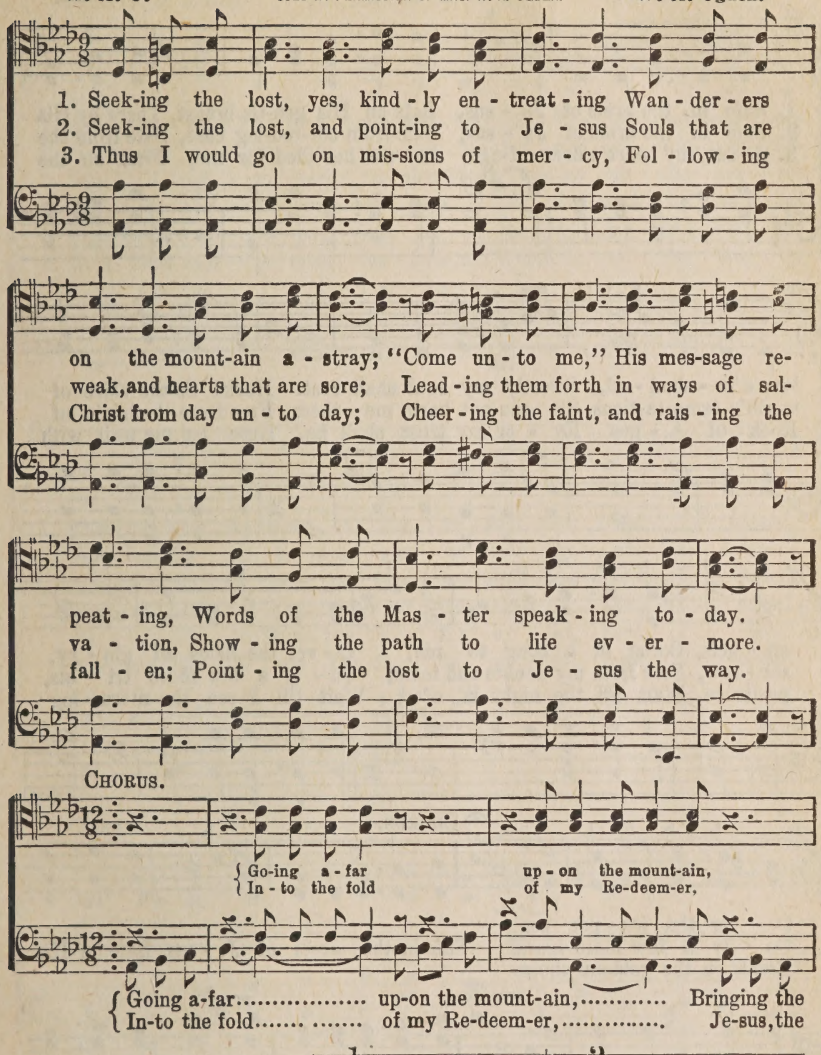
D. S.

sin there un-covered shall be, When your name shall be called, can you answer
U - ni-verse present shall be,



No. 75. Seeking the Lost.

W. A. O. USED BY PERMISSION OF MRS. W. A. OGDEN. W. A. Ogden.


1. Seek-ing the lost, yes, kind - ly en - treat - ing Wan - der - ers
on the mount-ain a - stray; "Come un - to me," His mes-sage re-
peat - ing, Words of the Mas - ter speak - ing to - day.
2. Seek-ing the lost, and point-ing to Je - sus Souls that are
weak, and hearts that are sore; Lead - ing them forth in ways of sal-
va - tion, Show - ing the path to life ev - er - more.
3. Thus I would go on mis-sions of mer - cy, Fol - low - ing
Christ from day un - to day; Cheer - ing the faint, and rais - ing the
fall - en; Point - ing the lost to Je - sus the way.
CHORUS.
Go-ing a - far up - on the mount-ain,
In - to the fold of my Re-deem-er,
Going a-far..... up-on the mount-ain,..... Bringing the
In-to the fold..... ..... of my Re-deem-er,..... Je-sus, the
1
2
Bringing the wan-d'rer back a - gain, back a-gain;
Je - sus, the Lamb for [omit . . . . .] sin-ners slain, for sin-ners slain.
wan - - d'rer back a-gain;.....
Lamb.....for [Omit.....] sin-ners slain.....

No. 76. Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

Fanny J. Crosby. BY PER. W. H. Doane.

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen-tle breast, There by His
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor-rod-ing care, Safe from the
3. Je-sus, my heart's dear ref-uge, Je - sus has died for me; Firm on the
rit.
love o'er - shad - ed, Sweetly my soul shall rest. Hark! 'tis the voice of
world's temp-ta-tions, Sin can-not harm me there. Free from the blight of
Rock of A - ges Ev - er my trust shall be. Here let me wait with
an - gels, Borne in a song to me, O - ver the fields of glo - ry,
sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears; On - ly a few more tri - als,
pa-tience, Wait till the night is o'er; Wait till I see the morn - ing
CHORUS.
O - ver the jas - per sea.
On - ly a few more tears! Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His
Break on the gold-en shore.
rit.
gen-tle breast, There by His love o'er-shad-ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest.

No. 77. Lord, I Come.

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CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE, OWNER.

Charlotte G. Homer. W. Stillman Martin.

1. All my hu - man weak - ness feel - ing, In Thy bless - ed name ap-
2. Noth - ing of my own pos - sess - ing, Sin and sel - fish - ness con-
3. Tho' I oft - en have de - nied Thee, 'Twas my sin that cru - ci-
4. Kin - dle now the sa - cred fire In my soul for Thee, and
5. From death's dark mys - ter - ious riv - er Thou wilt my poor soul de-
6. Hold Thou still the cross be - fore me; Watch in ten - der mer - cy
peal - ing, Now for more of Thy re - veal - ing, Lord, I come!
fess - ing, For an un - de - serv - ed bless - ing, Lord, I come!
fied Thee! Yet for - give me love me, guide me—Lord, I come!
high - er Lift me; For this one; de - sire Lord, I come!
liv - er; To be Thine, yea Thine for - ev - er, Lord, I come!
o'er me Till I see Thy face in glo - ry; Lord, I come!
CHORUS.
All up - on Thine al - tar leav - ing, Ev - 'ry-thing from Thee re-
ceiv - ing, Un - to Thee in faith be - liev - ing Lord, I come.
I come

No. 78. Stooping to Save.

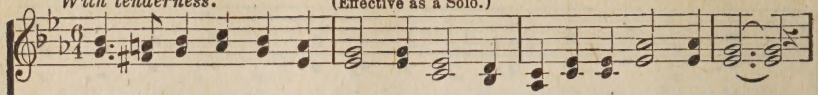
COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE.

H. L.

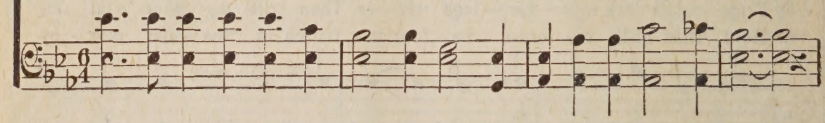
WORDS AND MUSIC.

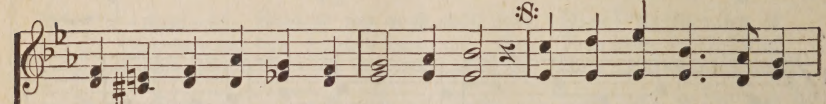
Haldor Lillenas.

With tenderness. (Effective as a Solo.)

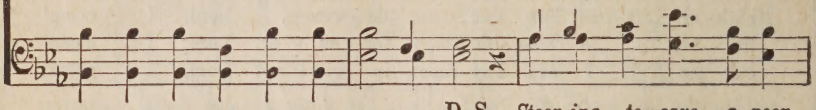


1. Won-der-ful, in - fi-nite, matchless love, As broad as the boundless sea;
2. Changing His ves-ture as white as snow, For one of hu - mil - i - ty,
3. Born in a man-ger to grief and pain And dy - ing up - on the tree,
4. Then let me look on His bless - ed face, Thro'-out all E - ter - ni - ty,





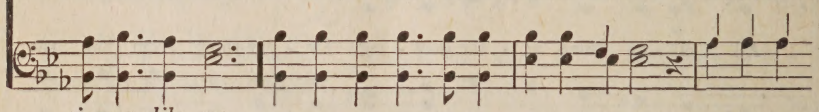
Je - sus came down from His throne a-bove, Stoop-ing to save a poor
Je - sus came down to this world of woe, Stoop-ing to save a poor
Shame-ful-ly treat - ed and for me slain, Stoop-ing to save a poor
Ev - er a - dor - ing Him for His grace, Stoop-ing to save a poor



D. S.—*Stoop-ing to save a poor*

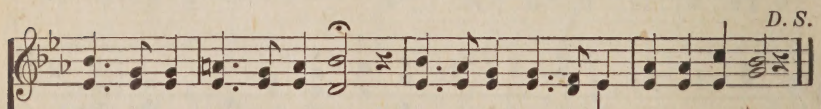
rit. FINE. CHORUS.

sin-ner like me. Stooping to save a poor sin-ner like me, Stooping to

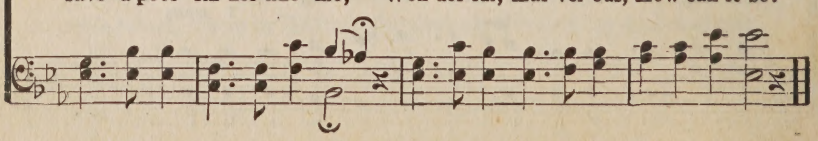


sin-ner like me.

D. S.

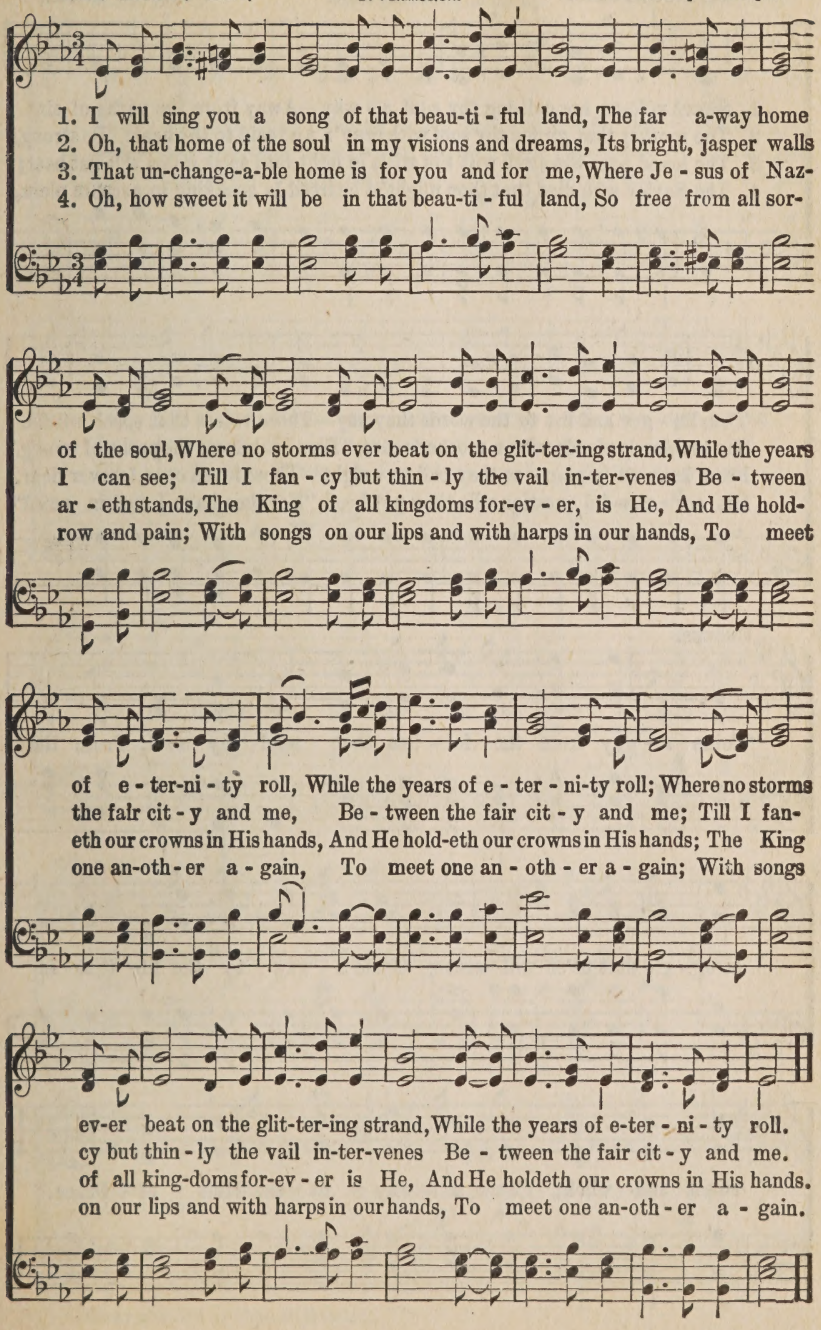


save a poor sin-ner like me; Won-der-ful, mar-vel-ous, How can it be?



No. 79. Home of the Soul.

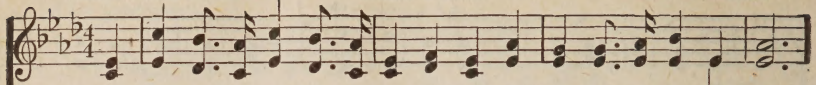
Mrs. Ellen H. Gates, BY PERMISSION. Philip Phillips.


1. I will sing you a song of that beau-ti - ful land, The far a-way home
2. Oh, that home of the soul in my visions and dreams, Its bright, jasper walls
3. That un-change-a-ble home is for you and for me, Where Je - sus of Naz-
4. Oh, how sweet it will be in that beau-ti - ful land, So free from all sor-
of the soul, Where no storms ever beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the years
I can see; Till I fan - cy but thin - ly the vail in-ter-venes Be - tween
ar - eth stands, The King of all kingdoms for-ev - er, is He, And He hold-
row and pain; With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To meet
of e - ter-ni - ty roll, While the years of e - ter - ni-ty roll; Where no storms
the fair cit - y and me, Be - tween the fair cit - y and me; Till I fan-
eth our crowns in His hands, And He hold-eth our crowns in His hands; The King
one an-oth - er a - gain, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain; With songs
ev-er beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the years of e-ter - ni - ty roll.
cy but thin - ly the vail in-ter-venes Be - tween the fair cit - y and me.
of all king-doms for-ev - er is He, And He holdeth our crowns in His hands.
on our lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one an-oth - er a - gain.

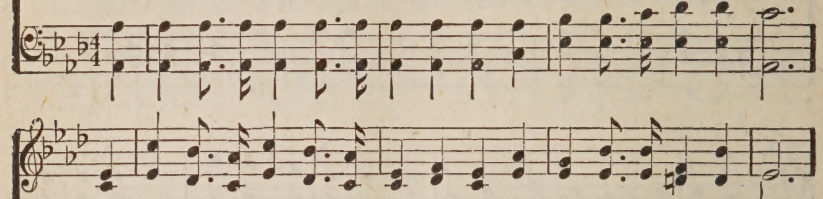
No. 80. Sweet Voices are Calling.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE.

Jessie Brown Pounds. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.

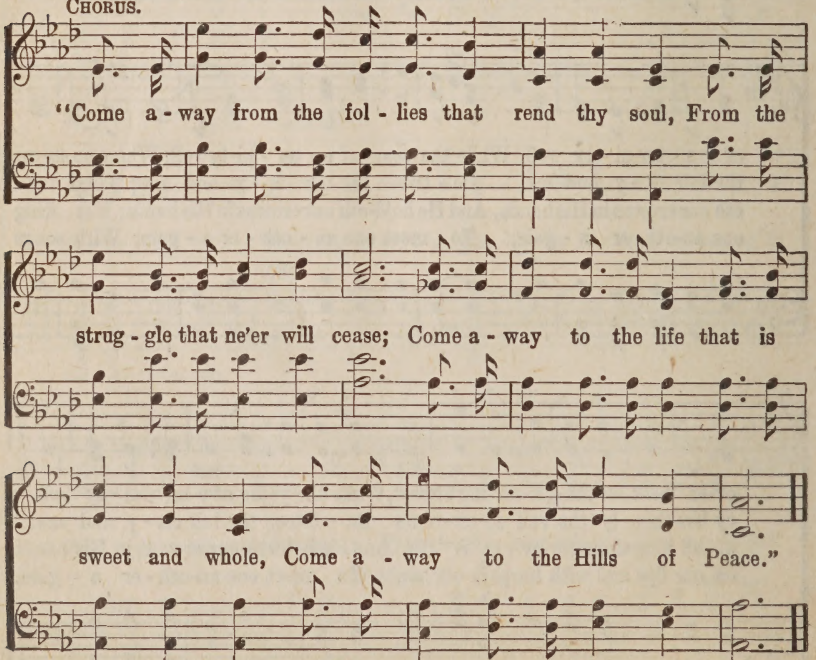


1. Sweet voic-es are call-ing thy soul a - way—Away from the paths of sin;
2. The mother that girded thy soul with pray'r, And said to thy heart, "Be strong,"
3. The loved ones who dwell with the saints in light, Still speak, if thou wilt but hear;
4. The Savior who died that thou might'st be freed Is speaking in accents plain,



Then lin - ger and list to the words they say—Those voices that speak within.
She ten-der-ly pleads with a mother's care, "Turn back from the paths of wrong."
From heav-en-ly plac - es they call to - night—Those loved ones, forever dear.
His sor - row-ful question wilt thou not heed, "For thee have I died in vain?"

CHORUS.



"Come a - way from the fol - lies that rend thy soul, From the strug - gle that ne'er will cease; Come a - way to the life that is sweet and whole, Come a - way to the Hills of Peace."

No. 81. I'll Be There.

COPYRGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL,
CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE, OWNER.

Edgar Lewis. L. E. Jones.

1. When the saved shall meet on the gold - en street, Hal - le - lu - jah!
2. Bless - ed heav'n-ly home, where no sor - rows come, Hal - le - lu - jah!
3. By the Sav-ior's throne, when He calls His own, Hal - le - lu - jah!

I'll be there! Where the glad harps ring and the ran - somed sing,
I'll be there! Saved by grace di - vine, Je - sus now is mine,
I'll be there! Where the streets are gold, 'mid the joys un - told,

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu-jah! I'll be there! At the home - com - ing of the
At the home-

ran - somed, When the saints shall march thro' the gates so fair: At the

home - com - ing of the ran-somed, Hal - le - lu-jah! I'll be there!
At the home-

Copyright, 1908, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

No. 82. It Truly is Marvelous.

E. D. Elliott.

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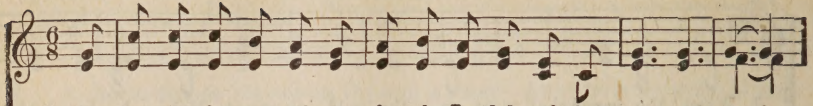
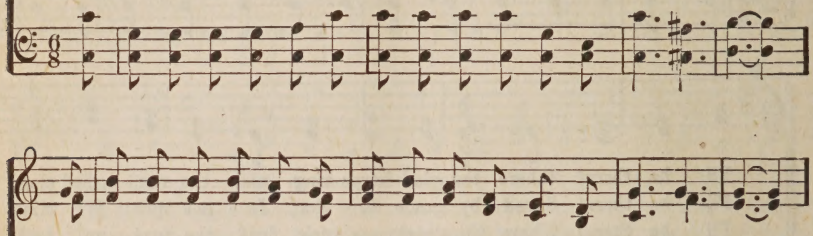
CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE, OWNER.

Wm. Eddie Marks.

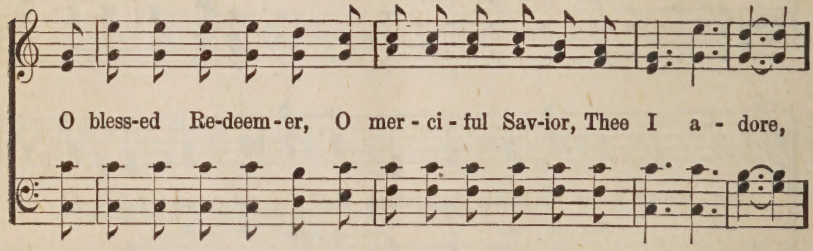


1. It tru - ly is mar-vel-ous what the Lord do-eth for me each day!
2. My soul is as - ton-ished that He is so gra-cious-ly kind to me,
3. I can-not tell why He should send to me dai - ly such show'rs of grace,
4. Be - yond all dis-crip-tion, be-yond all com-pare is this joy of mine;

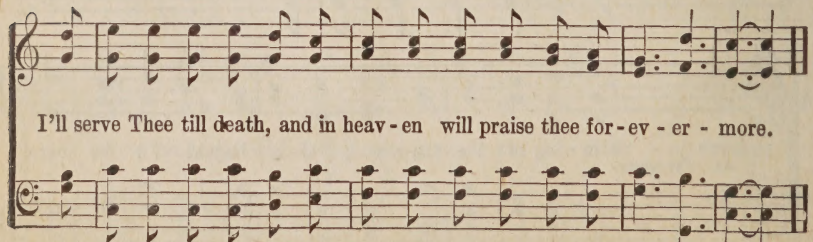


Sur - pris-ing - ly won-der - ful how He is bless - ing me all the way!
That one so un-wor-thy of in - fin - ite no - tice should fa-vored be.
Or why so un-wor-thy a sin-ner may shel - ter in His em - brace.
I sing in my rapt-ure "All glo - ry to God for such peace di - vine."

CHORUS.



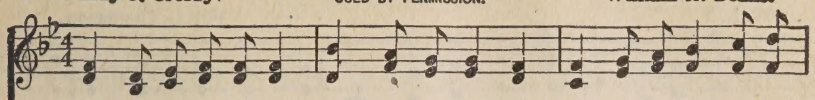
O bless-ed Re-deem-er, O mer - ci - ful Sav-ior, Thee I a - dore,



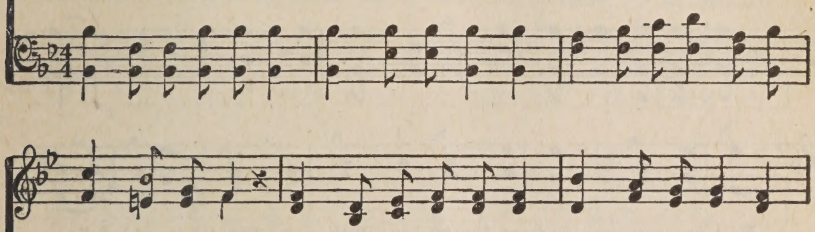
I'll serve Thee till death, and in heav - en will praise thee for - ev - er - more.

No. 83. Rescue the Perishing.

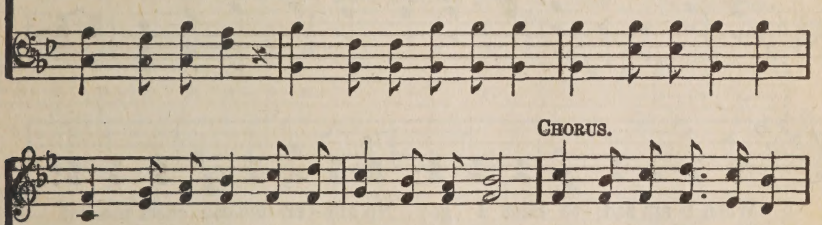
Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT PROPERTY, OF W. H. DOANE. USED BY PERMISSION. William H. Doane.



1. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait - ing, Wait - ing the pen - i - tent
3. Down in the hu-man heart, Crush'd by the tempt-er, Feel-ings lie bu - ried that
4. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Du - ty de-mands it; Strength for thy la - bor the

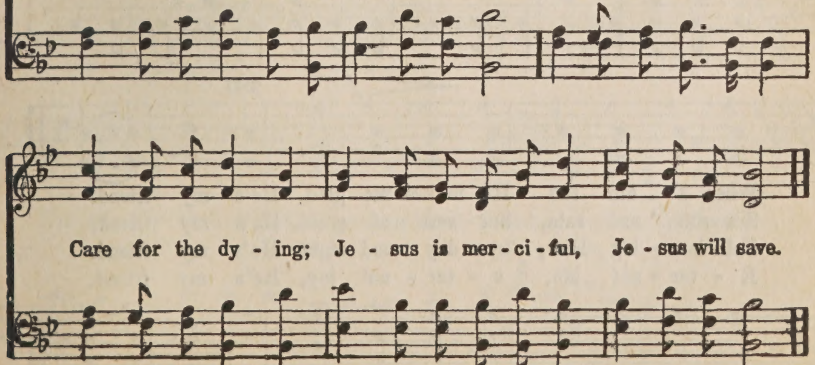


sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fall - en,
child to re - ceive; Plead with them ear-nest - ly, Plead with them gen-tly:
grace can re - store; Touch'd by a lov - ing heart, Wak-ened by kind-ness,
Lord will pro-vide; Back to the nar-row way Pa - tient - ly win them;



CHORUS.

Tell them of Je - sus the might-y to save.
He will for-give if they en - ly be-lieve. Res - cue the per - ish - ing,
Chords that are bro - ken will vi-brate once more.
Tell the poor wan-d'rer a Sav - ior has died.



Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

No. 84. Jesus is All the World to Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY WILL L THOMPSON, EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO.

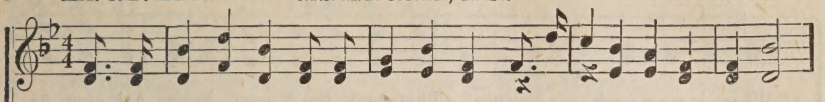
W. L. T. Will L. Thompson.

1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;
He is my strength from day to day, With - out Him I would fall.
I go to Him for bless-ings, and He gives them o'er and o'er.
Oh, how could I this friend de - ny, When He's so true to me?
I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleet - ing days shall end.
When I am sad, to Him I go; No oth - er one can cheer me so;
He sends the sun-shine and the rain, He sends the harvest's gold-en grain;
Fol-low-ing Him I know I'm right, He watches o'er me day and night;
Beau-ti - ful life with such a friend; Beau-ti - ful life that has no end;
f
pp
When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my friend.
Sun - shine and rain, har - vest of grain, He's my friend.
Fol - low - ing Him, by day and night, He's my friend.
E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my friend.

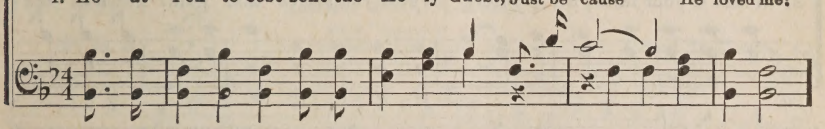
No. 85. Just Because He Loved Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE, OWNER.

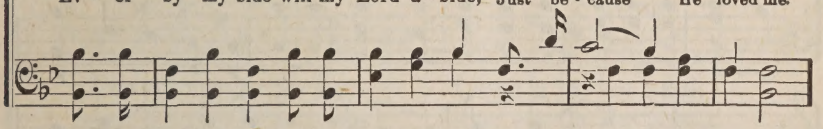
Mrs. C. D. Martin — W. Stillman Martin.



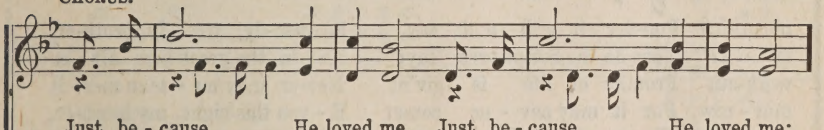
1. Je - sus took me in, saved my soul from sin, Just because, because He loved me;
2. Came He down to die from His throne on high,
3. By the world de-nied, suf-fered He and died,
4. He at Pen - te-cost sent the Ho - ly Ghost, Just be - cause He loved me;



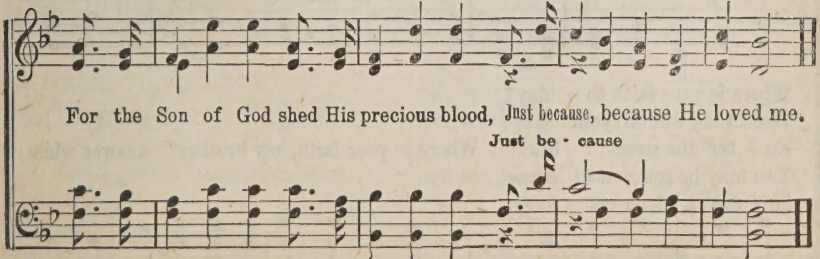
Full a - tonement made, ev-'ry debt He paid,
Lived a low - ly life, suffered care and strife, Because He loved me.
Vic - tor He a - rose o - ver all His foes,
Ev - er by my side will my Lord a - bide, Just be - cause He loved me.



CHORUS.



Just be - cause He loved me, Just be - cause He loved me;
Just be-cause, Just be-cause



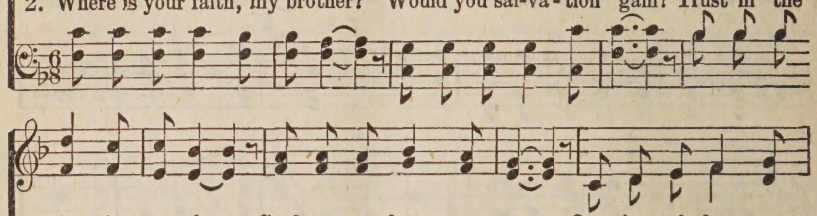
For the Son of God shed His precious blood, Just because, because He loved me.
Just be - cause

No. 86. Where is Your Faith, My Brother?

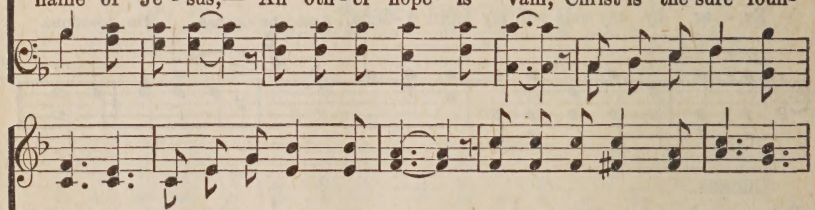
COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE, OWNER.

T. O. Chisholm. Jno. R. Sweney.

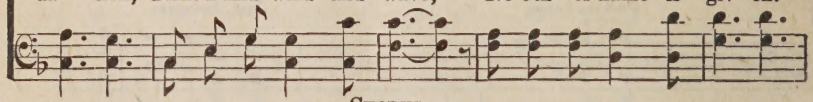
1. Where is your faith, my brother? This would the Master know, Ask-ing a-
2. Where is your faith, my brother? Do you in rich-es trust, What will your
3. Where is your faith, my brother? Lo you on self re-ly, Hop-ing by
4. Where is your faith, my brother? Dreaming that life is long, Will you neg-
2. Where is your faith, my brother? Would you sal-va-tion gain? Trust in the



gain the ques-tion Spok-en so long a-go; Question of deep-est
gold a-vail you, When you have turned to dust? "Rich-es are not for-
good en-deav-or, Par-don and peace to buy? Not un-to him that
lect sal-va-tion, List-'ning to pleas-ure's song? Oh, do not trust to-
name of Je-sus,— All oth-er hope is vain, Christ is the sure foun-

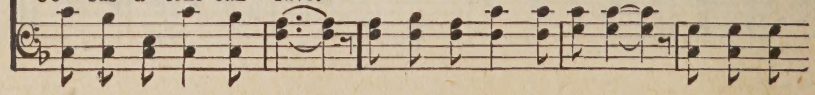


mean-ing Pon-der it well and say, So-ber-ly, tru-ly, broth-er,
ev-er" Thus do the Script-ures say; Ah! in the great here-aft-er
work-eth Promise of life is giv'n; Nev-er may hu-man mer-it
mor-row, For it may nev-er come: E-ven this night, my broth-er,
da-tion, Firm a-mid wind and wave; "No oth-er name is giv-en."

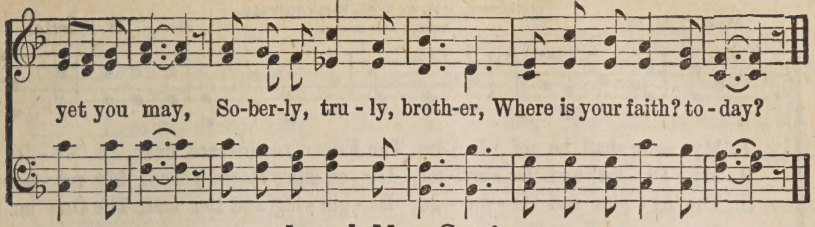


CHORUS.

Where is your faith to-day?
What then will be your stay?
En-ter the gates of heav'n. Where is your faith, my brother? Answer while
You may be summoned home.
Je-sus a-lone can save.



Where is Your Faith, My Brother?

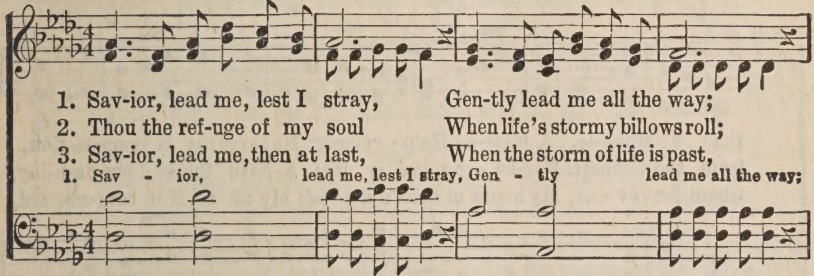


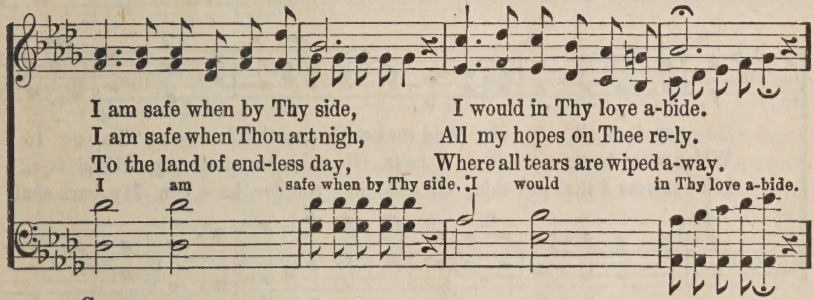
No. 87. Lead Me, Savior.

F. M. D.

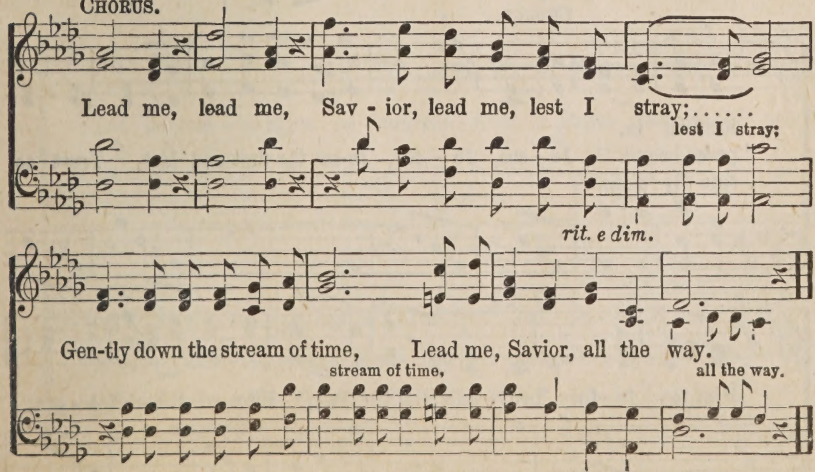
FROM "CAROLS OF JOY."
USED BY PERMISSION OF JOHN J. HOOD.

Frank M. Davis.


1. Sav-ior, lead me, lest I stray, Gen-tly lead me all the way;
2. Thou the ref-uge of my soul When life's stormy billows roll;
3. Sav-ior, lead me, then at last, When the storm of life is past,
1. Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me all the way;


I am safe when by Thy side, I would in Thy love a-bide.
I am safe when Thou art nigh, All my hopes on Thee re-ly.
To the land of end-less day, Where all tears are wiped a-way.
I am safe when by Thy side, I would in Thy love a-bide.

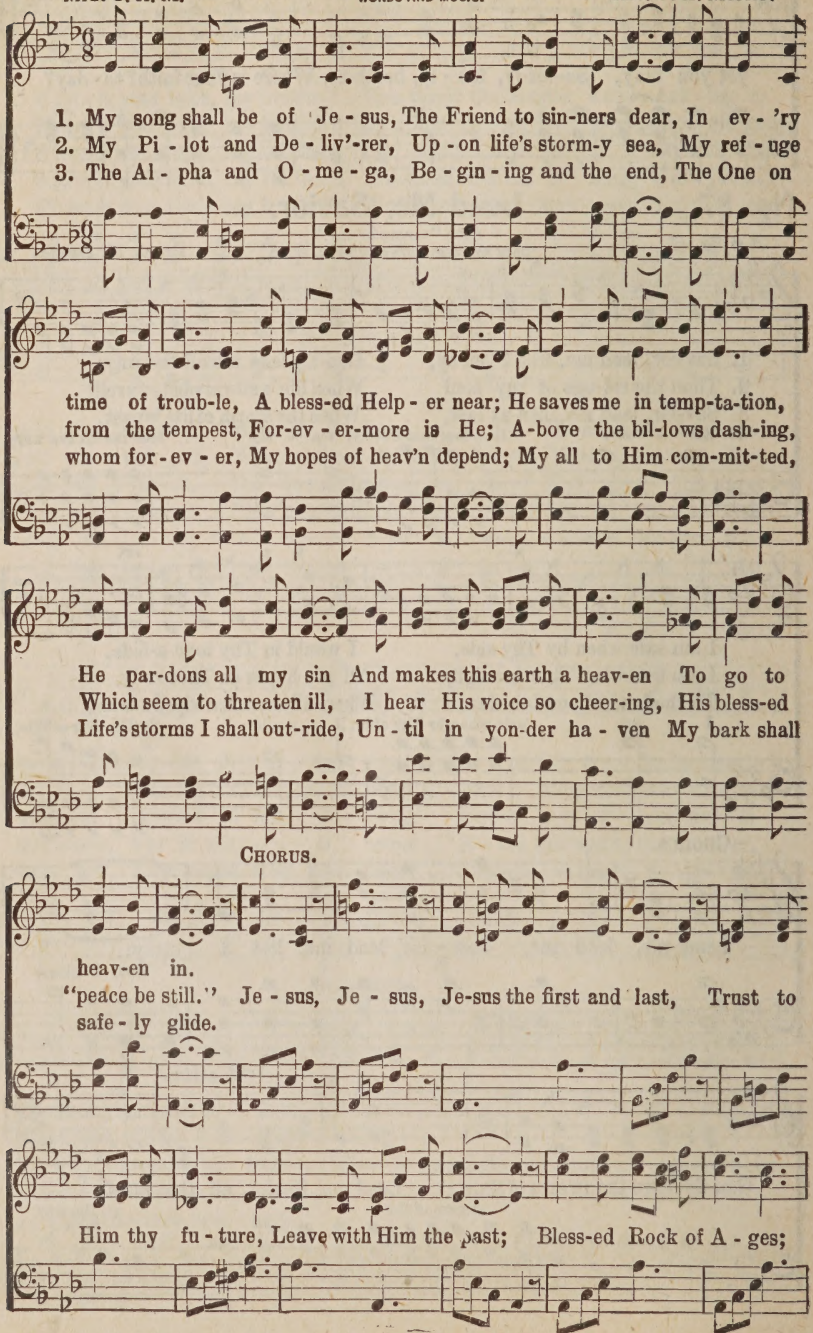
CHORUS.


Lead me, lead me, Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray;.....
lest I stray;
rit. e dim.
Gen-tly down the stream of time, Lead me, Savior, all the way.
stream of time, all the way.

No. 88. Jesus the First and Last.

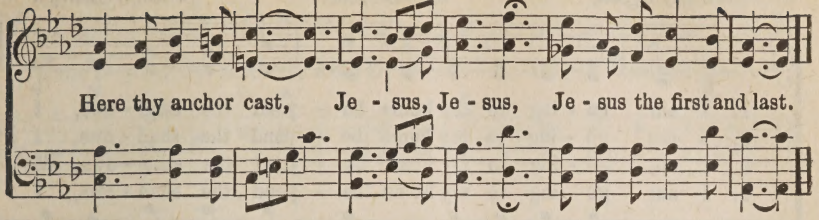
COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE.

Mrs. C. H. M. WORDS AND MUSIC. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. My song shall be of Je - sus, The Friend to sin-ners dear, In ev - 'ry
2. My Pi - lot and De - liv'-rer, Up - on life's storm-y sea, My ref - uge
3. The Al - pha and O - me - ga, Be - gin - ing and the end, The One on
time of troub-le, A bless-ed Help - er near; He saves me in temp-ta-tion,
from the tempest, For-ev - er-more is He; A-bove the bil-lows dash-ing,
whom for - ev - er, My hopes of heav'n depend; My all to Him com-mit-ted,
He par-dons all my sin And makes this earth a heav-en To go to
Which seem to threaten ill, I hear His voice so cheer-ing, His bless-ed
Life's storms I shall out-ride, Un - til in yon-der ha - ven My bark shall
CHORUS.
heav-en in.
"peace be still." Je - sus, Je - sus, Je-sus the first and last, Trust to
safe - ly glide.
Him thy fu - ture, Leave with Him the past; Bless-ed Rock of A - ges;

Jesus the First and Last.

Harmony.

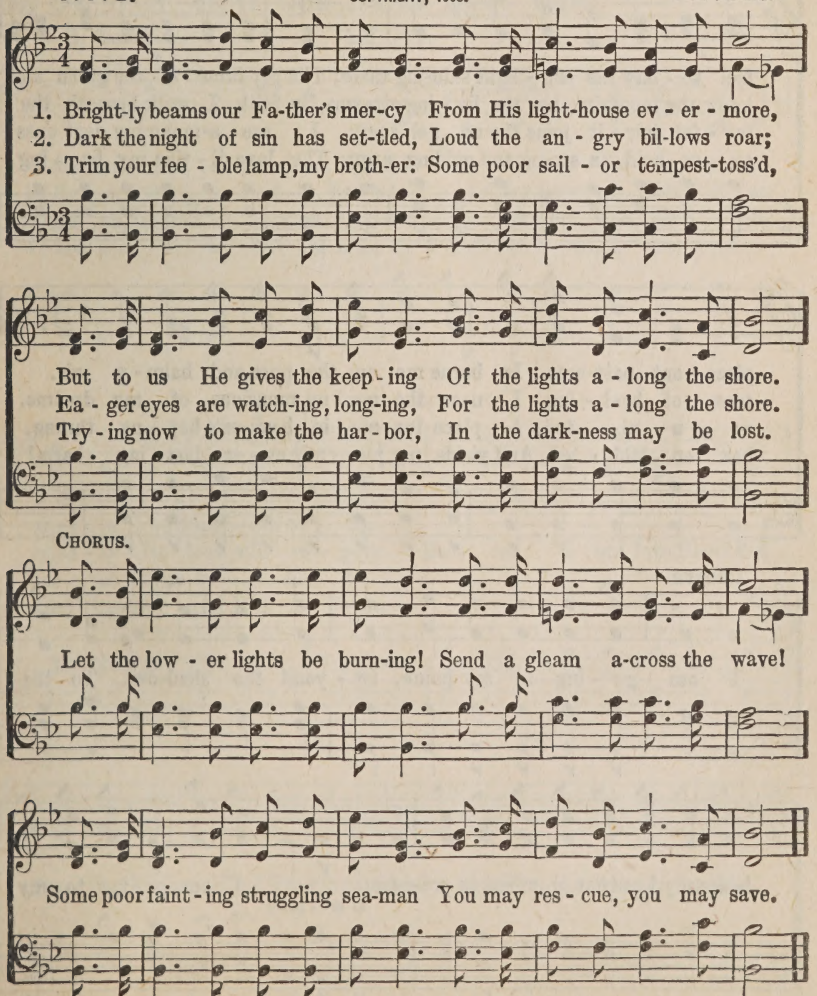


No. 89. Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B.

BY PER. OF THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
COPYRIGHT, 1905.

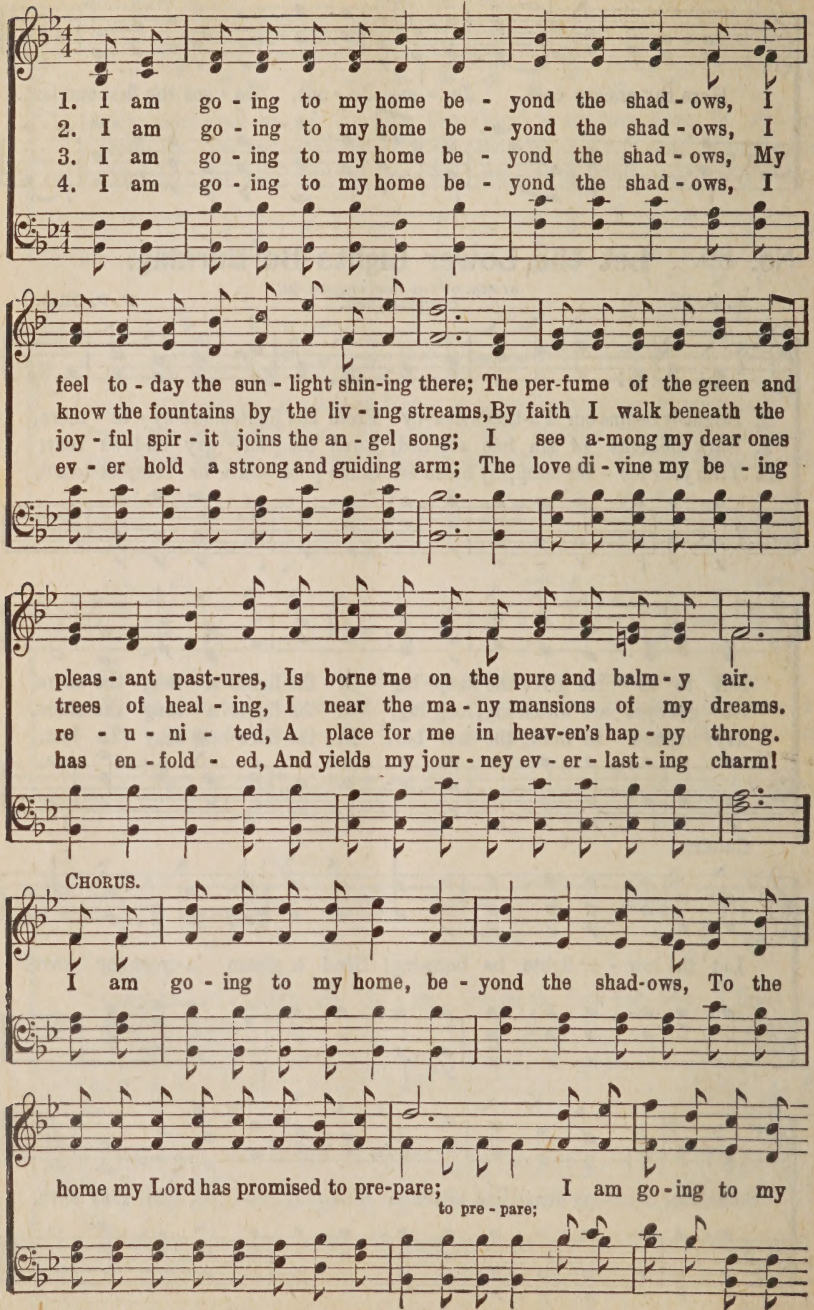
P. P. Bliss.


1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer-cy From His light-house ev - er - more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an - gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my broth-er: Some poor sail - or tempest-toss'd,
But to us He gives the keep - ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
Ea - ger eyes are watch-ing, long-ing, For the lights a - long the shore.
Try - ing now to make the har - bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.
CHORUS.
Let the low - er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a-cross the wave!
Some poor faint - ing struggling sea-man You may res - cue, you may save.

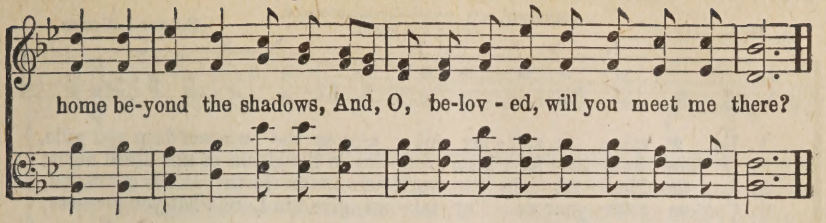
No. 90. Beyond the Shadows.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE.

Ina Duley Ogdon. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.

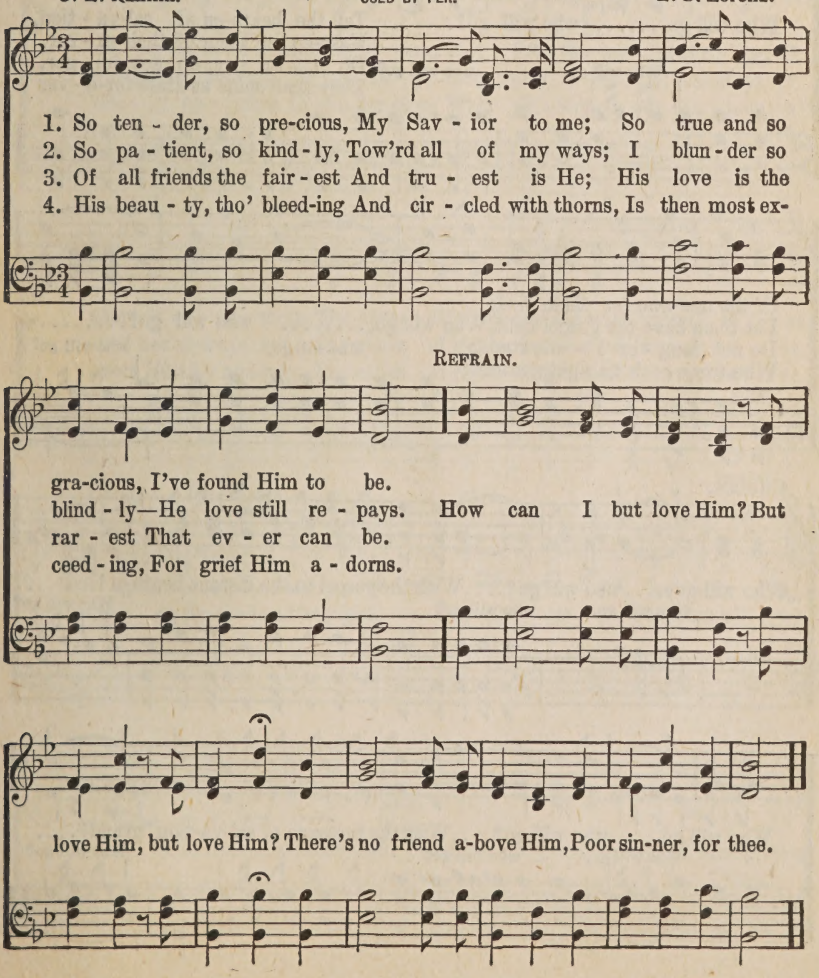

1. I am go - ing to my home be - yond the shad - ows, I
2. I am go - ing to my home be - yond the shad - ows, I
3. I am go - ing to my home be - yond the shad - ows, My
4. I am go - ing to my home be - yond the shad - ows, I
feel to - day the sun - light shin-ing there; The per-fume of the green and
know the fountains by the liv - ing streams, By faith I walk beneath the
joy - ful spir - it joins the an - gel song; I see a-mong my dear ones
ev - er hold a strong and guiding arm; The love di - vine my be - ing
pleas - ant past-ures, Is borne me on the pure and balm - y air.
trees of heal - ing, I near the ma - ny mansions of my dreams.
re - u - ni - ted, A place for me in heav-en's hap - py throng.
has en - fold - ed, And yields my jour - ney ev - er - last - ing charm!
CHORUS.
I am go - ing to my home, be - yond the shad-ows, To the
home my Lord has promised to pre-pare; I am go - ing to my
to pre - pare;

Beyond the Shadows.



No. 91. How Can I But Love Him.

J. E. Rankin. USED BY PER. E. S. Lorenz.


1. So ten - der, so pre-cious, My Sav - ior to me; So true and so
2. So pa - tient, so kind - ly, Tow'rd all of my ways; I blun - der so
3. Of all friends the fair - est And tru - est is He; His love is the
4. His beau - ty, tho' bleed-ing And cir - cled with thorns, Is then most ex-
REFRAIN.
gra-cious, I've found Him to be.
blind - ly—He love still re - pays. How can I but love Him? But
rar - est That ev - er can be.
ceed - ing, For grief Him a - dorns.
love Him, but love Him? There's no friend a-bove Him, Poor sin-ner, for thee.

No. 92. Who Will Go?

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE.

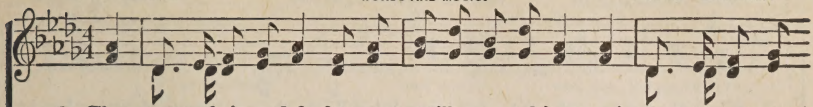
H. L. WORDS AND MUSIC. Haldor Lillenas.

1. Lo, a voice is call - ing out a-cross the wa-ters deep and wide,
2. O how long they have been grop - ing in the gloom of sins dread night;
3. Lo, the Mas - ter calls for work - ers to go forth at His command,
4. Con - se - crate your ev - 'ry tal - ent, give the Lord what you pos-sess,
Who will go,..... who will go?..... Tell the heath-en of sal-va - tion,
Hast-en tell them of their er - ror,
Who will go, who will go? Do not tar - ry, do not lin - ger,
They shall shine as stars for-e - ver
Of the one who for them died;
Let them have the gospel light; Who will go,..... who will go?.....
Do not long - er i - dle stand; Who will go, who will go?
Who turns souls to righteousness;
CHORUS.
Who will go,....who will go?....With the gospel to the distant heathen land;....
Who will go, who will go? Who will go?
Who will go,....who will go?....With the message of sal-va-tion grand?....
Who will go, who will go? Who will go?

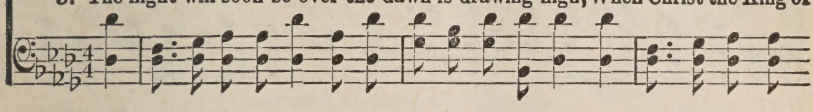
No. 93. The Cause of Righteousness.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE.

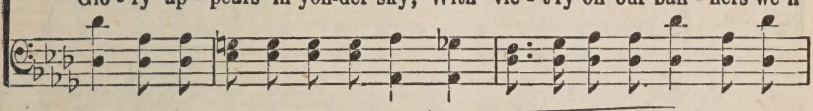
H. O. Lillenas. WORDS AND MUSIC. Haldor Lillenas.



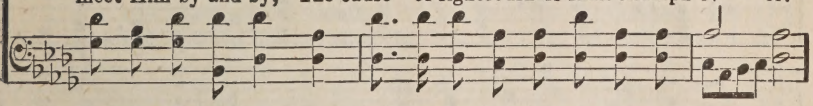
1. The pow'rs of sin and darkness are still engaged in war, Against the pure and
2. We oft - en think that evil has gained the victory, And right-eous-ness is
3. The night will soon be over the dawn is drawing nigh, When Christ the King of



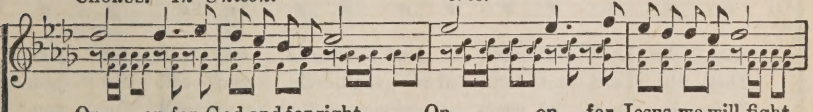
no - ly, They're fighting as of yore, But lift the joy - ful cho - rus, O
vanquished beneath the tyr-ran - y; But raise a shout of tri-umph it
Glo - ry ap - pears in yon-der sky; With vic - t'ry on our ban - ners we'll



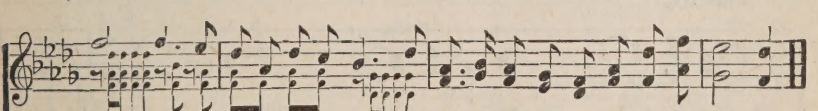
shout it ev - er - more, The cause of righteousness shall triumph ev - er.
shall not al-ways be; The cause of righteousness shall triumph ev - er.
meet Him by and by; The cause of righteousness shall triumph ev - er.



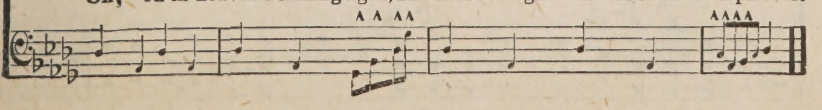
CHORUS. *In Unison.* *cres.*



On, on for God and for right, On, on for Jesus we will fight,



On, on in heaven's shining light, The cause of righteousness shall triumph ever.



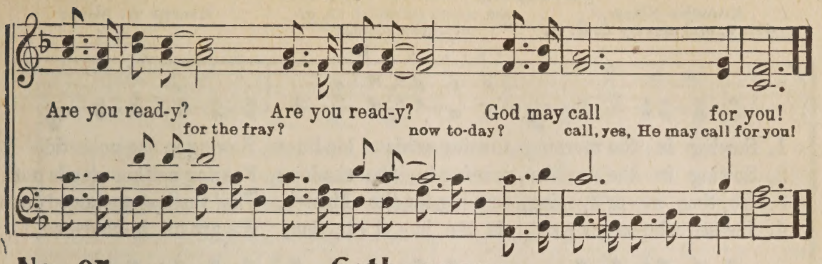
No. 94. God May Call for You.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE, OWNER.

Lanta Wilson Smith. J. S. Fearis.

1. When the hosts of sin are march-ing With their weapons gleaming bright,
2. When the for - tress is in dan - ger, Watch the foe with ceaseless care;
3. There are sol - diers who have nev - er Seen the thick - est of the fight,
With their ban - ners bold - ly wav - ing, All their forc - es in the fight;
He will sure - ly gain an en - trance, If one trait - or soul is there;
But in hum - ble, cheer - ful ser - vice, They have kept the ar - mor bright;
Then the ar - my of Je - ho - van Keeps them faith - ful - ly in view,
He will tempt, and bribe, and threat - en, Ev - 'ry e - vil art pur-sue!
Nev - er wea - ry, ev - er faith - ful, Glad to toil the whole day thro',
And the Lord will want a lead - er—He may call for you.
Then the Lord wants faith - ful ser - vants—He may call for you.
There is need of spe - cial work-ers— God may call for you.
REFRAIN.
Are you read-y? Are you read-y? Will you nobly dare and do?
for the fray, now, to-day? nobly dare and do?

God May Call for You.

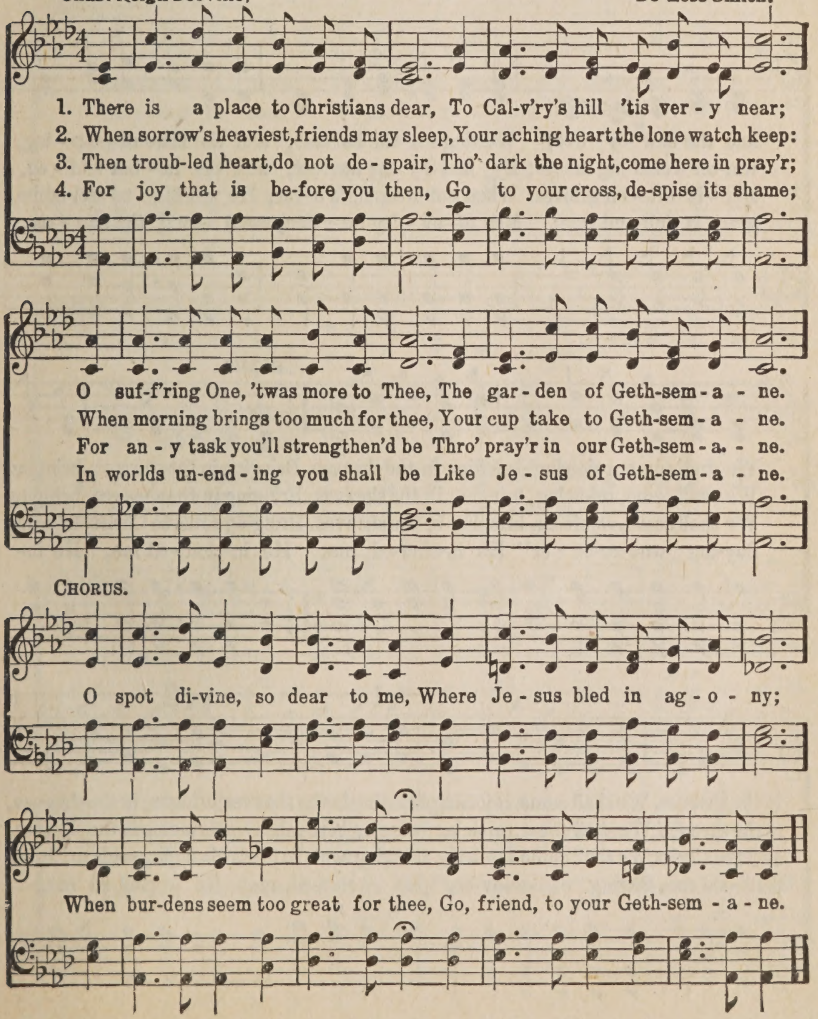


No. 95. Gethsemane.

Written by Dr. Scoville while at the Garden of Gethsemane in 1900.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Chas. Reign Scoville, De Loss Smith.

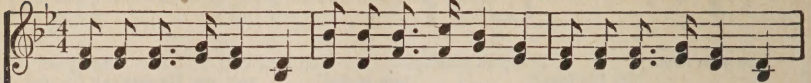

1. There is a place to Christians dear, To Cal-v'ry's hill 'tis ver - y near;
2. When sorrow's heaviest, friends may sleep, Your aching heart the lone watch keep:
3. Then troub-led heart, do not de - spair, Tho' dark the night, come here in pray'r;
4. For joy that is be-fore you then, Go to your cross, de-spise its shame;
O suf-f'ring One, 'twas more to Thee, The gar - den of Geth-sem - a - ne.
When morning brings too much for thee, Your cup take to Geth-sem - a - ne.
For an - y task you'll strengthen'd be Thro' pray'r in our Geth-sem - a - ne.
In worlds un-end - ing you shall be Like Je - sus of Geth-sem - a - ne.
CHORUS.
O spot di-vine, so dear to me, Where Je - sus bled in ag - o - ny;
When bur-dens seem too great for thee, Go, friend, to your Geth-sem - a - ne.

No. 96. Bringing in the Sheaves.

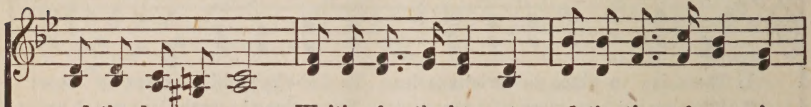
Knowles Shaw.
4th v. and arr. by C. R. S.

ARR. WORDS COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE.

George A. Minor



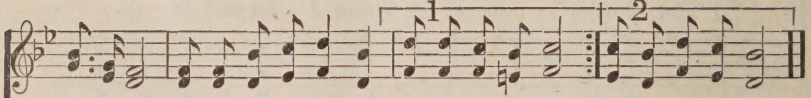
1. Sowing in the morning, sow-ing seeds of kind-ness, Sowing in the noon-tide
2. Sowing in the sunshine, sow-ing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor
3. Go, then, ev-er weeping, sow-ing for the Master, Tho' the loss sustained our
4. Blessed who-so-ev-er is the in-vi-ta-tion, We are all in-clud-ed,



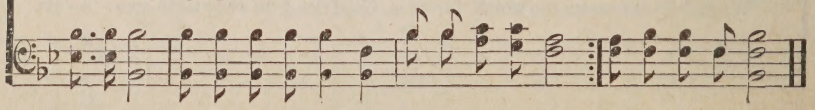
and the dew-y eve; Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reap-ing,
win-ter's chill-ing breeze; By and by the harvest, and the la-bor end-ed,
spir-it oft-en grieves; When our weeping's o-ver, He will bid us wel-come,
grace is full and free; Men of ev-'ry na-tion, swell a-loud the cho-rus,

CHORUS.

We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves, bringing
We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves, bringing
We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves. Bringing souls to Christ, bringing
Say-ing "who-so-ev-er" He in-clud-ed me. He in-clud-ed me, He in-



in the sheaves, We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves; bringing in the sheaves.
in the sheaves, We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves; bringing in the sheaves.
souls to Christ, We shall come rejoicing, bringing souls to Christ; bringing souls to Christ.
clud-ed me, Saying "who-so-ev-er," He in-clud-ed me; He in-clud-ed me.



No. 97. After a While.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE.

J. R. WORDS AND MUSIC. James Rowe.

1. Aft - er a while, our sky will be bright, Sun-shine will ban - ish
2. Aft - er a while, the storm will be past, Bil - lows a - sleep, our
3. Aft - et a while, the dear ones we miss, We shall en - fold a-
shad-ows of night, E - vil will cease our souls to de - file;
an - chor be cast; We shall have reached the beau - ti - ful isle—
gain with a kiss; Blsss will be ours, for there, with a smile,
CHORUS.
We shall be hap - py, aft - er a while.
Heav-en—our home - land, aft - er a while. Aft - er a while, with
Je - sus will greet us, aft - er a while.
whis-pers of love, Je - sus will sweet-ly call us a - bove; Burdens will
fall and heav-en will smile; Joy will en - fold us, aft - er a while.

No. 98. Is My Name Written There?

M. A. K. BY PERMISSION. Frank M. Davis.

1. Lord! I care not for rich - es, Neith - er sil - ver nor gold;
2. Lord, my sins they are ma - ny, Like the sands of the sea,
3. Oh! that beau - ti - ful cit - y, With its man-sions of light,
I would make sure of heav - en, I would en - ter the fold;
But Thy blood, O my Sav - ior, Is suf - fi - cient for me;
With its glo - ri - fied be - ings, In pure gar - ments of white;
In the book of Thy king - dom, With its pag - es so fair,
For Thy prom - ise is writ - ten, In bright let - ters that glow,
Where no e - vil thing com - eth To de - spoil what is fair;
FINE.
Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav - ior, Is my name writ - ten there?
"Tho' your sins be as scar - let, I will make them like snow."
Where the an - gels are watch - ing, Is my name writ - ten there?
D. S.—*In the book of Thy king - dom, Is my name writ - ten there?*
CHORUS.
D. S.
Is my name writ - ten there, On the page white and fair?

No. 99. God Is Living.

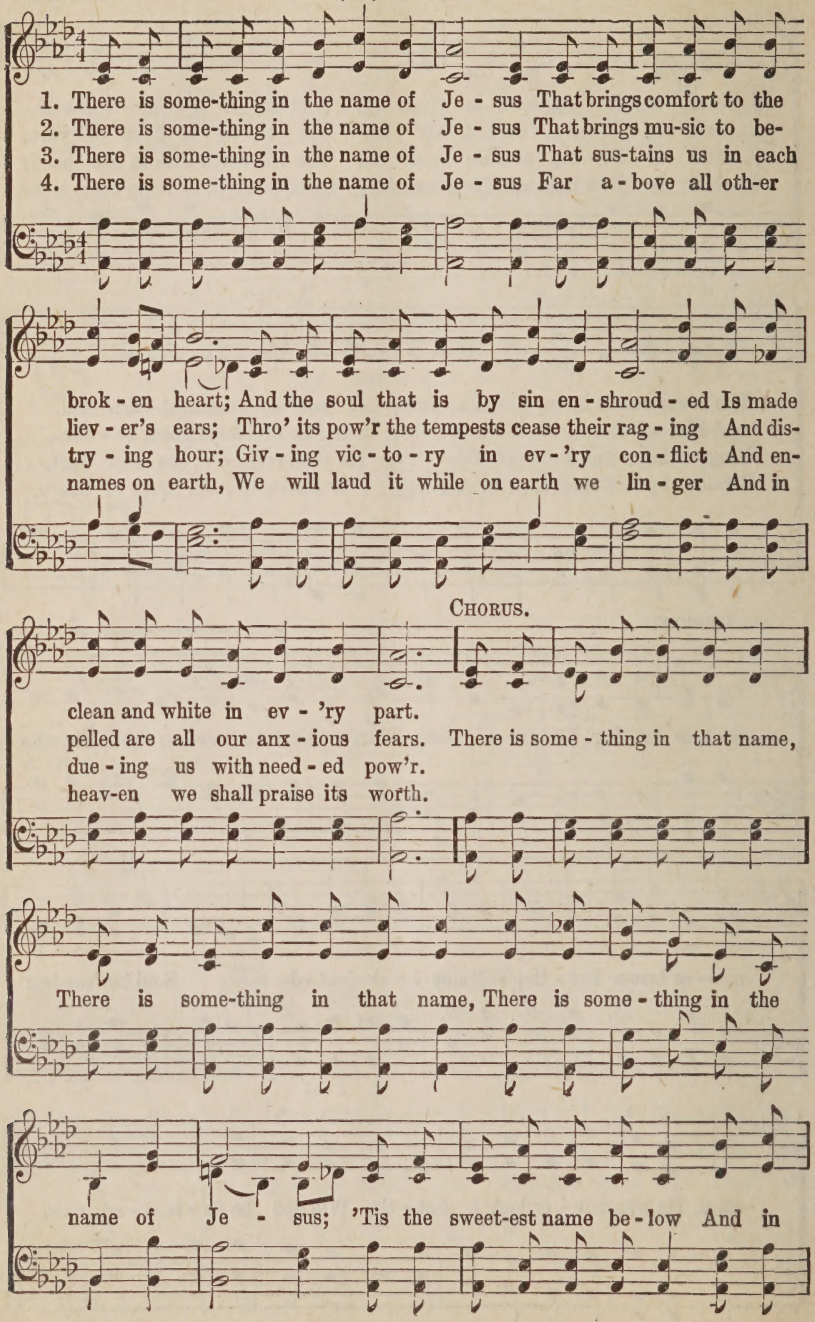
COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE.

Ellen C. Tongren. WORDS AND MUSIC. Haldor Lillenas.

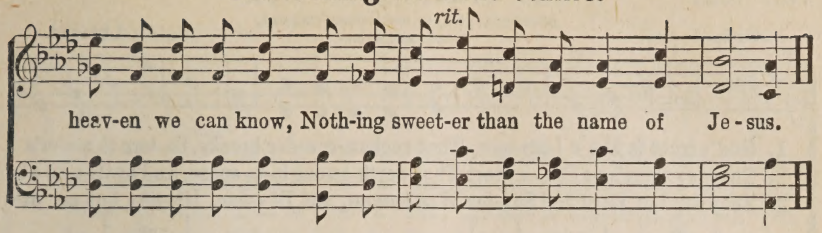
1. God is liv - ing, God is reign-ing, And He is Je - ho - vah still,
2. God is liv - ing, "God of bat - tle," He is as in days of yore,
3. God is liv - ing and He hold - eth All the earth with in His hand;
4. God is liv - ing, and He's com-ing, Back to earth to reign once more,
Tho' vain man's im-ag - i - na - tion, Is set up a-gainst His will.
And His sol-diers are vic - to - rious, For He al - ways goes be - fore.
King of kings and Lord of Glo - ry, He shall reign o'er sea and land.
Strains of peace shall then be ring-ing, O'er the earth from shore to shore.
CHORUS.
1
God is liv - ing, God is reign-ing, Then my soul be fear-less thou; He who
2
nev - er lost a bat - tle, Will not be de-feat-ed now; Soul be fear-less
thou, He who nev - er lost a bat - tle, Will not be de - feat - ed now.

No. 100. Something In That Name.

H. L. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE. Haldor Lillenas.

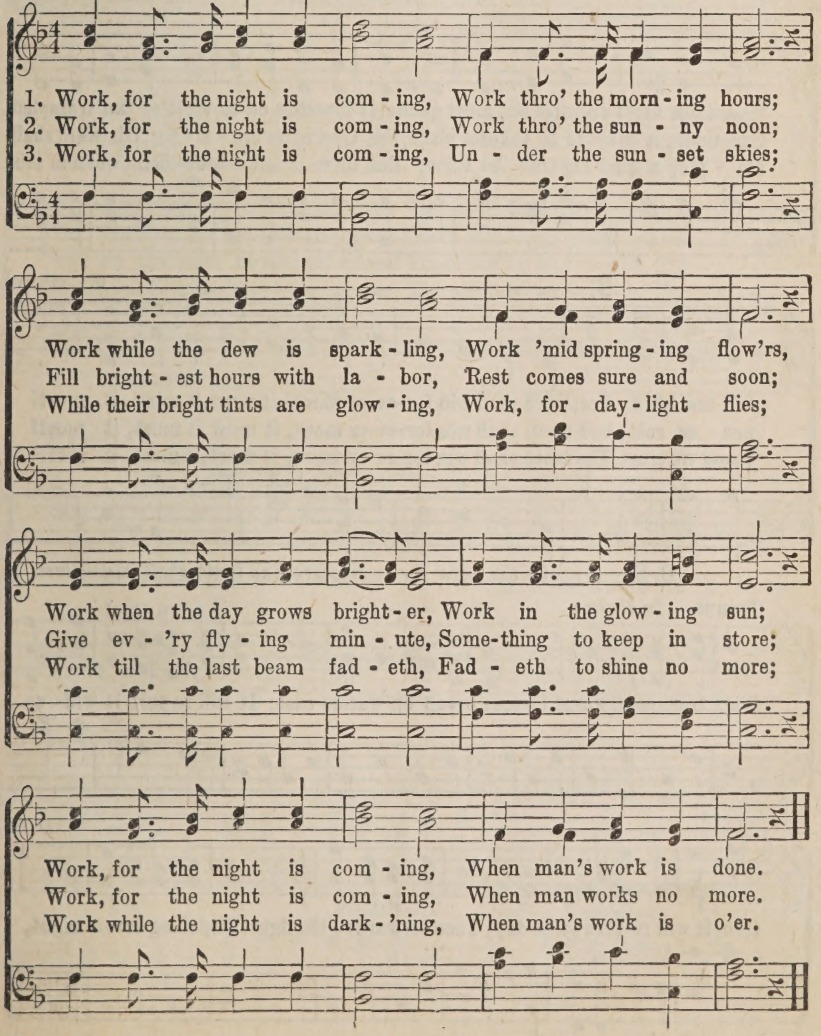

1. There is some-thing in the name of Je - sus That brings comfort to the
2. There is some-thing in the name of Je - sus That brings mu-sic to be-
3. There is some-thing in the name of Je - sus That sus-tains us in each
4. There is some-thing in the name of Je - sus Far a - bove all oth-er
brok - en heart; And the soul that is by sin en - shroud - ed Is made
liev - er's ears; Thro' its pow'r the tempests cease their rag - ing And dis-
try - ing hour; Giv - ing vic - to - ry in ev - 'ry con - flict And en-
names on earth, We will laud it while on earth we lin - ger And in
CHORUS.
clean and white in ev - 'ry part.
pelled are all our anx - ious fears. There is some - thing in that name,
due - ing us with need - ed pow'r.
heav-en we shall praise its worth.
There is some-thing in that name, There is some - thing in the
name of Je - sus; 'Tis the sweet-est name be - low And in

Something in that Name.



No. 101. Work, for the Night is Coming.

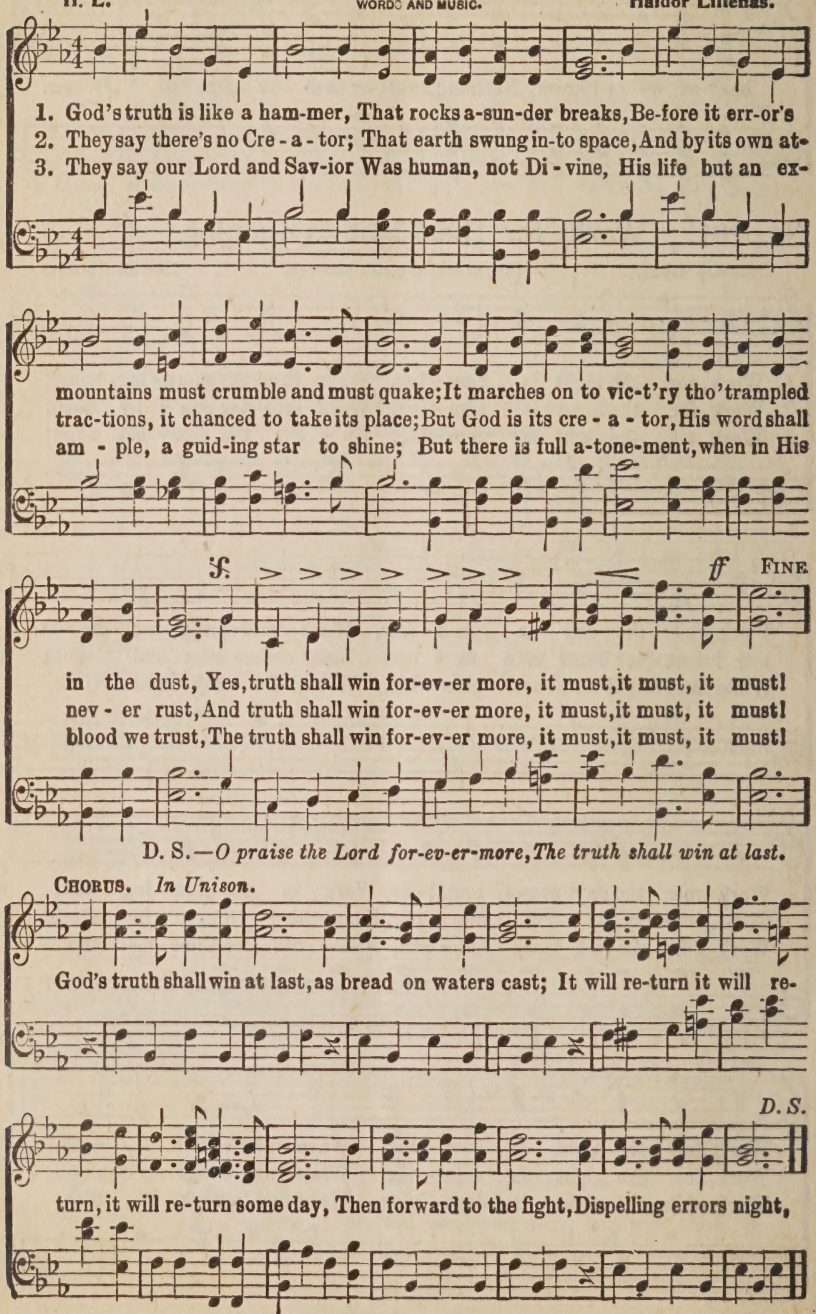
Sidney Dyer. USED BY PER. OF OLIVER DITSON CO. Lowell Mason.


1. Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the morn-ing hours;
2. Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the sun-ny noon;
3. Work, for the night is com-ing, Un-der the sun-set skies;
Work while the dew is spark-ling, Work 'mid spring-ing flow'rs,
Fill bright-est hours with la-bor, Rest comes sure and soon;
While their bright tints are glow-ing, Work, for day-light flies;
Work when the day grows bright-er, Work in the glow-ing sun;
Give ev-'ry fly-ing min-ute, Some-thing to keep in store;
Work till the last beam fad-eth, Fad-eth to shine no more;
Work, for the night is com-ing, When man's work is done.
Work, for the night is com-ing, When man works no more.
Work while the night is dark-'ning, When man's work is o'er.

No. 102. The Truth Shall Win.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE.

H. L. WORDS AND MUSIC. Haldor Lillenas.

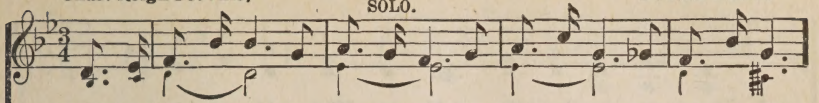

1. God's truth is like a ham-mer, That rocks a-sun-der breaks, Be-fore it err-or's
2. They say there's no Cre - a - tor; That earth swung in-to space, And by its own at-
3. They say our Lord and Sav-ior Was human, not Di - vine, His life but an ex-
mountains must crumble and must quake; It marches on to vic-t'ry tho' trampled
trac-tions, it chanced to take its place; But God is its cre - a - tor, His word shall
am - ple, a guid-ing star to shine; But there is full a-tone-ment, when in His
in the dust, Yes, truth shall win for-ev-er more, it must, it must, it must!
nev - er rust, And truth shall win for-ev-er more, it must, it must, it must!
blood we trust, The truth shall win for-ev-er more, it must, it must, it must!
D. S.—O praise the Lord for-ev-er-more, The truth shall win at last.
CHORUS. In Unison.
God's truth shall win at last, as bread on waters cast; It will re-turn it will re-
turn, it will re-turn some day, Then forward to the fight, Dispelling errors night,

No. 103. There Will Be No Tears In Paradise.

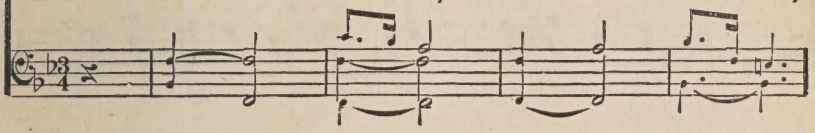
COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY SCOVILLE AND SMITH.

Chas. Reign Scoville, De Loss Smith.

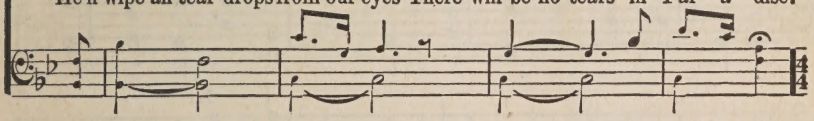
SOLO.



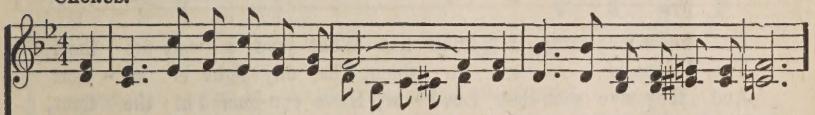
1. There will be no tears in Par - a - dise, No bro-ken hearts nor mournful sighs;
2. We will meet those gone in Par - a - dise, The quick and dead shall all a - rise;
3. There will be no night in Par - a - dise, The Son of Righteousness shall 'rise,
4. No sad fare - wells in Par - a - dise, The Tree of Life once more shall rise;



No cloud shall ev - er dim its skies There will be no tears in Par - a - dise.
Im - mor - tal life shall win the prize, There will be no tears in Par - a - dise.
"Tell all the earth" His an-gel cries, "There will be no tears in Par - a - dise."
He'll wipe all tear-drops from our eyes There will be no tears in Par - a - dise.

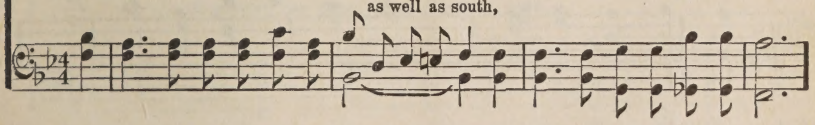


CHORUS.



The birds fly north as well as south, . . . The show-ers always end the drouth;

as well as south,



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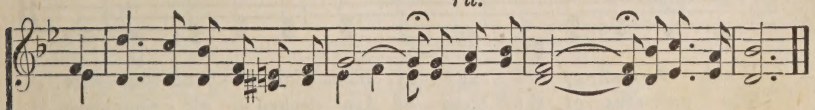
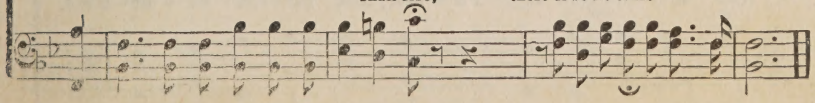


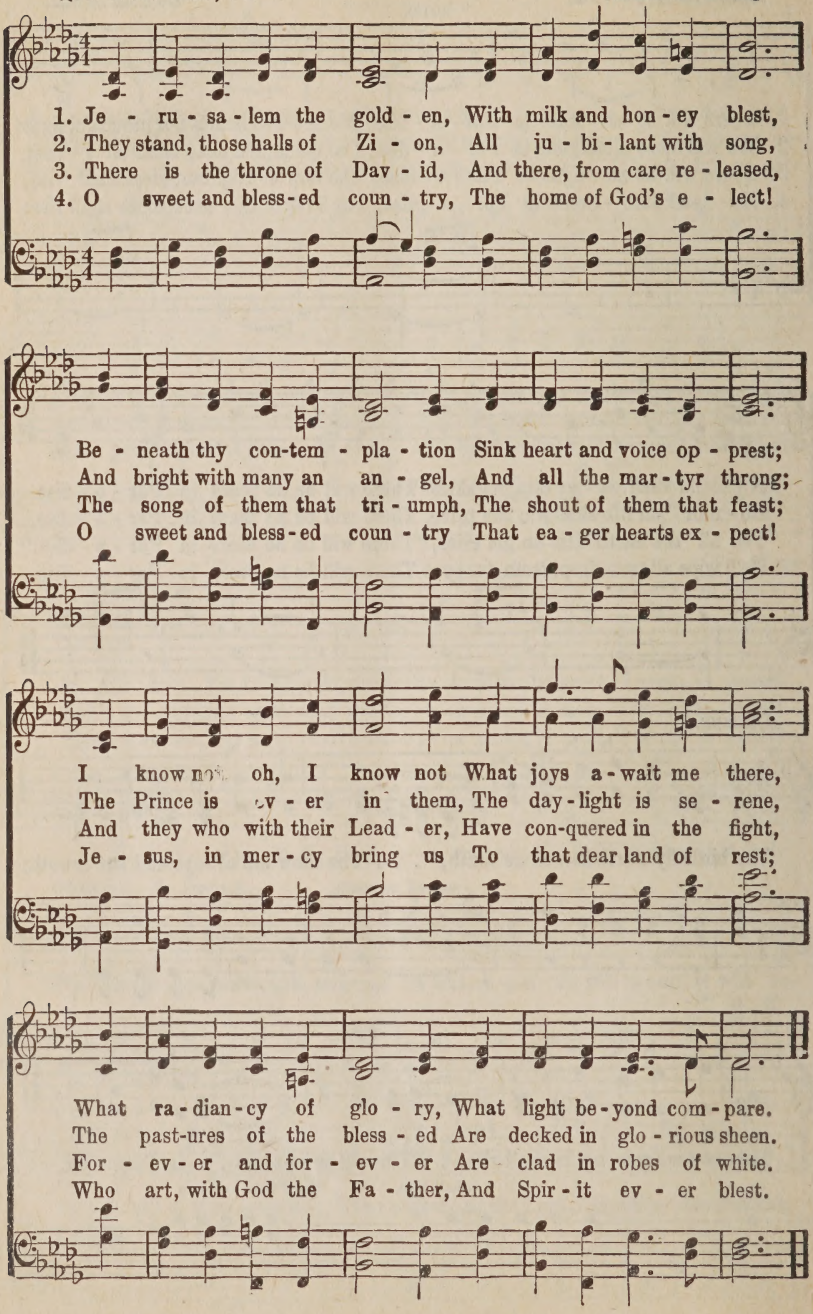
The sun that sets, again shall rise, . . There'll be no tears . . in Par-a-dise.

shall rise, there'll be no tears



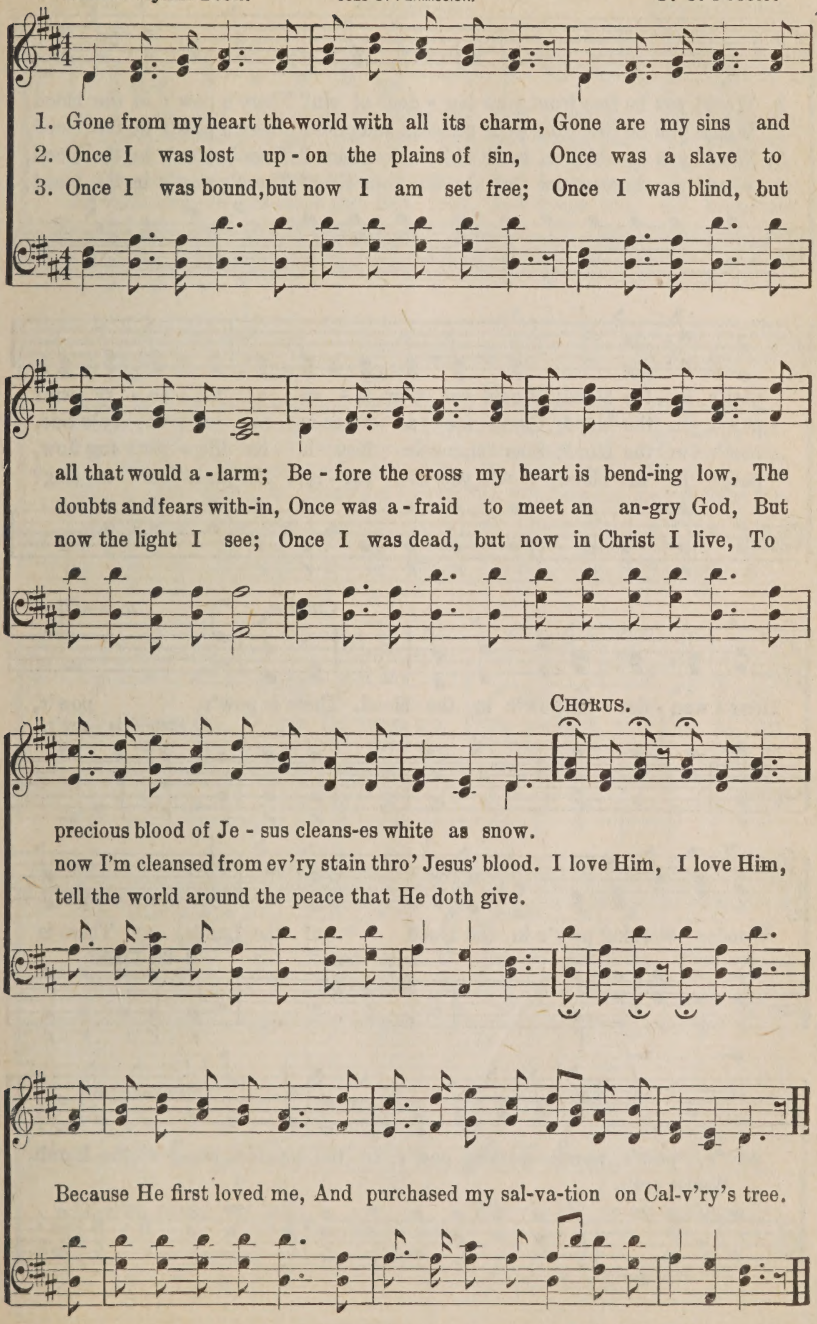
No. 104. Jerusalem the Golden.

Rev. J. M. Neale, Tr. Alexander Ewing.


1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest,
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,
3. There is the throne of Dav - id, And there, from care re - leased,
4. O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect!
Be - neath thy con-tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest;
And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng;
The song of them that tri - umph, The shout of them that feast;
O sweet and bless - ed coun - try That ea - ger hearts ex - pect!
I know not, oh, I know not What joys a - wait me there,
The Prince is ev - er in them, The day - light is se - rene,
And they who with their Lead - er, Have con-quered in the fight,
Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To that dear land of rest;
What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What light be - yond com - pare.
The past-ures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo - rious sheen.
For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.
Who art, with God the Fa - ther, And Spir - it ev - er blest.

No. 105. **I Love Him.**

London Hymn Book. USED BY PERMISSION. S. C. Foster.


1. Gone from my heart the world with all its charm, Gone are my sins and
2. Once I was lost up - on the plains of sin, Once was a slave to
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but
all that would a - larm; Be - fore the cross my heart is bend-ing low, The
doubts and fears with-in, Once was a - fraid to meet an an-gry God, But
now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live, To
Chorus.
precious blood of Je - sus cleans-es white as snow.
now I'm cleansed from ev'ry stain thro' Jesus' blood. I love Him, I love Him,
tell the world around the peace that He doth give.
Because He first loved me, And purchased my sal-va-tion on Cal-v'ry's tree.

No. 106. There is Power in the Blood.

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USED BY PER.

L. E. J. L. E. Jones.

1. Would you be free from your bur - den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your pas-sion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whit - er, much whit-er than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
4. Would you do serv - ice for Je - sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood,

pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win?
pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans-ing to cal - va - ry's tide,
pow'r in the blood; Sins stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow,
pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly, His prais - es to sing?

CHORUS.

There's won - der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,
there is pow'r,

Wonder - working pow'r in the blood of the Lamb, There is
in the blood of the Lamb,

pow'r, pow'r, wonder-working pow'r, In the precious blood of the Lamb.
there is pow'r,

No. 107. He Keeps Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE.

H. L. WORDS AND MUSIC. HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. I am not on - ly saved from sin, God keeps me, He keeps me;
2. From stumbling in the nar - raw way, God keeps me, He keeps me;
3. From list'ning to the tempter's voice, God keeps me, He keeps me;
4. Be-neath the pre-cious cleans-ing blood, God keeps me, He keeps me;
5. With bless-ed pre-cious per - fect love, God keeps me, He keeps me;

From ev - 'ry stain with-out, with - in, He keeps me, He keeps me.
While I His bless - ed voice o - bey, He keeps me, He keeps me.
From mak-ing paths of sin my choice, He keeps me, He keeps me.
I will to Him my all con - fide, He keeps me, He keeps me.
Till I am called to Heav'n a - bove, He will keep me, He will keep me.

CHORUS.

{He keeps me, O yes He keeps me, With per-fect vic - t'ry in my soul;
{He's with me, Will not for - sake me, My heart shall know no fear, a- larm;

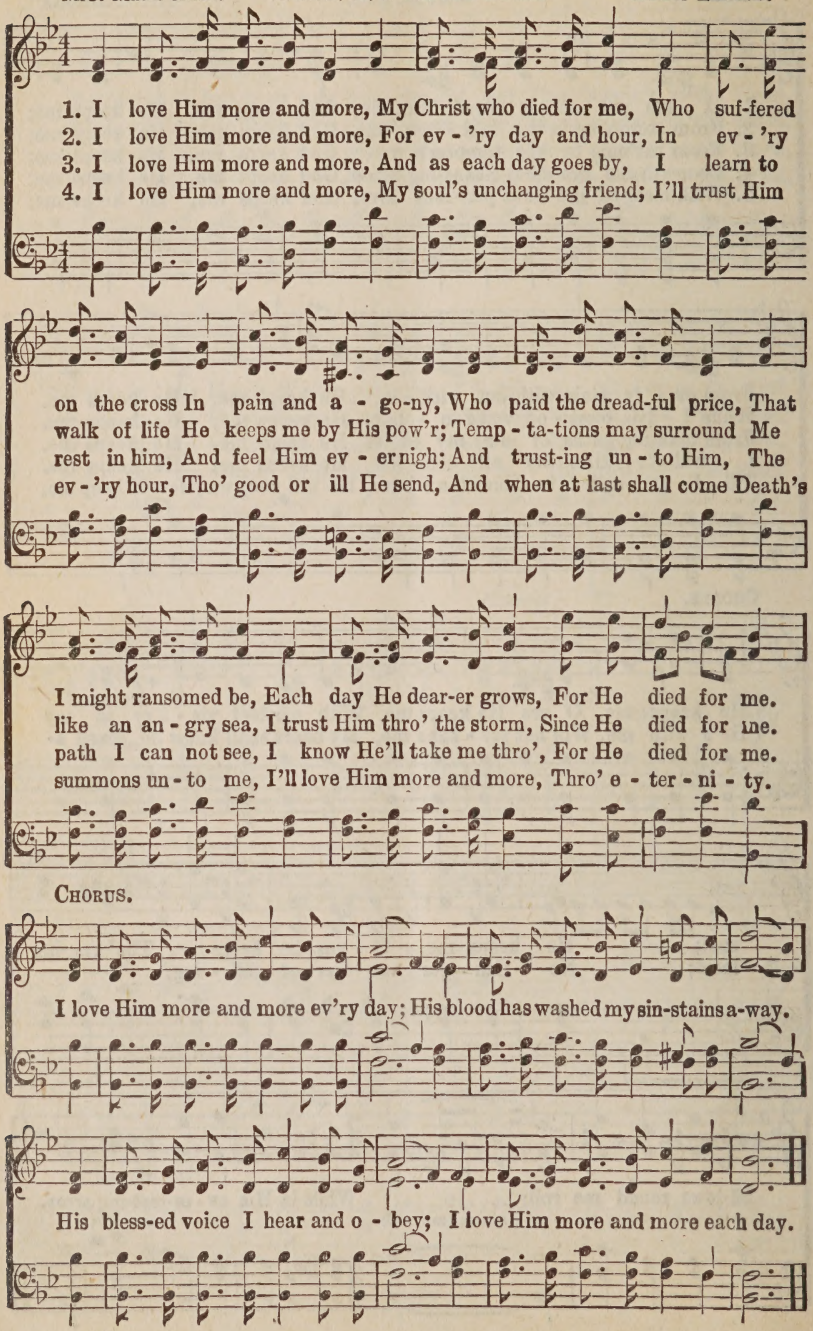
He keeps me, O yes he keeps me, Tho' rag-ing
No dan - ger or fear of fall - ing,

bil-lows round me roll;.....
a-round me roll;

While in His ev - er-last-ing arms.

No. 108. I Love Him More and More.

Mrs. Maud Hulit. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE. Haldor Lillenas.


1. I love Him more and more, My Christ who died for me, Who suf-fered on the cross In pain and a - go-ny, Who paid the dread-ful price, That I might ransomed be, Each day He dear-er grows, For He died for me.
2. I love Him more and more, For ev - 'ry day and hour, In ev - 'ry walk of life He keeps me by His pow'r; Temp - ta-tions may surround Me like an an - gry sea, I trust Him thro' the storm, Since He died for me.
3. I love Him more and more, And as each day goes by, I learn to rest in him, And feel Him ev - er nigh; And trust-ing un - to Him, The path I can not see, I know He'll take me thro', For He died for me.
4. I love Him more and more, My soul's unchanging friend; I'll trust Him ev - 'ry hour, Tho' good or ill He send, And when at last shall come Death's summons un - to me, I'll love Him more and more, Thro' e - ter - ni - ty.
CHORUS.
I love Him more and more ev'ry day; His blood has washed my sin-stains a-way.
His bless-ed voice I hear and o - bey; I love Him more and more each day.

No. 109. Willing Am I.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE, OWNER.

E. D E. Wm. Edie Marks.

1. Will-ing am I, and read-y al-way, Will-ing am I His
2. Will-ing to go, nor ques-tion, nor pause; Will-ing to do my
3. Will-ing to serve as du-ty de-mands, Will-ing to aid with
4. Will-ing the emp-ty ves-sel to fill, Will-ing to live con-

word to o-bey; Will-ing am I to speak in His name, Will-ing His
best for His cause; Will-ing to be of use an-y-where, Will-ing all
kind help-ing hands; Will-ing the way to heav-en to show, Will-ing to
formed to His will; Will-ing to work, to watch and to pray, Will-ing to

CHORUS.

love a-broad to pro-claim.
things for Je-sus to bear. Will-ing to do what Je-sus re-
help the best that I know.
wait His com-ing some day.

Will-ing to do what

quires, Will-ing to go where Je-sus de-sires, Will-ing to
Je-sus re-quires, Will-ing to go where Je-sus de-sires;

serve Him, read-y al-way, Speak to me Mas-ter, I will o-bey.
Will-ing to serve Him, read-y al-way,

No. 110. Nothing Satisfies But Jesus.

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CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE, OWNER.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Wm. Edie Marks.

1. Ye pil-grims on a for-eign strand, Tho' long or brief your stay, Cling
2. Go look the whole wide world a-round Go search from pole to pole, Go
3. So you will find, un - til at last From earth you set your sail, That
not to earth-ly pleas-ures, for They're tran-sient as the day! But ev - er
sail up - on life's bil-lows, as They mad-ly dash and roll: You'll find that
all the joys of time and sense Will not at last a - vail; But Je - sus
bear this tho't in mind, While passing down life's way—Noth-ing ful - ly
earth can-not ap-pease The hun - ger of your soul, Noth-ing ful - ly
Christ can sat - is - fy! His pleas-ure nev - er fail— Noth-ing ful - ly
D. S.—Fade a - way thro' pass-ing hours— Noth-ing ful - ly
FINE. CHORUS.
sat - is-fies but Je - sus! Nothing ful-ly sat-is-fies but Je - sus,
Je-sus, praise His name!
sat - is-fies but Je - sus!
D. S.
Je - sus, Je - sus! Earth-ly joys and earth-ly flow'rs
Noth-ing ful - ly sat - is - fies but Je - sus!

Copyright, 1908, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

No. 111. The Haven of Rest.

H. L. Gilmour. Geo. D. Moore.

1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So
2. I yield - ed my - self to His ten - der em - brace, And
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has
4. How pre - cious the tho't that we all may re - cline, Like
5. O come to the Sav - ior, He pa - tient - ly waits To
:S:
bur-den'd with sin, and dis - tressed, Till I heard a sweet voice say-ing,
faith tak-ing hold of the word, My fet - ters fell off, and I
been the old sto - ry so blest Of Je - sus, who'll save who-so-
John, the be - lov - ed and blest, On Je - sus' strong arm, where no
save by His pow - er di - vine; Come, an - chor your soul in the
D. S.—*The tem - pest may sweep o'er the*
FINE.
make me your choice; And I en - tered the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
an - chored my soul; The ha - ven of rest is my Lord.
ev - er will have A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
tem - pest can harm, Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
ha - ven of rest, And say, "my Be - lov - ed is mine."
wild, storm-y deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.
CHORUS.
D. S.
I've anchored my soul in the haven of rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more;

No. 112. After.

L. E. A. H.
SOLO. *2d Tenor.*

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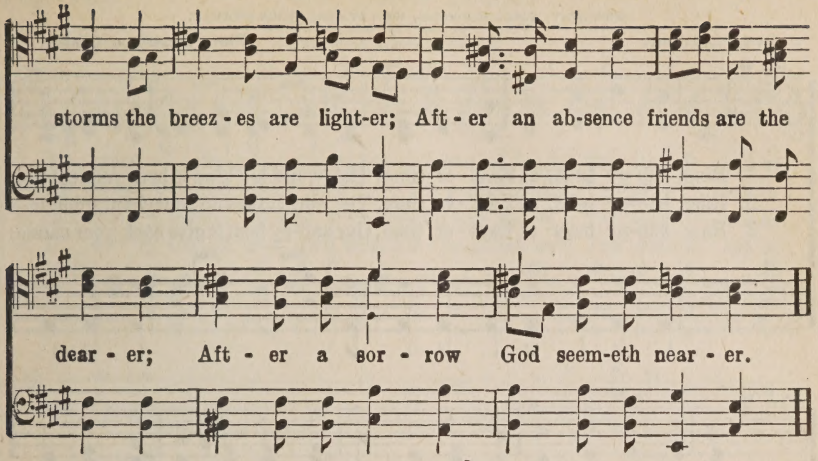
CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE, OWNER.

George Hahn.

1. Aft - er the rain, the sun - light is bright-er; Aft - er a
2. Aft - er a bat - tle, peace is the sweet-er; Aft - er a
rit.
storm, the breez - es are light-er; Aft - er an ab - sence, friends are the
tri - al, life is com-plet-er; Aft - er the tem - pest, clouds shall be
rit.
dear - er; Aft - er a sor - row, God seem-eth near - er.
riv - en; Aft - er the cross, the crown shall be giv - en.
CHORUS. *Melody in 2d Tenor.*
Aft - er the rain, the sun - light is bright-er; Aft - er the

After.



No. 113. More Love to Thee.

Elizabeth Prentiss. BY PERMISSION. W. H. Doane.

1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee! Hear Thou the
2. Once earth - ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-
3. Then shall my lat - est breath, Whis - per Thy praise; This be the
pray'r I make, On bend - ed knee; This is my ear - nest plea:
lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my pray'r shall be:
part - ing cry, My heart shall raise; This still its pray'r shall be:
More love, O Christ to Thee! More love to Thee! More love to thee!

No. 114. Easter Time.

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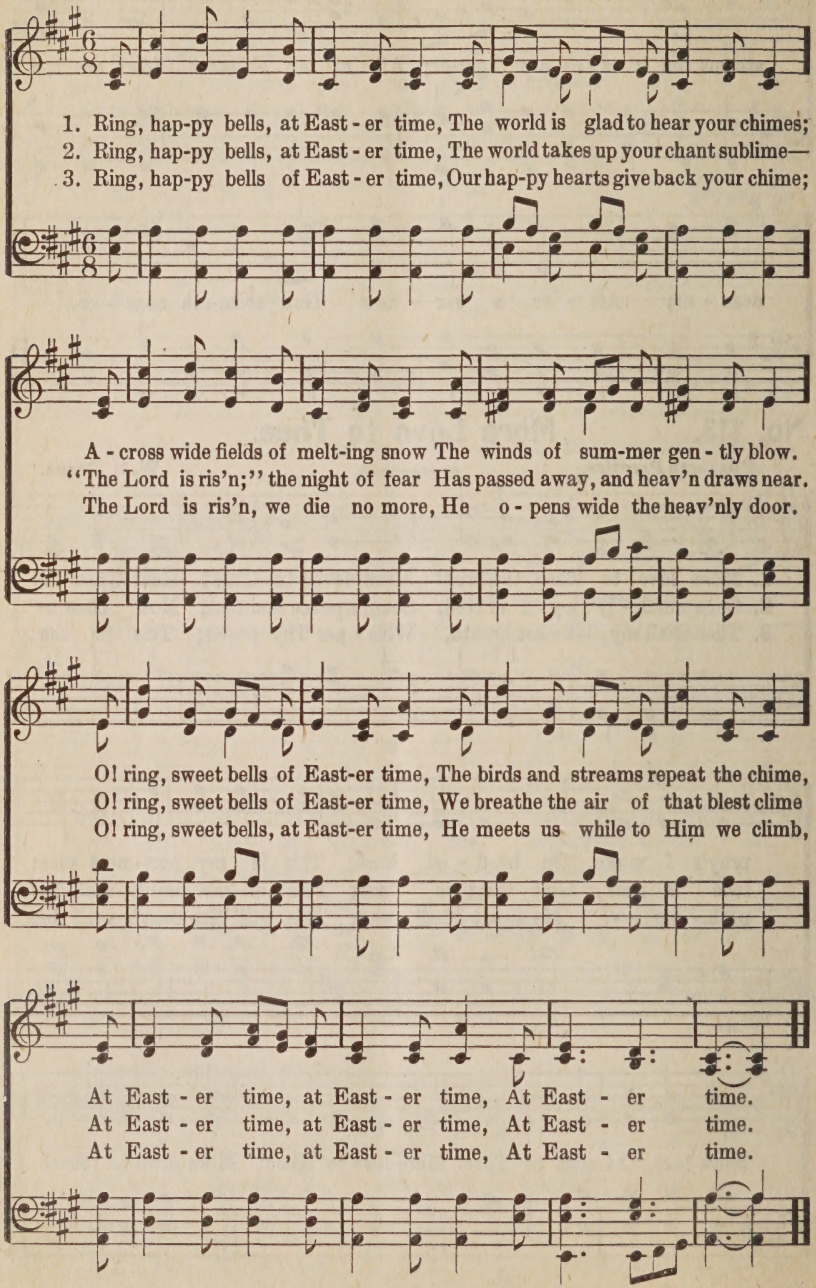
Lucy Larcum. Flora Hamilton Cassel.


1. Ring, hap-py bells, at East - er time, The world is glad to hear your chimes;
2. Ring, hap-py bells, at East - er time, The world takes up your chant sublime—
3. Ring, hap-py bells of East - er time, Our hap-py hearts give back your chime;
A - cross wide fields of melt-ing snow The winds of sum-mer gen - tly blow.
"The Lord is ris'n;" the night of fear Has passed away, and heav'n draws near.
The Lord is ris'n, we die no more, He o - pens wide the heav'nly door.
O! ring, sweet bells of East-er time, The birds and streams repeat the chime,
O! ring, sweet bells of East-er time, We breathe the air of that blest clime
O! ring, sweet bells, at East-er time, He meets us while to Him we climb,
At East - er time, at East - er time, At East - er time.
At East - er time, at East - er time, At East - er time.
At East - er time, at East - er time, At East - er time.

No. 115. This Same Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE, OWNER.

E. E. Hewitt. W. A. Post.

1. Why stand ye i-dly gazing t'ward heaven's blessed height? This same Je - sus is coming back a-gain; The shin-ing an - gels told it, ar-rayed in spotless white;
2. Re-ceiv-ing His good Spir-it, we'll know His presence near; This same Je - sus is coming back a-gain; He fills us with His blessing, He gives us love and cheer;
3. Our low - ly talents doubling, more faithful may we be; This same Je - sus is coming back a-gain; And spread abroad His gos-pel with hap-py hearts and free;
4. In ev - 'ry time of tri-al we'll trust His changeless love; This same Je - sus is coming back a-gain; The might-y King of Glo - ry still reigns for us a - bove;
CHORUS.
This same Je - sus is com-ing back a - gain. This same Je-sus, this same Je-sus;
Oh, tell the joy - ful ti - dings to all the sons of men! Oh, let us work and
pray, re - joic-ing ev - 'ry day; This same Je - sus is com-ing back a - gain.

No. 116. Onward, Forward.

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CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE, OWNER.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs C. H. Morris.

1. Have you heard the march-ing or - ders From the might - y King of kings?
2. Have you felt the call to du - ty Surg - ing, puls - ing in your breast?
3. There are lands which must be tak - en, Bat - tles to be fought and won,

All a - long the line of bat - tle Like a clar - ion call it rings;
Voic - es which would not be si - lent, Would not let you long-er rest?
Pre-cious sheaves which must be gathered, So much work yet to be done!

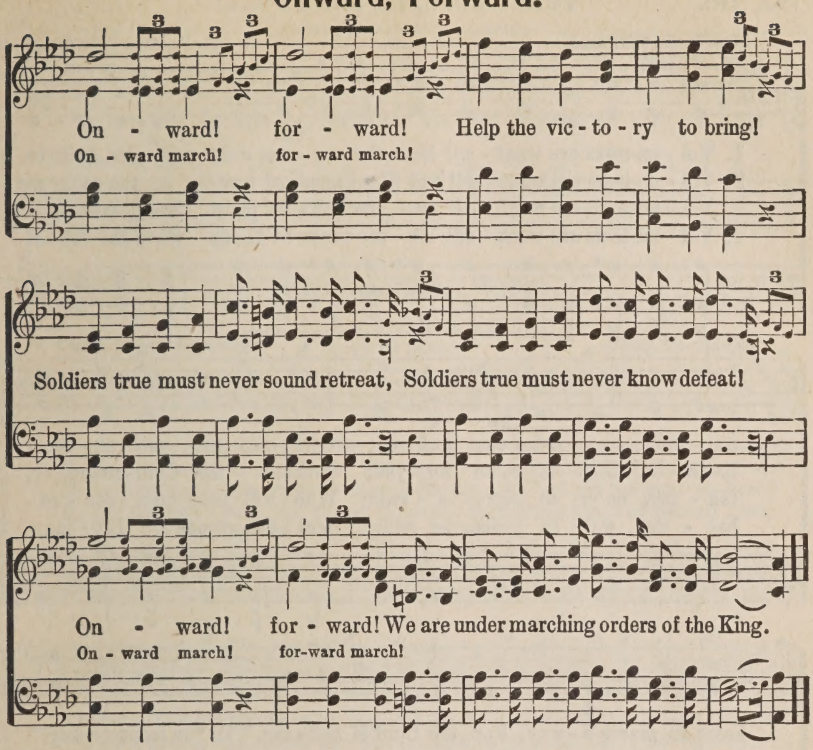
Gird ye on the gos - pel arm - or! On-ward! forward, sol-diers true!
'Tis the Spir-it's call to serv - ice, Rise, and at His bid-ding go
Stand no long-er i - dly wait-ing, When you precious souls might win;

In the con - flict fierce-ly rag - ing, Christ, the Lord, has need of you.
To the fields with harvest bend-ing, And the joys of reap-ing know.
Haste a - way, and with the faith - ful Let your name be count-ed in.

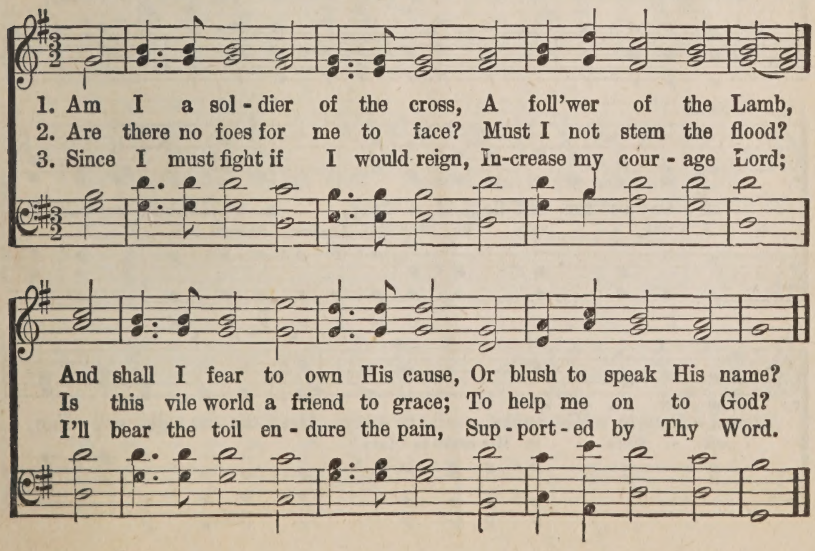
CHORUS.

On - ward! for - ward! Let the glorious watchword ring!
Onward march! forward march!

Onward, Forward.


On - ward! for - ward! Help the vic - to - ry to bring!
On - ward march! for - ward march!
Soldiers true must never sound retreat, Soldiers true must never know defeat!
On - ward! for - ward! We are under marching orders of the King.
On - ward march! for-ward march!

No. 117. Am I a Soldier of the Cross?


1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A foll'wer of the Lamb,
2. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
3. Since I must fight if I would reign, In-crease my cour - age Lord;
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
Is this vile world a friend to grace; To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy Word.

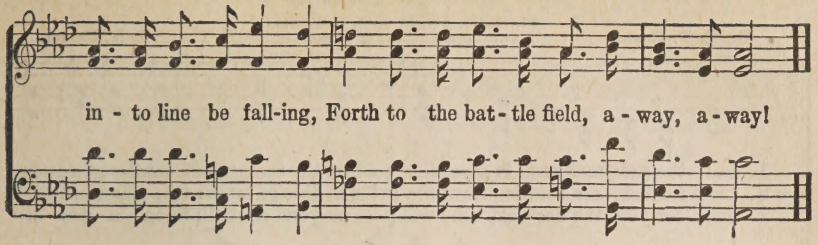
No. 118. Volunteers, to the Front!

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY H. L. GILMOUR.
USED BY PER.

Mrs. E. E. Williams. M. Pauline Gilmour.

1. Vol - un-teers are want - ed! hear the stir - ring call, O be swift to
2. Vol - un-teers are want - ed! val - iant men and true, in the ranks my
3. Vol - un-teers are want - ed! on the bat - tle plain Sol-diers brave are
4. Vol - un-teers are want - ed! let the ranks be filled; Soon the din of
an - swer, com - rades one and all; Gird - ing on your ar - mor,
broth - er, there is room for you; Christ is the Com - mand - er,
fall - ing, ne'er to fight a - gain; Who will take their plac - es
bat - tle will in peace be stilled; See! the clouds are lift - ing,
haste to march a - way. For the Lord is call - ing, "To the front to-day!"
let us all o - bey When He gives the or - der, "To the front to-day!"
in the dead - ly fray? Who will march with Je-sus to the front to-day?
soon they'll clear a-way, Glo - ry gilds the heights a-long the front to-day.
CHORUS.
A - way to the bat-tle field, a - way, a - way! The King calls for
A - way, a - way to the bat - tle-field, a - way!
sol - diers in His ranks to - day; Hear the bu - gle call - ing,
sol - diers in His ranks to - day;

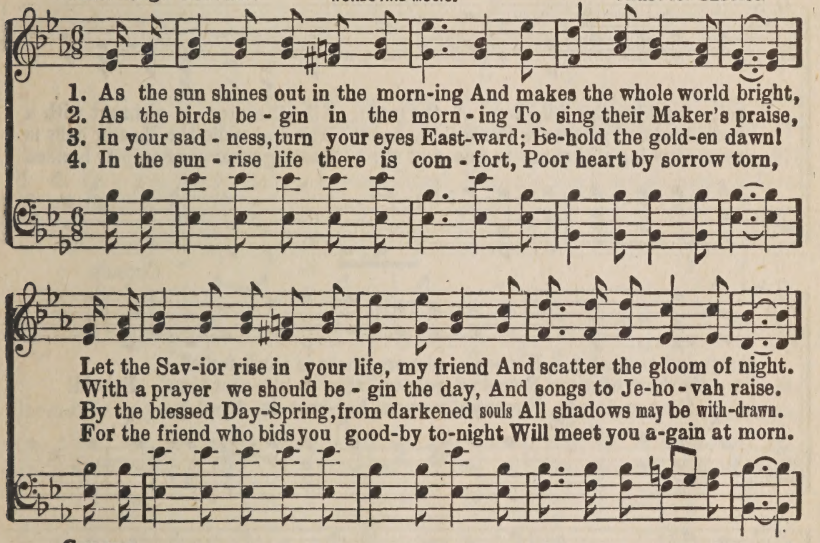
Volunteers to the Front!



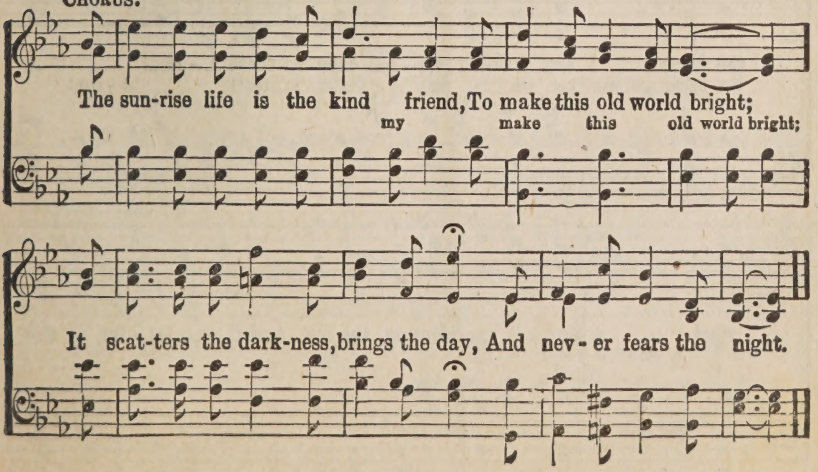
No. 119. The Sun-Rise Life.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE.

Chas. Reign Scoville. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. As the sun shines out in the morn-ing And makes the whole world bright,
2. As the birds be - gin in the morn - ing To sing their Maker's praise,
3. In your sad - ness, turn your eyes East-ward; Be-hold the gold-en dawn!
4. In the sun - rise life there is com - fort, Poor heart by sorrow torn,
Let the Sav-ior rise in your life, my friend And scatter the gloom of night.
With a prayer we should be - gin the day, And songs to Je-ho - vah raise.
By the blessed Day-Spring, from darkened souls All shadows may be with-drawn.
For the friend who bids you good-by to-night Will meet you a-gain at morn.

CHORUS.


The sun-rise life is the kind friend, To make this old world bright;
my make this old world bright;
It scat-ters the dark-ness, brings the day, And nev - er fears the night.

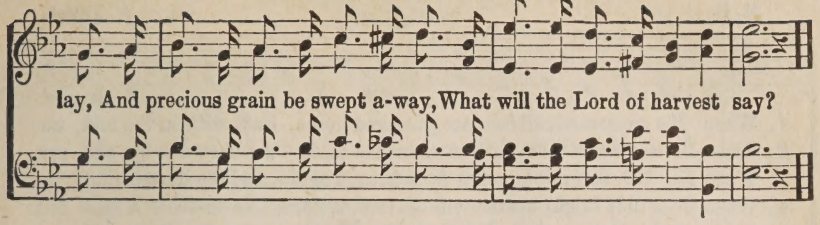
No. 120. Rouse Ye, Reapers!

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE, OWNER.

Dr. E. T. Cassel. E. T. and F. H. Cassel.

1. Lo! the sum-mer sun is spreading gold up-on the grain! Countless fields are
2. Cries for help are com-ing from the fields in foreign lands; Oh, the work that
3. Soon for you the har-vest time will pass be-yond re-call; Soon a day of
roll-ing like the bil-lows of the main; All the air is vi-brant with a
must be done! where are the will-ing hands? Halt-ing while the Master calls is
reck-on-ing will come to one and all; Bearing sheaves or emp-ty handed
CHORUS.
sharp and earnest call, Rouse ye, reapers, there is work for all.
lit-tle short of crime, Rouse ye, reapers, this is har-vest time. Behold!
is for you to say, Rouse ye, reapers, har-vest is to-day.
behold!
the fields are wav-ing sig-nal calls to thee! A-rise! A
the fields are wav-ing sig-nal calls to thee! A-rise!
rise! A storm is brooding on the sea, And if you fal-ter or de-
A storm is brood-ing

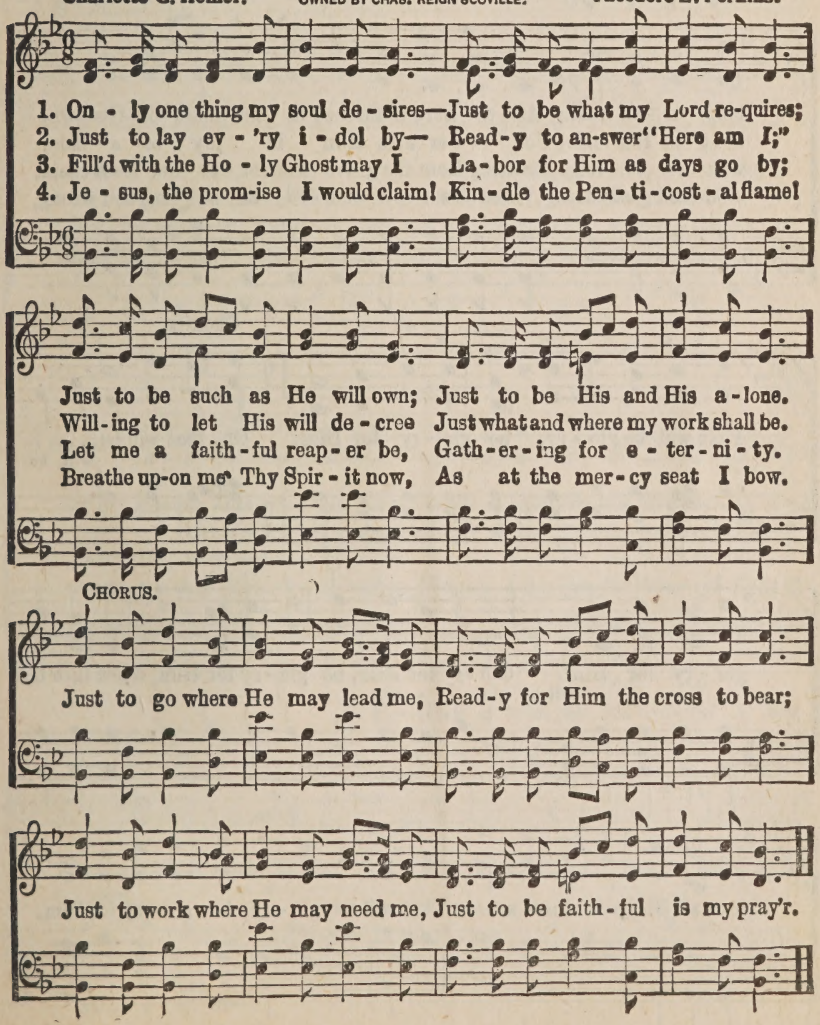
Rouse, Ye Reapers!



No. 121. My Soul's Desire.

COPYRIGHT, 1906 BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
OWNED BY CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE.

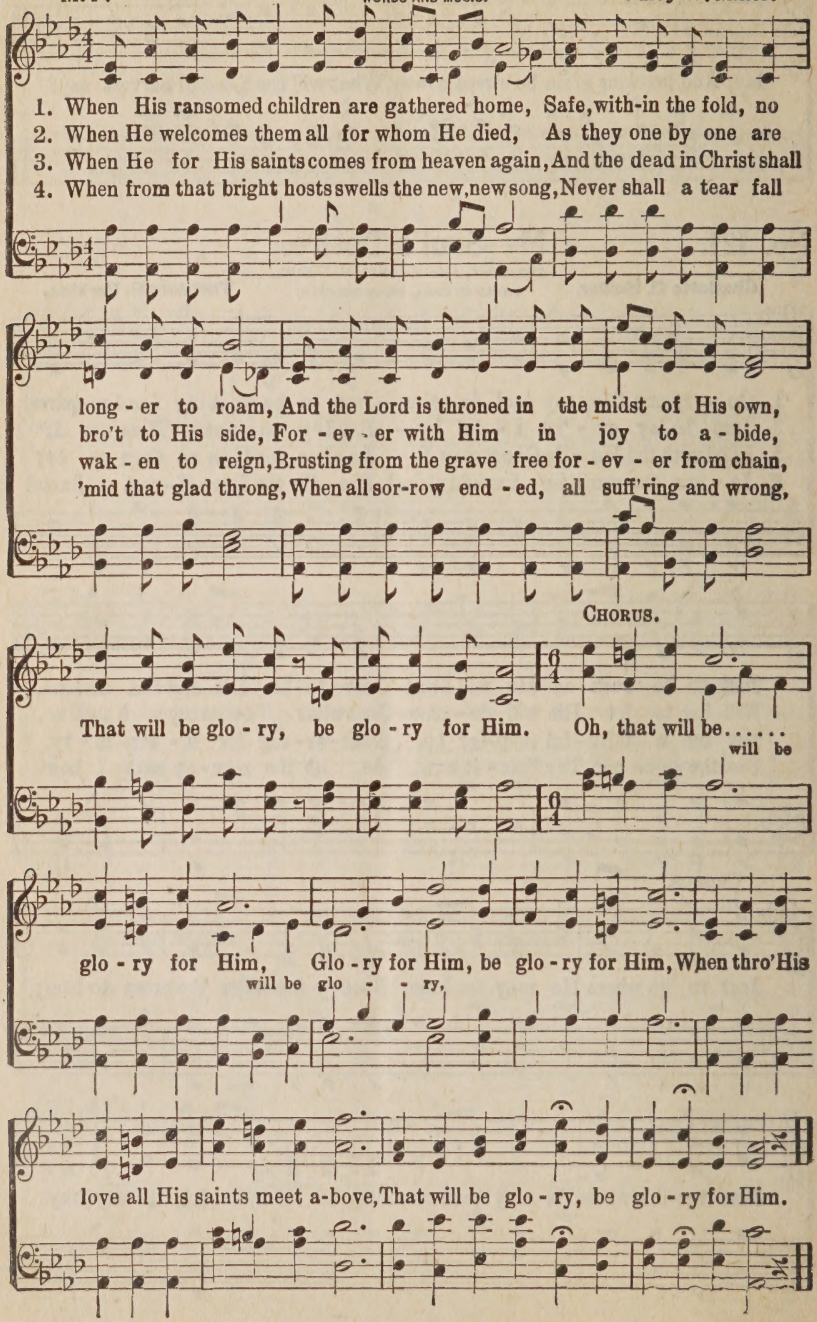
Charlotte G. Homer. Theodore E. Perkins.


1. On - ly one thing my soul de - sires—Just to be what my Lord re-quires;
2. Just to lay ev - 'ry i - dol by— Read-y to an-swer "Here am I;"
3. Fill'd with the Ho - ly Ghost may I La-bor for Him as days go by;
4. Je - sus, the prom-ise I would claim! Kin-dle the Pen-ti-cost-al flame!
Just to be such as He will own; Just to be His and His a-lone.
Will-ing to let His will de-cree Just what and where my work shall be.
Let me a faith-ful reap-er be, Gath-er-ing for e-ter-ni-ty.
Breathe up-on me Thy Spir-it now, As at the mer-cy seat I bow.
CHORUS.
Just to go where He may lead me, Read-y for Him the cross to bear;
Just to work where He may need me, Just to be faith-ful is my pray'r.

No. 122. Glory for Him.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE.

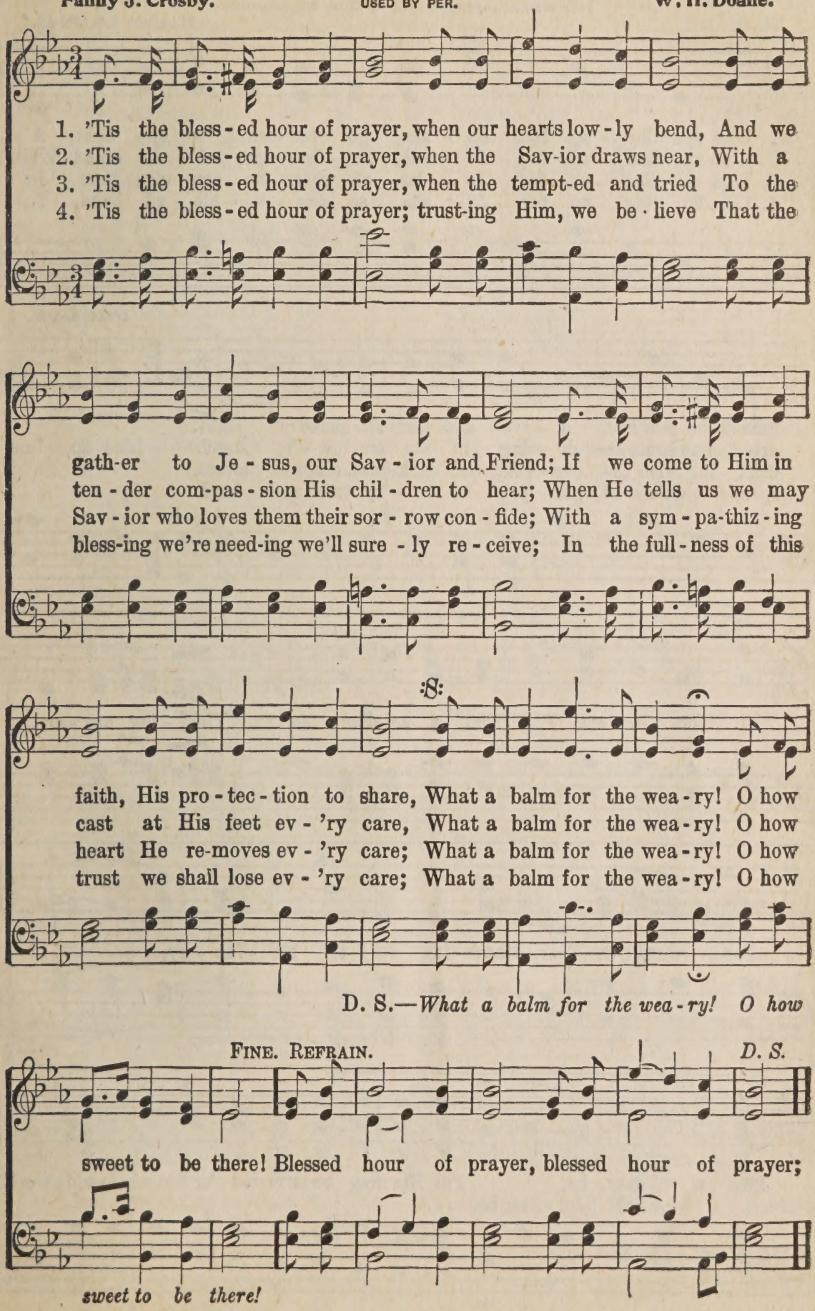
M. F. WORDS AND MUSIC. Harry W. Miller.


1. When His ransomed children are gathered home, Safe, with-in the fold, no
2. When He welcomes them all for whom He died, As they one by one are
3. When He for His saints comes from heaven again, And the dead in Christ shall
4. When from that bright hosts swells the new, new song, Never shall a tear fall
long - er to roam, And the Lord is throned in the midst of His own,
bro't to His side, For - ev - er with Him in joy to a - bide,
wak - en to reign, Brusting from the grave free for - ev - er from chain,
'mid that glad throng, When all sor-row end - ed, all suff'ring and wrong,
CHORUS.
That will be glo - ry, be glo - ry for Him. Oh, that will be.....
will be
glo - ry for Him, Glo - ry for Him, be glo - ry for Him, When thro' His
will be glo - - ry,
love all His saints meet a-bove, That will be glo - ry, be glo - ry for Him.

No. 123. Blessed Hour of Prayer.

COPYRIGHT, 1880, BY W. H. DOANE.
USED BY PER.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.


1. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when our hearts low-ly bend, And we
2. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when the Sav-ior draws near, With a
3. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when the tempt-ed and tried To the
4. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer; trust-ing Him, we be-lieve That the
gath-er to Je-sus, our Sav-ior and Friend; If we come to Him in
ten-der com-pas-sion His chil-dren to hear; When He tells us we may
Sav-ior who loves them their sor-row con-fide; With a sym-pa-thiz-ing
bless-ing we're need-ing we'll sure-ly re-ceive; In the full-ness of this
faith, His pro-tec-tion to share, What a balm for the wea-ry! O how
cast at His feet ev-'ry care, What a balm for the wea-ry! O how
heart He re-moves ev-'ry care; What a balm for the wea-ry! O how
trust we shall lose ev-'ry care; What a balm for the wea-ry! O how
D. S.—What a balm for the wea-ry! O how
FINE. REFRAIN.
D. S.
sweet to be there! Blessed hour of prayer, blessed hour of prayer;
sweet to be there!

No. 124. Line Up For Jesus.

Inscribed to Chas. Reign Scoville, by whom theme was suggested.

International copyright, 1913, by Chas. Reign Scoville.

H. L. HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. Line up, line up for Je - sus, go for - ward to the fight, A -
2. Line up, line up for Je - sus, no lon - ger i - dle stand, While
3. Line up, line up for Je - sus, oh waste no pre - cious time In
4. Line up, line up for Je - sus, as one u - nit - ed band, To

CHORUS.

gainst the pow'r of e - vil and for the cause of right.
pre - cious souls are dy - ing in sin on ev - 'ry hand. Line up, line
drift - ing with the cur - rent of dark-ness, sin, and crime.
spread the bless-ed gos - pel in ev - 'ry tribe and land.

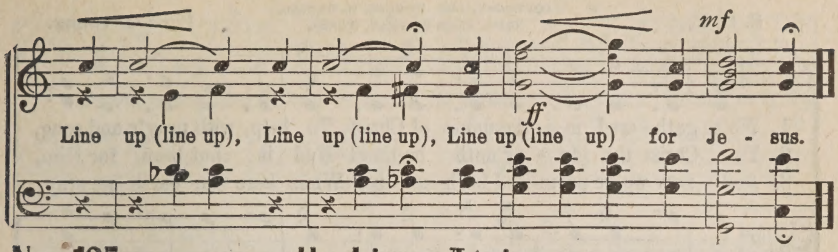
1

up for Je - sus, For Him a sol-dier be, Yield - ing nev - er,

For - ward ev - er, March - ing on to vic - to - ry,.....

2

Him a sol-dier be, Till His flag be unfurled o'er the whole wide world;
loy - al sol - dier be,



No. 125. He Lives Again.

Geo. Burns.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHARLES REIGN SCOVILLE.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

P. W. Dixon.

1. Have you heard this won-drous sto - ry Of the vic - to - ry for God,
2. Have you heard the won-drous sto - ry Of a wide and o - pen grave,
3. Have you heard the won-drous sto - ry Of the cap - tive souls set free
4. May I tell the won-drous sto - ry, For I know its worth so well,
How the Lord of life and glo - ry, Sin be - neath His feet hath trod?
Out of which the Lord of glo - ry Hath come forth with pow'r to save?
By the Lord of life and glo - ry, Who hath bro't them lib - er - ty?
How the Lord of life and glo - ry, Saved my soul from death and hell?
Chorus.
Sing it out, oh, sing it ev - er, Till the hills take up the strain,
And the saints be-yond the riv - er— Join to sing He lives a - gain!

No. 126. The Christian Multitude.

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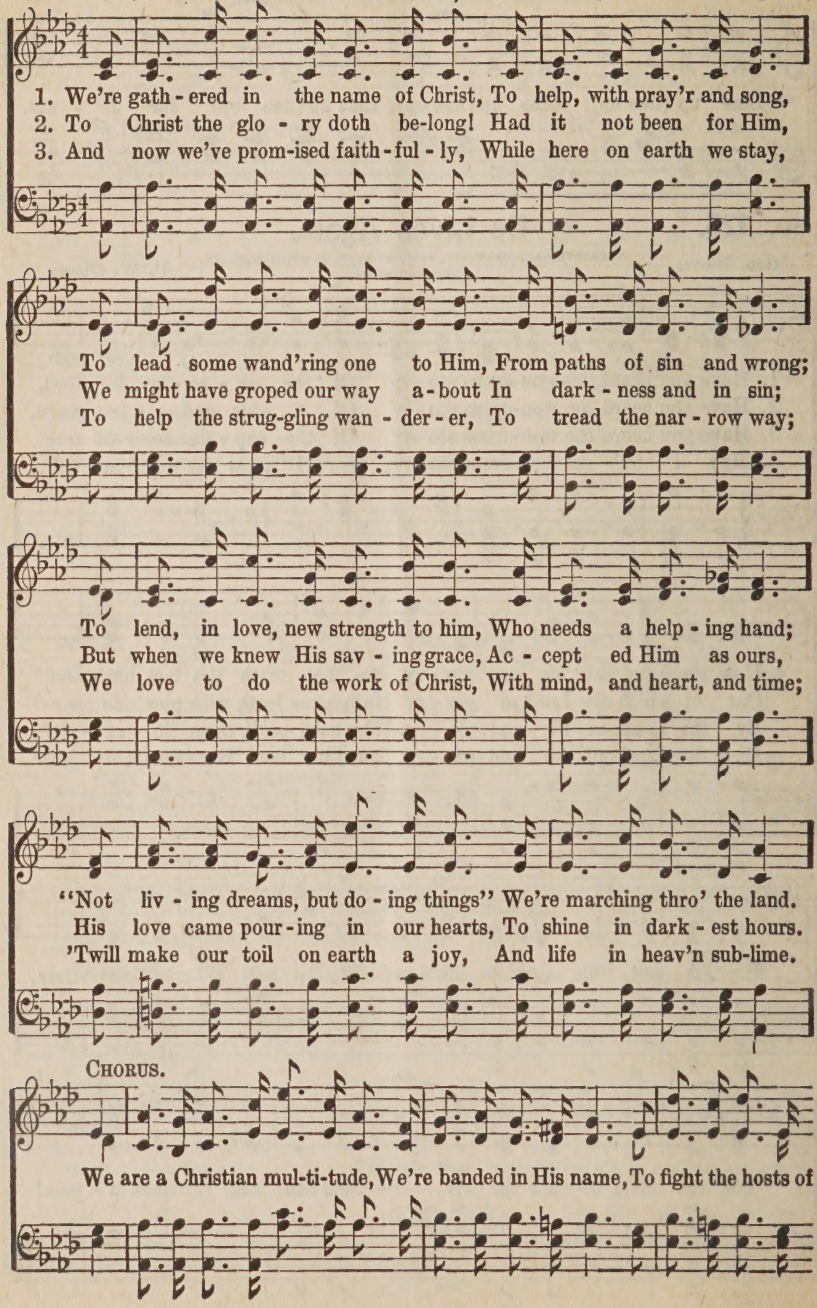
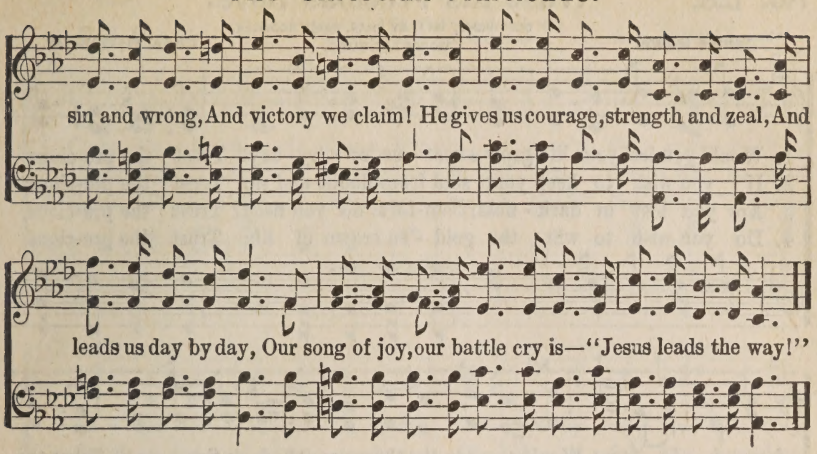
CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE, OWNER.

E. G. Y. Edna G. Young.

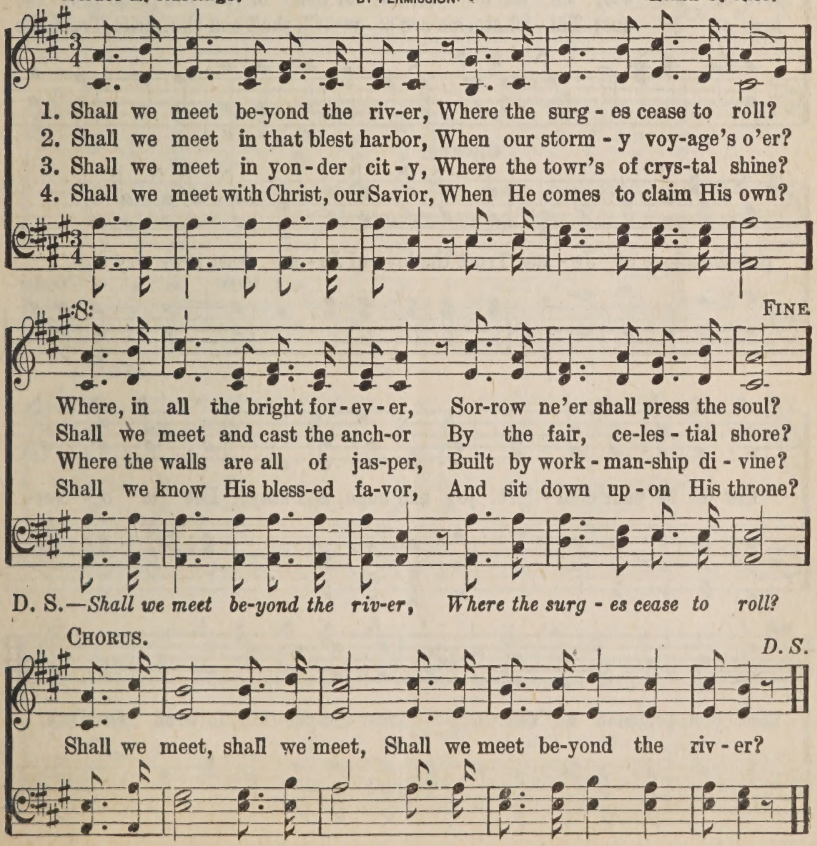

1. We're gath - ered in the name of Christ, To help, with pray'r and song,
2. To Christ the glo - ry doth be-long! Had it not been for Him,
3. And now we've prom-ised faith-ful - ly, While here on earth we stay,
To lead some wand'ring one to Him, From paths of sin and wrong;
We might have groped our way a-bout In dark - ness and in sin;
To help the strug-gling wan - der - er, To tread the nar - row way;
To lend, in love, new strength to him, Who needs a help - ing hand;
But when we knew His sav - ing grace, Ac - cept ed Him as ours,
We love to do the work of Christ, With mind, and heart, and time;
"Not liv - ing dreams, but do - ing things" We're marching thro' the land.
His love came pour - ing in our hearts, To shine in dark - est hours.
'Twill make our toil on earth a joy, And life in heav'n sub-lime.
CHORUS.
We are a Christian mul-ti-tude, We're banded in His name, To fight the hosts of

The Christian Multitude.


sin and wrong, And victory we claim! He gives us courage, strength and zeal, And
leads us day by day, Our song of joy, our battle cry is—"Jesus leads the way!"

No, 127. Shall We Meet?

Horace L. Hastings. BY PERMISSION. Elihu S. Rice.


1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the surg - es cease to roll?
2. Shall we meet in that blest harbor, When our storm - y voy-age's o'er?
3. Shall we meet in yon-der cit-y, Where the towr's of crys-tal shine?
4. Shall we meet with Christ, our Savior, When He comes to claim His own?
Where, in all the bright for-ev-er, Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul?
Shall we meet and cast the anch-or By the fair, ce-les-tial shore?
Where the walls are all of jas-per, Built by work-man-ship di-vine?
Shall we know His bless-ed fa-vor, And sit down up-on His throne?
D. S.—Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the surg - es cease to roll?
Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er?

FINE.

CHORUS. D. S.

No. 128. Trust His Precious Love.

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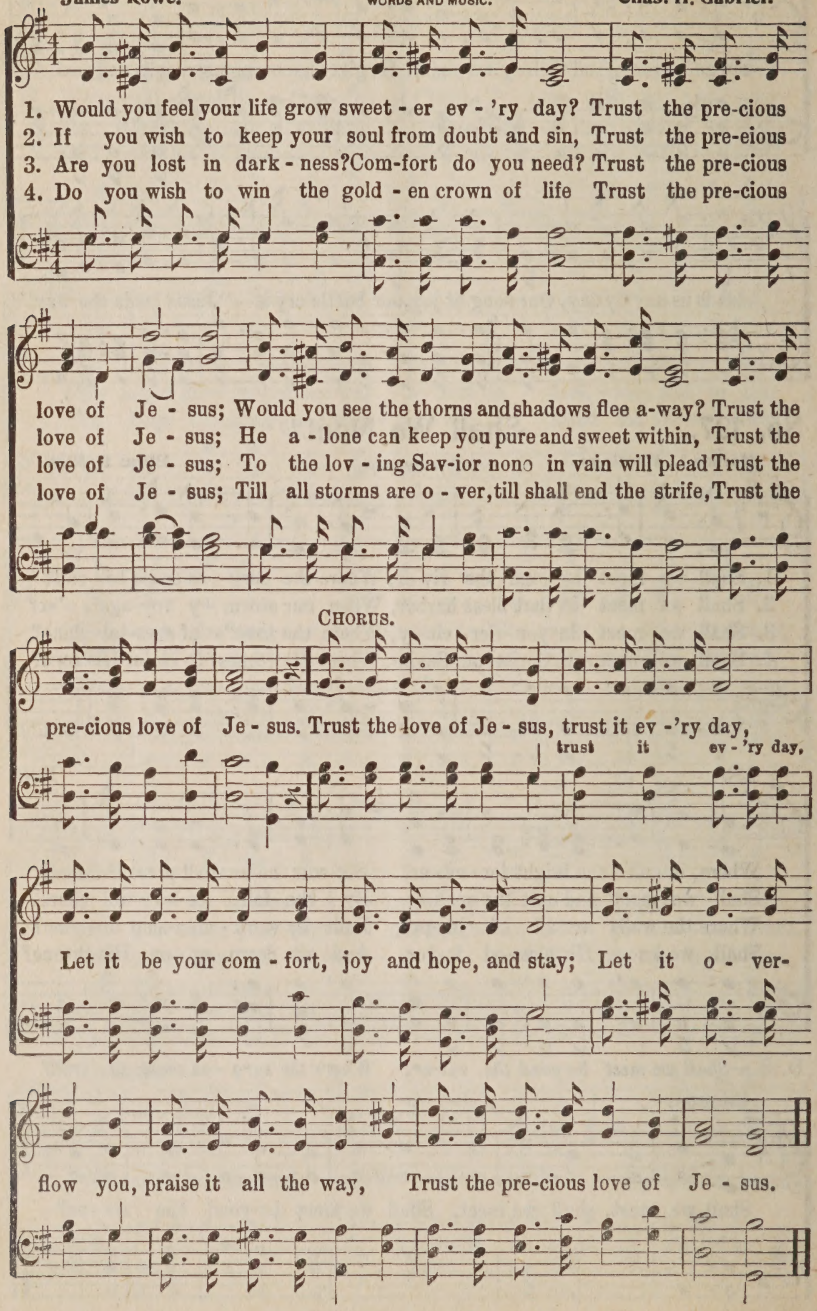
James Rowe. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Would you feel your life grow sweet - er ev - 'ry day? Trust the pre-cious
2. If you wish to keep your soul from doubt and sin, Trust the pre-cious
3. Are you lost in dark - ness? Com-fort do you need? Trust the pre-cious
4. Do you wish to win the gold - en crown of life Trust the pre-cious
love of Je - sus; Would you see the thorns and shadows flee a-way? Trust the
love of Je - sus; He a - lone can keep you pure and sweet within, Trust the
love of Je - sus; To the lov - ing Sav-ior none in vain will plead Trust the
love of Je - sus; Till all storms are o - ver, till shall end the strife, Trust the
CHORUS.
pre-cious love of Je - sus. Trust the love of Je - sus, trust it ev - 'ry day,
trust it ev - 'ry day.
Let it be your com - fort, joy and hope, and stay; Let it o - ver-
flow you, praise it all the way, Trust the pre-cious love of Je - sus.

No. 129. Come, Holy Spirit.

E. E. Hewitt.

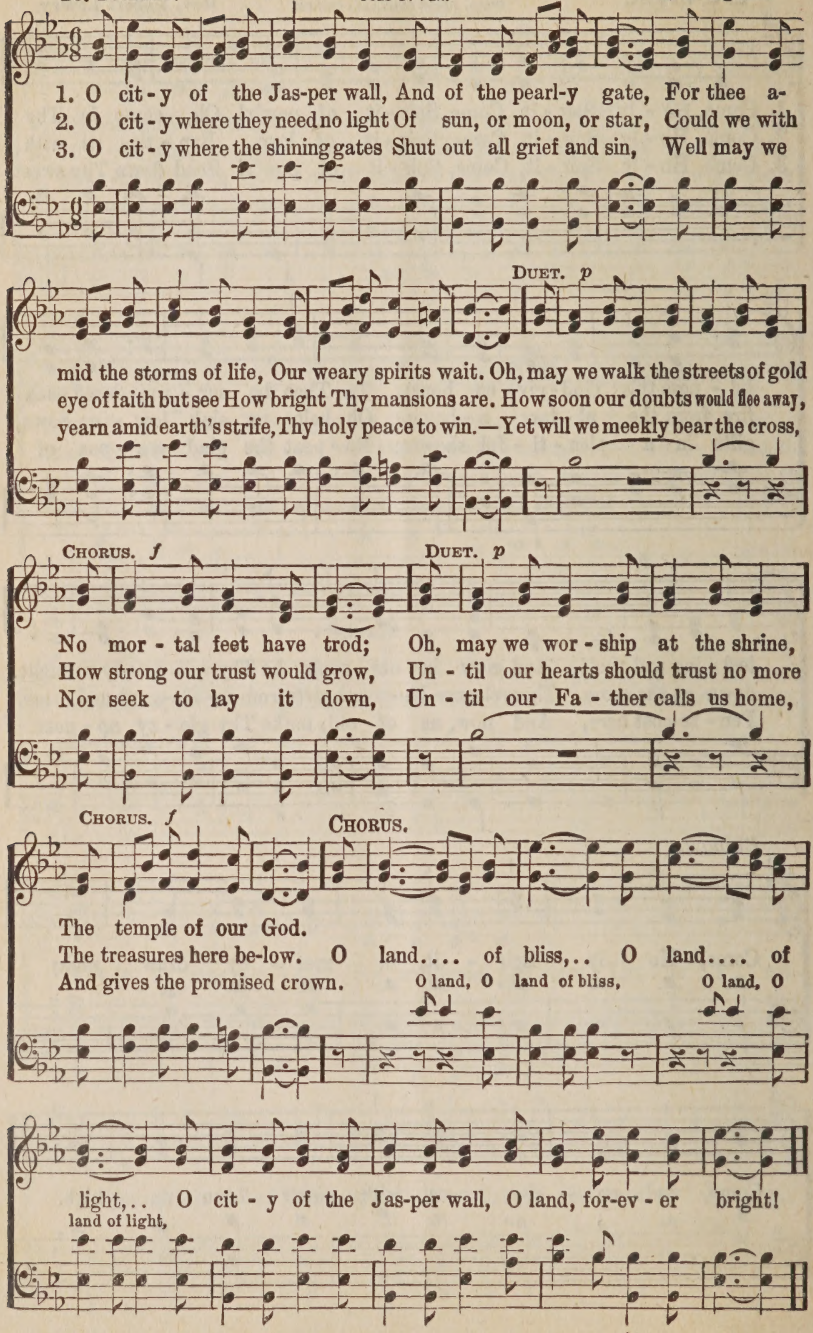
COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL, CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE, OWNER.

Rev. Robert Lowry.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Come, Spir - it of pow'r! Oh, come in Thy
2. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Come, Spir - it of love, Bap - tize us with
3. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Come, Spir - it of pow'r! Send down Thy sweet
ful - ness this God - giv - en hour; To Thee be sur - ren - dered each
fire from the al - tars a - bove; Oh, help us sink low - er down,
gifts in a plen - ti - ful shower; Re - peat the glad sea - son of
feel - ing and tho't, And now in our souls be Thy will free-ly wrought.
down at the cross, There cleanse Thou our hearts from de - file-ment and dross.
Pen - te-cost here, And now, as of old, make Thy glo - ry ap - pear.
CHORUS.
Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, in mer - cy draw nigh;
Come, and en - due us with pow'r from on high.

No. 130. O City of the Jasper Wall.

Dr. Bethune. USED BY PER. W. A. Ogden.


1. O cit - y of the Jas-per wall, And of the pearl-y gate, For thee a-
2. O cit - y where they need no light Of sun, or moon, or star, Could we with
3. O cit - y where the shining gates Shut out all grief and sin, Well may we
DUET. p
mid the storms of life, Our weary spirits wait. Oh, may we walk the streets of gold
eye of faith but see How bright Thy mansions are. How soon our doubts would flee away,
yearn amid earth's strife, Thy holy peace to win.—Yet will we meekly bear the cross,
CHORUS. f
DUET. p
No mor - tal feet have trod; Oh, may we wor - ship at the shrine,
How strong our trust would grow, Un - til our hearts should trust no more
Nor seek to lay it down, Un - til our Fa - ther calls us home,
CHORUS. f
CHORUS.
The temple of our God.
The treasures here be-low. O land.... of bliss,.. O land.... of
And gives the promised crown.
O land, O land of bliss, O land, O
light,.. O cit - y of the Jas-per wall, O land, for-ev - er bright!
land of light,

No. 131. # Tell It Wherever You Go.

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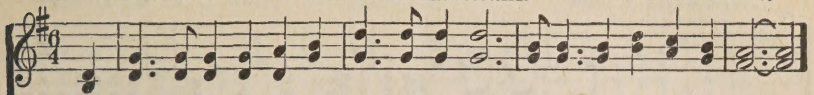
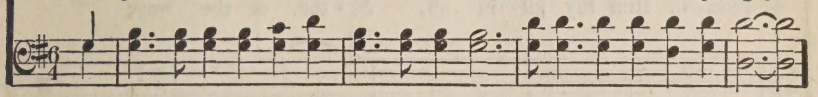
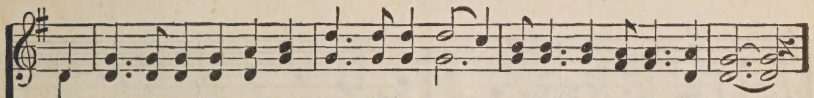
Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Wm. Edie Marks.

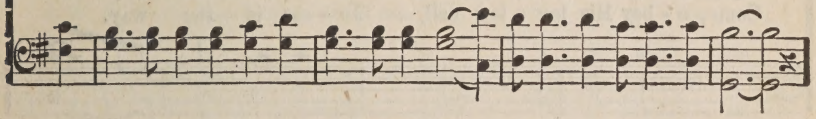


1. If Christ the Redeemer has pardoned your sin, Tell it wher-ev-er you go;
2. If now you are happy with Christ as your Guide, Tell it wher-ev-er you go;
3. When troubles as-sail do you trust in Him still? Tell it wher-ev-er you go;
4. If you are an heir to a man-sion on high, Tell it wher-ev-er you go;

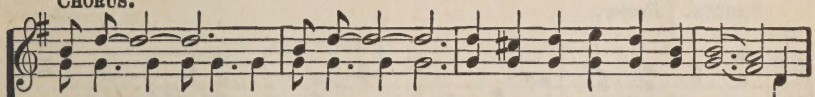




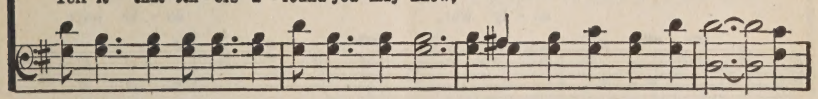
If in-to your darkness His light has shown in Tell it wher-ev-er you go.
If He is your Friend, and with Him you a-bide, Tell it wher-ev-er you go.
When sorrows o'erwhelm do you sink in His will? Tell it wher-ev-er you go.
Un - til you find rest in that home in the sky, Tell it wher-ev-er you go.

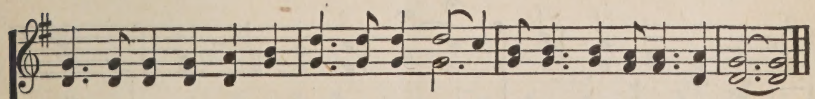


CHORUS.

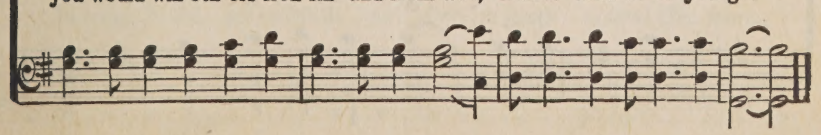


Tell it,..... tell it,..... Tell it wher-ev - er you go; If
Tell it that oth - ers a - round you may know,





you would win oth-ers fron sin and from woe, Tell it wher-ev-er you go!



No. 132. Jesus Is the Way.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE.

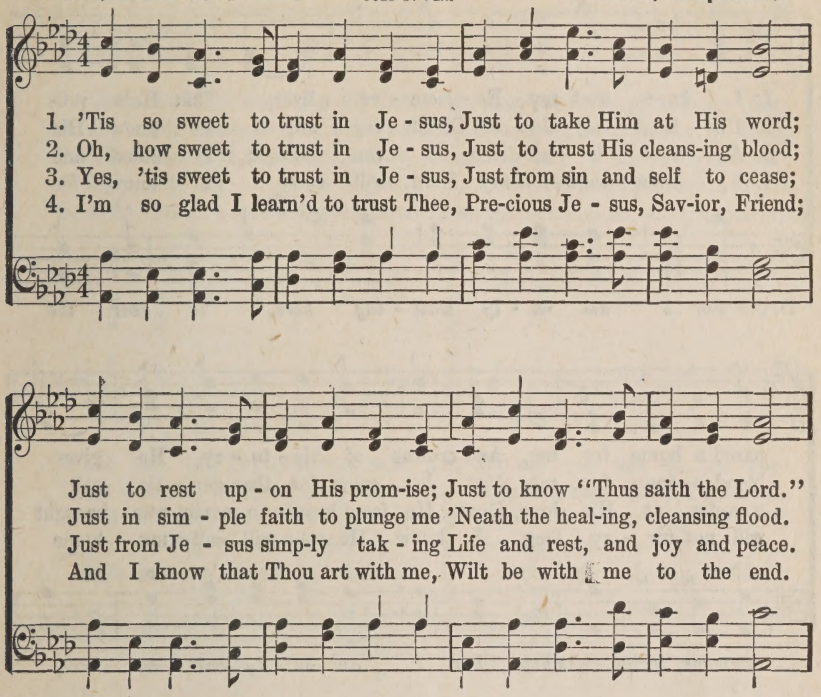
Hattie C. Miller. WORDS AND MUSIC. Harry W. Miller.

1. When I found that I was lost, Je - sus was my way;
2. When by foes I was op-pressed, Je - sus was my way;
3. He will wipe a - way all tears, Je - sus is the way;
4. Find in Him thy all in all, Je - sus is the way;
When by tem-pest I was tossed, Je - sus was my way.
Noth-ing can my path mo - lest, Je - sus is the way.
Pro-tect us from world - ly fears, Je - sus is the way.
Come, o - bey His lov - ing call, Je - sus is the way.
CHORUS. Faster.
Je - sus is the way, Je - sus is the way;
on - ly way, on - ly way;
O my Sav - ior loves me so, He's the Life, the way.

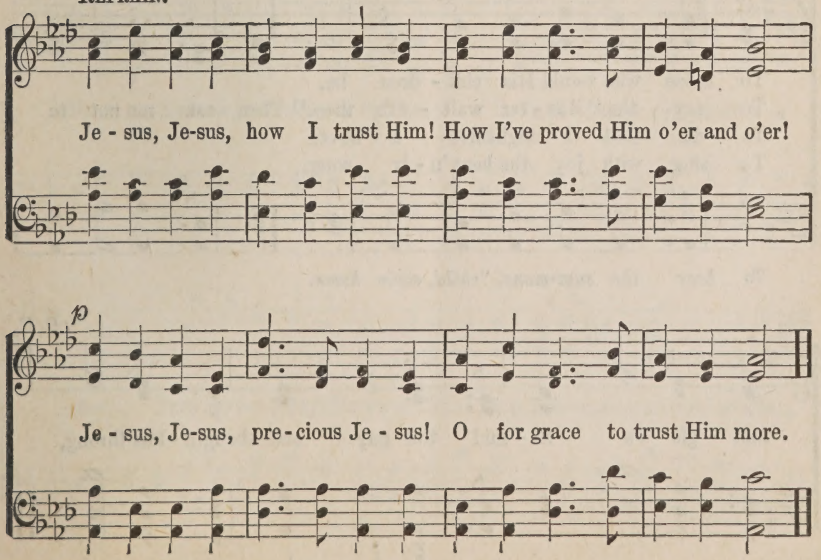
No. 133. 'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1882, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Mrs. Louisa M. R. Stead. USED BY PER. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take Him at His word;
2. Oh, how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust His cleans-ing blood;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learn'd to trust Thee, Pre-cious Je - sus, Sav-ior, Friend;
Just to rest up - on His prom-ise; Just to know "Thus saith the Lord."
Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal-ing, cleansing flood.
Just from Je - sus simp-ly tak - ing Life and rest, and joy and peace.
And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.

REFRAIN.



No. 134. I Know that My Redeemer Lives.

USED BY PERMISSION. Arr. by Rev. M. G. Prescott.

1. I know that my Re - deem - er lives, That He's pre-
2. I'm trust - ing Je - sus Christ for all, I know His
3. And now be - wil-dered at the thought, I stand and
4. I know that soon my Lord will come, I know He
D.C.—For I am on - ly wait - ing here, To hear the
pared a home for me, And crowns of vic - to - ry He gives
blood a - tones for me, I'm list - ening for the gen - tle call
won-der at His love, How He from heav'n to earth was brought
will not tar - ry long, I know He soon will call me home
summons, "child, come home," For I am on - ly wait - ing here,
CHORUS.
To those who would His chil - dren be.
To say the "Mas - ter wait - eth thee." Then ask me not to
To die, that I might live a - bove.
To sing with joy the heav'n - ly song.
To hear the sum-mons, "child, come home.
D. C.
min - gle on A - mid the gay and thought - less throng,

No. 135. Clinging to Jesus.

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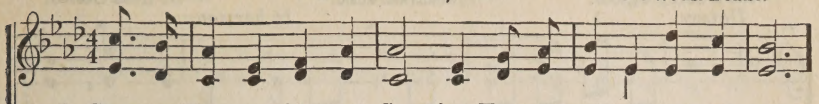
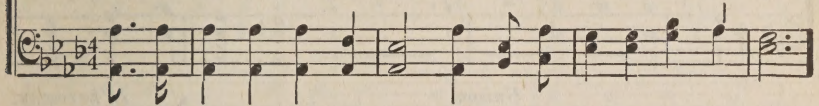
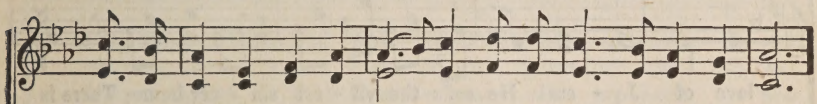
CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE, OWNER.

Cari Reed. Dr. W. H. Doane.



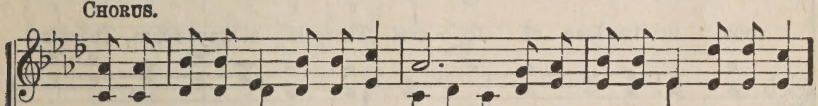
1. Close to Thee, my bless-ed Sav-ior, Keep me walking, day by day;
2. I am help-less—lost with-out Thee, Leave, oh, leave me not a-lone;
3. Thou hast died for me, Lord Je-sus, How can I such love for-get?
4. Ev-'ry day I grieve Thy spir-it, Wound the heart that broke for me,
5. Help me live as Thou wouldst have me; Cleanse me, Lord, and keep me pure;



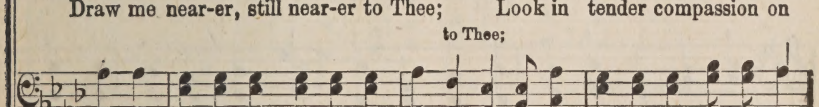


Let me feel Thy pres-ence with me, Be my ref-uge all the way.
Un-der-neath Thy wings of mer-cy Hide, and keep me all Thine own.
Not on earth or in Thy pres-ence Can I ev-er pay the debt.
Yet in Thy great love and mer-cy Cast me not a-way from Thee.
Give me grace and strength that safe-ly To the end I may en-dure.

CHORUS.

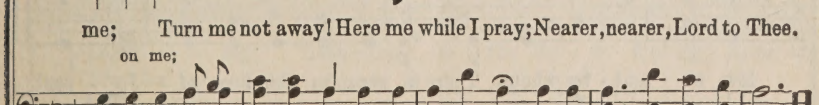


Draw me near-er, still near-er to Thee; Look in tender compassion on



to Thee;

me; Turn me not away! Here me while I pray; Nearer, nearer, Lord to Thee.



on me;

No. 136. Always Room.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE.

Ina Dudley Ogden. WORDS AND MUSIC. De Loss Smith.

Unison. *In harmony.*

1. O come, my fal - t'ring broth - er come, There is room in the
2. He knows how great your load of sin, There is room in the
3. He cares not how or whence you came, There is room in the
4. And tho' the mire is dark and deep, There is room in the

Unison *In harmony.*

love of Je - sus! He calls the vil - est sin - ner home, There is
love of Je - sus! And yet He longs to take you in, There is
love of Je - sus! He is your friend, He knows your name, There is
love of Je - sus! His pow'r is strong to save and keep, There is

CHORUS.

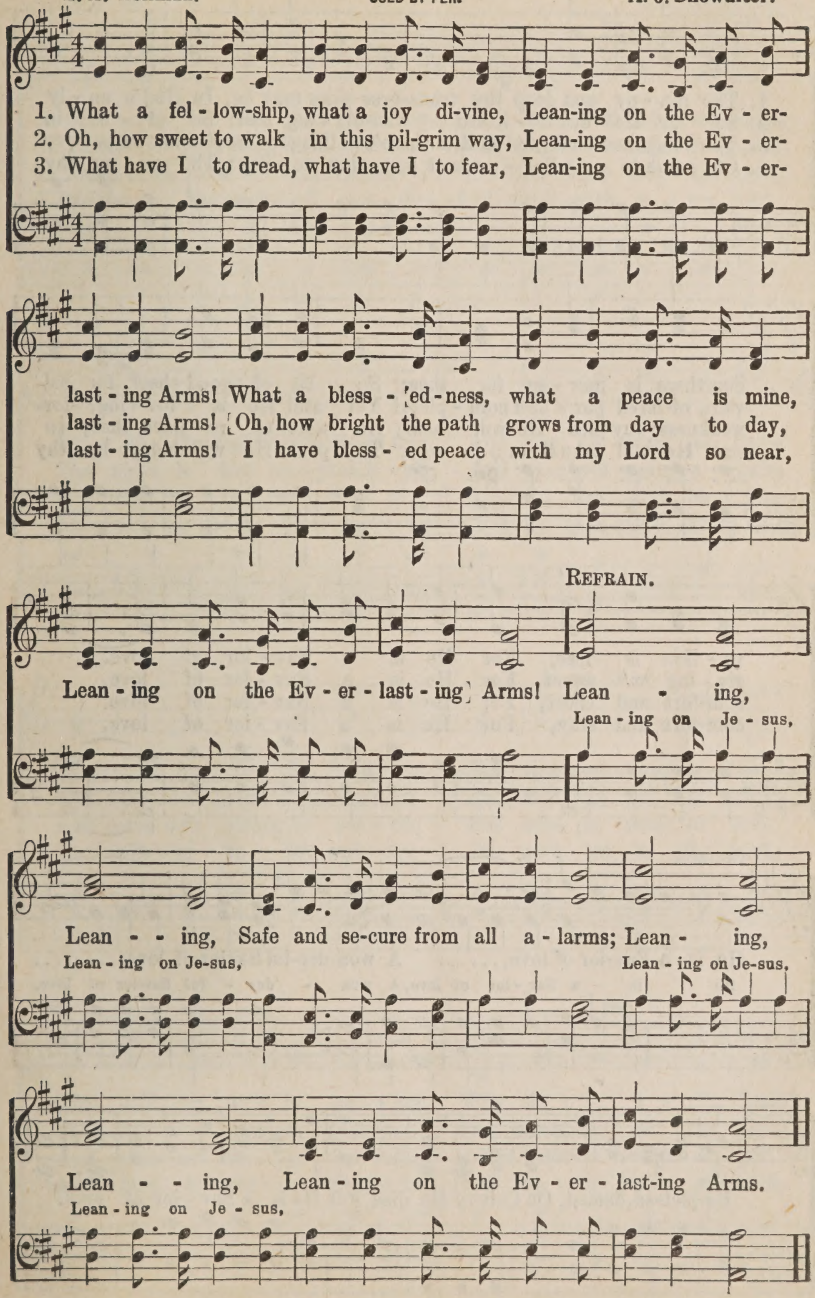
room in the love of Je - sus! There is al-ways room, There is

al-ways room in the pre - cious love of Je - sus For the high or

low no mat - ter whom, There is room in the love of Je - sus!

No. 137. Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

E. A. Hoffman. COPYRIGHT, BY A. J. SHOWALTER & CO. USED BY PER. A. J. Showalter.


1. What a fel - low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Lean-ing on the Ev - er-
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, Lean-ing on the Ev - er-
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the Ev - er-
last - ing Arms! What a bless - ed - ness, what a peace is mine,
last - ing Arms! Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
last - ing Arms! I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,
REFRAIN.
Lean - ing on the Ev - er - last - ing Arms! Lean - ing,
Lean - ing on Je - sus,
Lean - - ing, Safe and se-cure from all a - larms; Lean - ing,
Lean - ing on Je-sus,
Lean - ing on Je-sus,
Lean - - ing, Lean - ing on the Ev - er - last-ing Arms.
Lean - ing on Je - sus,

No. 138. A Savior of Love.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE.

James Rowe. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Tho' ma - ny and deep thy trans-gres-sions may be, In God's on - ly
2. So far He has fol - lowed thy wan-der - ing feet! So oft - en, in
3. Tho' long thou hast grieved Him, there's nothing to fear, He knows ev - 'ry
4. Oh, come to my Sav - ior, seek par - don to - day; Tho' ma - ny thy
Son there is mer - cy for thee; So be of good cheer, for sal-
vain, of-fered par - don com - plete! Yet still He is lov - ing, for-
weakness; thy plea He will hear; He waits to re - lieve thee, to
sins He will take them a - way; Thy past He will hide, be thy
va - tion is free, For He is a Sav - ior of love.
giv - ing and sweet, For He is a Sav - ior of love.
com-fort and cheer, For He is a Sav - ior of love.
com-fort and stay, For He is a Sav - ior of love.
CHORUS.
He is a Sav-ior of love,..... A won-der-ful Savior of love;.....
He is a Sav - ior of love, A won - der - ful Sav-ior of love,
Re-ject-ed, denied, On Calv'ry He died, For He is a Sav - ior of love.

No. 139. Ho! Reapers of Life's Harvest.

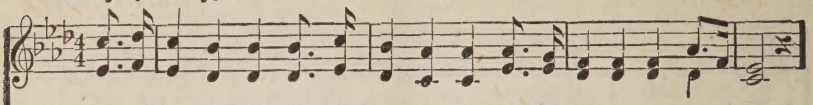
(President Jas, A. Garfield's Favorite Hymn.)

I. B. W. I. B. Woodbury.

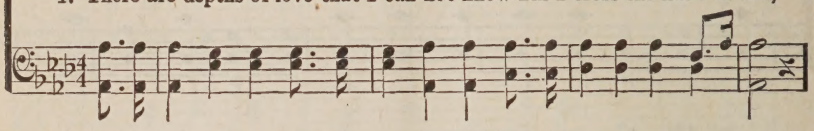
1. Ho! reap - ers of life's har - vest, Why stand with rust - ed blade,
2. Thrust in your sharp-ened sick - le, And gath - er in the grain;
3. Come down from hill and mount - ain In morn-ing's rud - dy glow
4. Mount up the heights of wis - dom, And crush each er - ror low;
Un - til the night draws round thee, And day be - gins to fade?
The night is fast ap - proach - ing, And soon will come a - gain;
Nor wait un - til the di - al Points to the noon be - low;
Keep back no word of know - ledge That hu - man hearts should know;
Why stand ye i - dle, wait - ing For reap - ers more to come?
The Mas - ter calls for reap - ers, And shall He call in vain?
And come with strong-er sin - ew, Nor faint in heat or cold,
Be faith - ful to thy mis - sion In serv - ice to the Lord,
The gold - en morn is pass - ing, Why sit ye i - dle, dumb?
Shall sheaves lie there un - gath - ered, And waste up - on the plain?
And pause not till the eve - ning Draws round its wealth of gold?
And then a gold - en chap - let Shall be thy just re - ward.

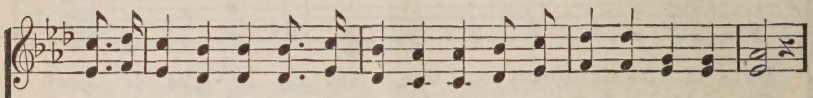
No. 140. Draw Me Nearer.

Fanny J. Crosby. BY PERMISSION. W. H. Doane.



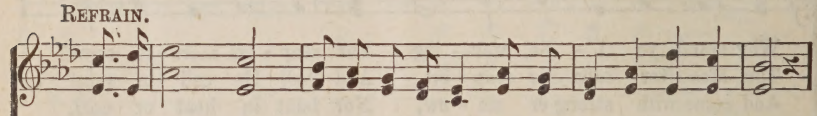
1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
2. Consecrate me now to Thy service, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di - vine;
3. Oh, the pure de-light of a sin-gle hour That before Thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I can-not know Till I cross the nar-row sea,



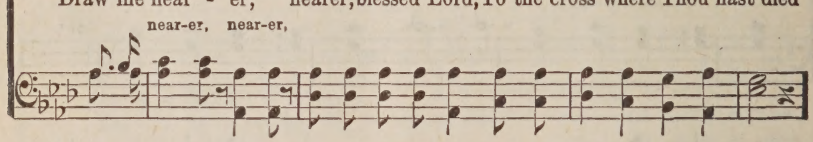


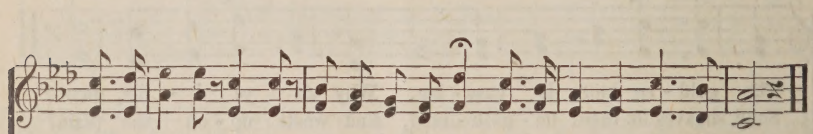
But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos-er drawn to Thee.
Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
When I kneel in pray'r. and with Thee, my God, I commune as friend with friend.
There are heights of joy that I may not reach, Till I rest in peace with Thee.

REFRAIN.

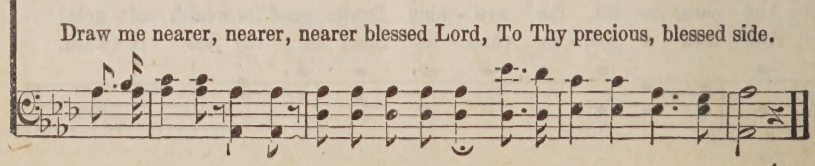


Draw me near - er, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died
near-er, near-er,





Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer blessed Lord, To Thy precious, blessed side.



No. 141. Keep Sweet.

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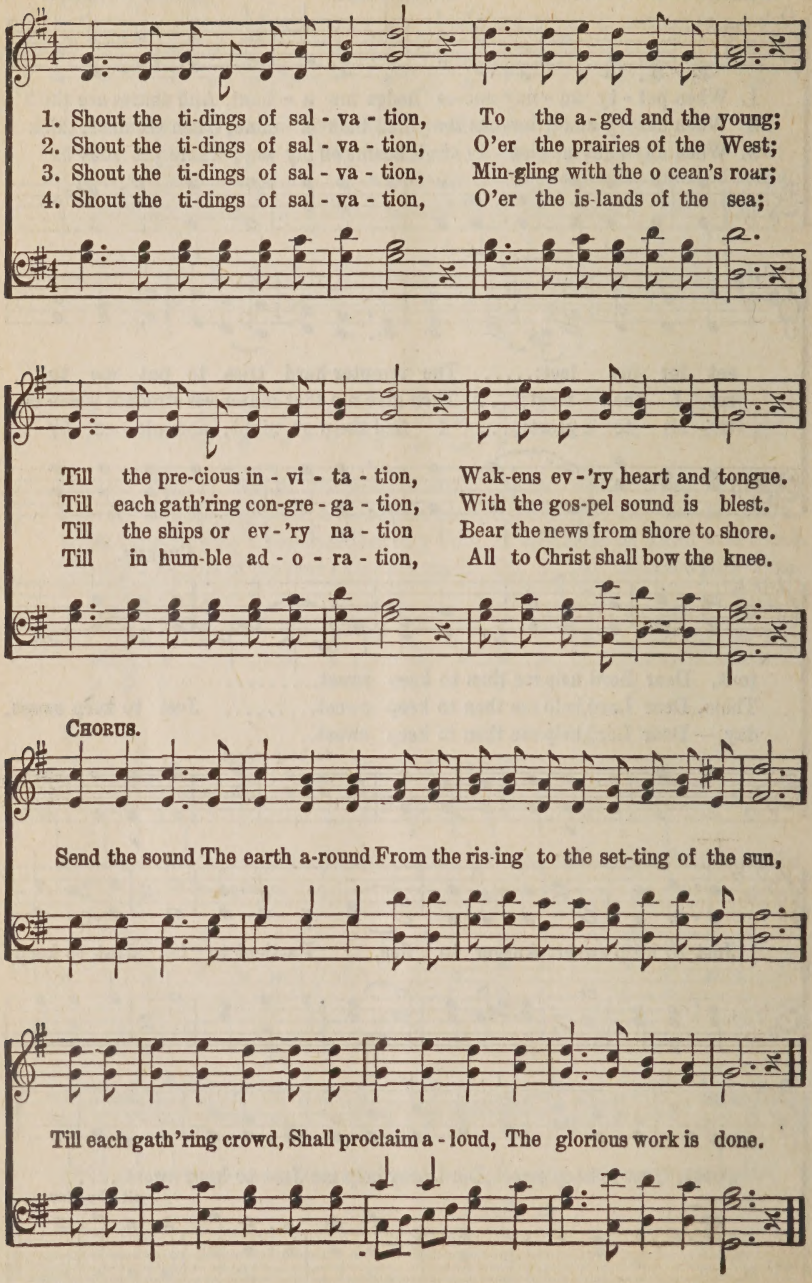
John R. Clements. WORDS AND MUSIC. Harry W. Miller.

1. When pet - ty an - noy-anc-es hedge me a - bout, And snares are thick
2 When heav-y and griev-ous the load that is mine, When troubles, thick
3. When day-light in plen - ty sheds beams on my way, There yet may be
set for my feet;..... The tempter hard tries to put me to
set, I shall meet;.... Then give me that matchless strength which is
tri - als to greet;.... I find them at night, and oft - en by
CHORUS.
rout, Dear Lord, help me then to keep sweet.....
Thine, Dear Lord, help me then to keep sweet..... Just to keep sweet,
day,— Dear Lord, help me then to keep sweet.....
to keep sweet.
Just to keep sweet; An-ger to flee, Pa-tient to be; Just to keep
sweet, Just to keep sweet; Lord, pray help me Just to keep sweet.....
all the day.

No. 142. Shout the Tidings.

Arr. by J. P. Powell.


1. Shout the ti-dings of sal - va - tion, To the a-ged and the young;
2. Shout the ti-dings of sal - va - tion, O'er the prairies of the West;
3. Shout the ti-dings of sal - va - tion, Min-gling with the o cean's roar;
4. Shout the ti-dings of sal - va - tion, O'er the is-lands of the sea;
Till the pre-cious in - vi - ta - tion, Wak-ens ev-'ry heart and tongue.
Till each gath'ring con-gre - ga - tion, With the gos-pel sound is blest.
Till the ships or ev-'ry na - tion Bear the news from shore to shore.
Till in hum-ble ad - o - ra - tion, All to Christ shall bow the knee.
Chorus.
Send the sound The earth a-round From the ris-ing to the set-ting of the sun,
Till each gath'ring crowd, Shall proclaim a - loud, The glorious work is done.

No. 143. You Are Out of Touch with Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE.

James Rowe. WORDS AND MUSIC. De Loss Smith.

1. Does the day bring but lit - tle of glad - ness? Is the path sel - dom smooth or fair? Are you wea - ry of life with its sad - ness? Have you nev - er a song to spare?
2. Does suc - cess seem to con - stant - ly shun you, Have you al - ways a long - ing pain? When the hand of de - spair is up - on you Do you sigh for a friend in vain?
3. From your home and from God you have wan - dered; You are go - ing the down - ward way; Pre - cious tal - ents you have squan - dered You are risk - ing your soul each day.
4. O come home! Christ is read - y to meet you, Turn from e - vil's al - lur - ing charms; With a sweet ten - der smile He will greet you, And en - fold you with lov - ing arms.
CHORUS.
You are out of touch with Je-sus—You are throw-ing your life a - way,
Christ a - lone makes life worth liv-ing, Get in touch with Him to - day.

No. 144. Forward All.

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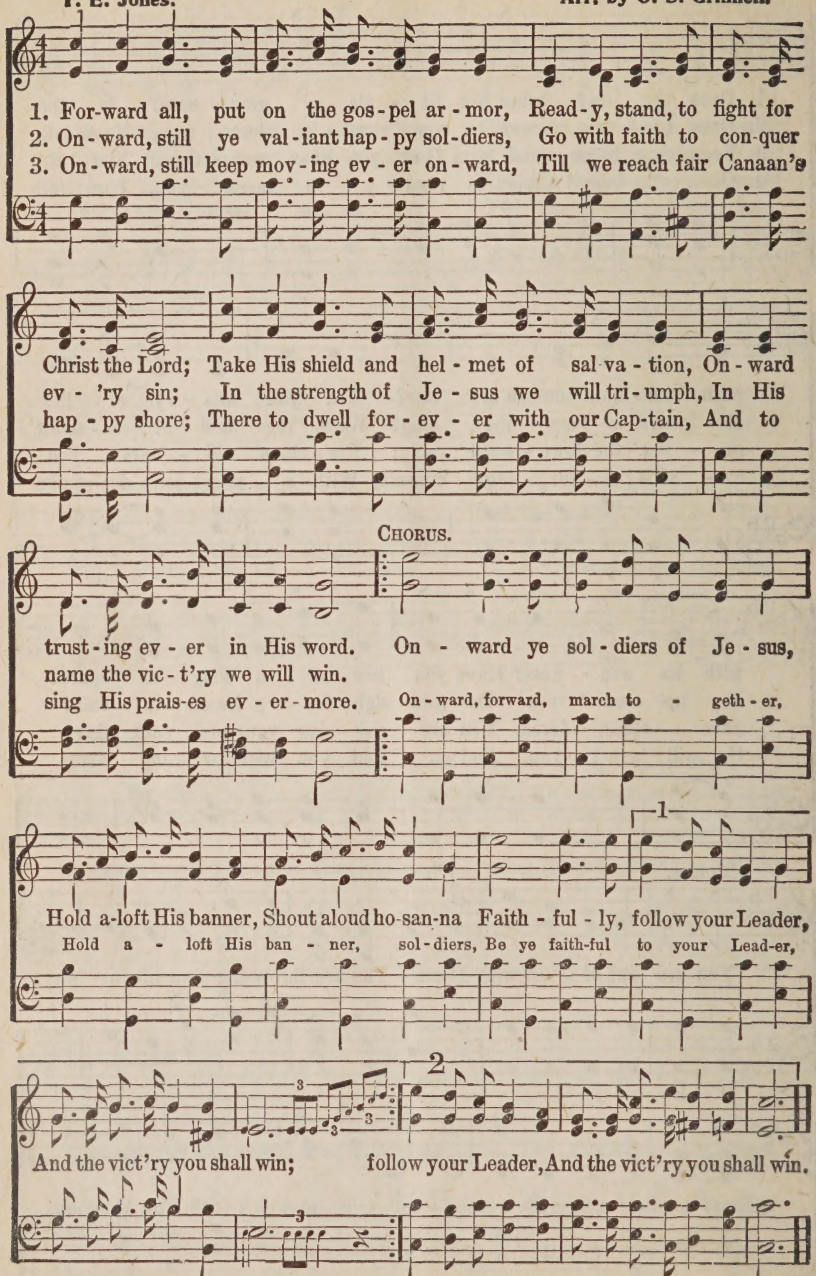
T. E. Jones. Arr. by O. S. Grinnell.


1. For-ward all, put on the gos-pel ar-mor, Read-y, stand, to fight for
2. On-ward, still ye val-iant hap-py sol-diers, Go with faith to con-quer
3. On-ward, still keep mov-ing ev-er on-ward, Till we reach fair Canaan's
Christ the Lord; Take His shield and hel-met of sal-va-tion, On-ward
ev-'ry sin; In the strength of Je-sus we will tri-umph, In His
hap-py shore; There to dwell for-ev-er with our Cap-tain, And to
CHORUS.
trust-ing ev-er in His word. On-ward ye sol-diers of Je-sus,
name the vic-t'ry we will win.
sing His prais-es ev-er-more. On-ward, forward, march to-geth-er,
1
Hold a-loft His banner, Shout aloud ho-san-na Faith-ful-ly, follow your Leader,
Hold a-loft His ban-ner, sol-diers, Be ye faith-ful to your Lead-er,
2
And the vict'ry you shall win; follow your Leader, And the vict'ry you shall win.

No. 145. Christ All and In All.

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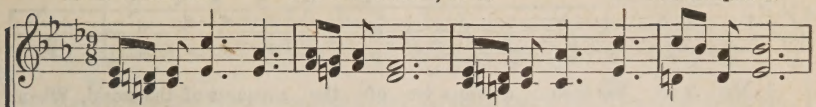
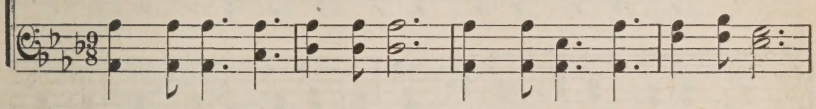
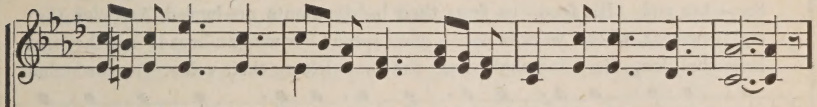
L. M. Waterman. F. S. Shephard.

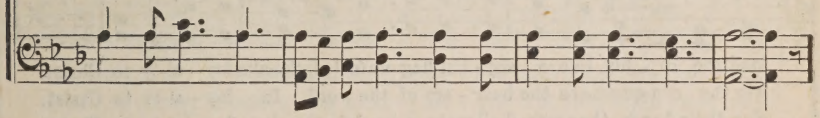


1. Christ is cour-age, hope and health, Wis - dom, pow - er, great-ness, wealth;
2. Christ is com-fort, calm and rest; Bloom that makes the des - ert blest;
3. Christ is Friend and help and home, Wand'ring with us when we roam;
4. Christ is shel - ter, buck-ler, shield, Might - y, tho' all else may yield;

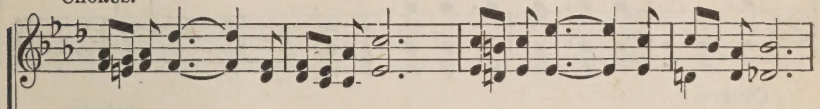




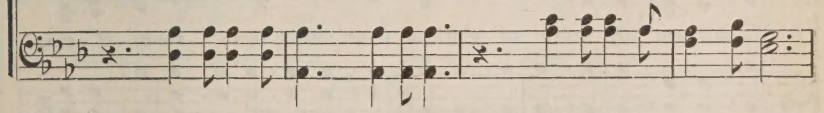
Fount of life and light of love, Spring of joy, all joys a - bove.
Cool-ing shade by way-side warm, Rock of ref-uge in the storm.
Camp-ing round us by the way, Com-rade on the field of fray.
Vain - ly pierc-es death's keen dart Through the Christ, to reach my heart.

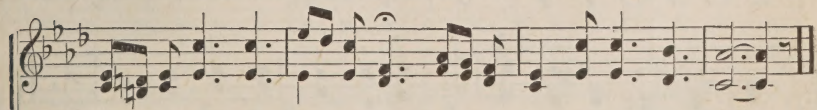


CHORUS.

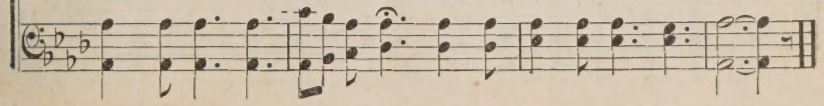


Christ is pow - er, Christ is peace, Christ is sor - row's sure re-lease;
Christ is pow-er, yea, Christ is peace, Christ is sor-row's sure re-lease;





Mas - ter, Teach-er, Shepherd, King—Yea, our Christ is ev - 'ry thing.



No. 146 Truth Triumphant.

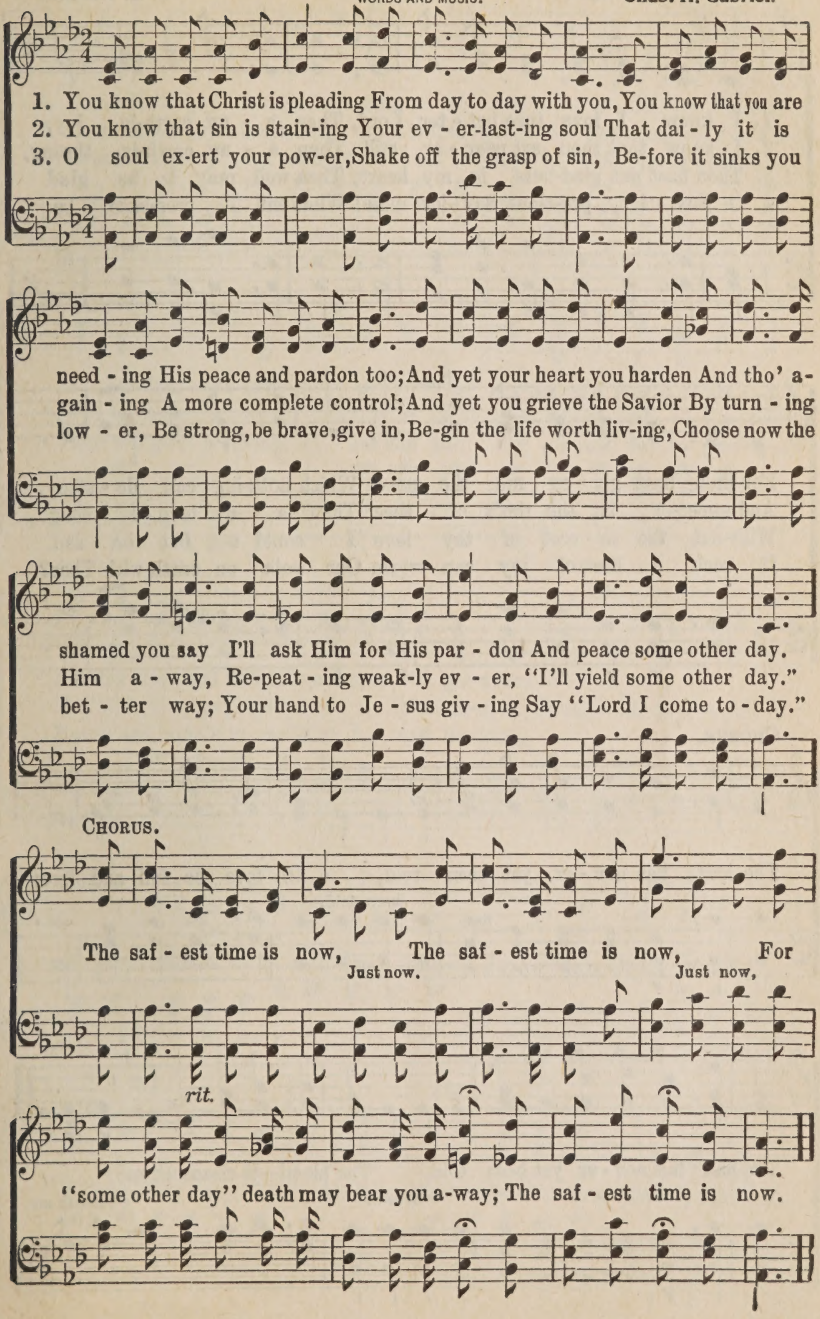
Grace Reed Oliver.

1. My soul has seen a vis - ion of the conquest of the world, When
2. No more shall strife and ha - tred bring dis - hon - or to our God, For
3. The des - ert place shall blos-som, and the wil-der-ness re-joice; The
Sa - tan and His forc - es from their bat-tle-ments are hurled, And o'er the
righteousness, whose work is peace, shall spread her wings a-broad; And they who
lame shall leap, the blind shall see, the dumb lift up their voice; The floods shall
land the Bi - ble, like a sig - nal flag unfurled, Speaks loy - al-ty to Christ.
win the con-quest are the bear - ers of the word, In loy - al-ty to Christ.
clap their hands, the earth shall make a joy-ful noise, In loy - al-ty to Christ.
CHORUS.
We shall see the truth so glorious Over all the earth vic-to - ri - ous,
For the standard lift - ed o - ver us Is loy - al - ty to Christ.

No. 147. The Safest Time is Now.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE. Chas. H. Gabriel.

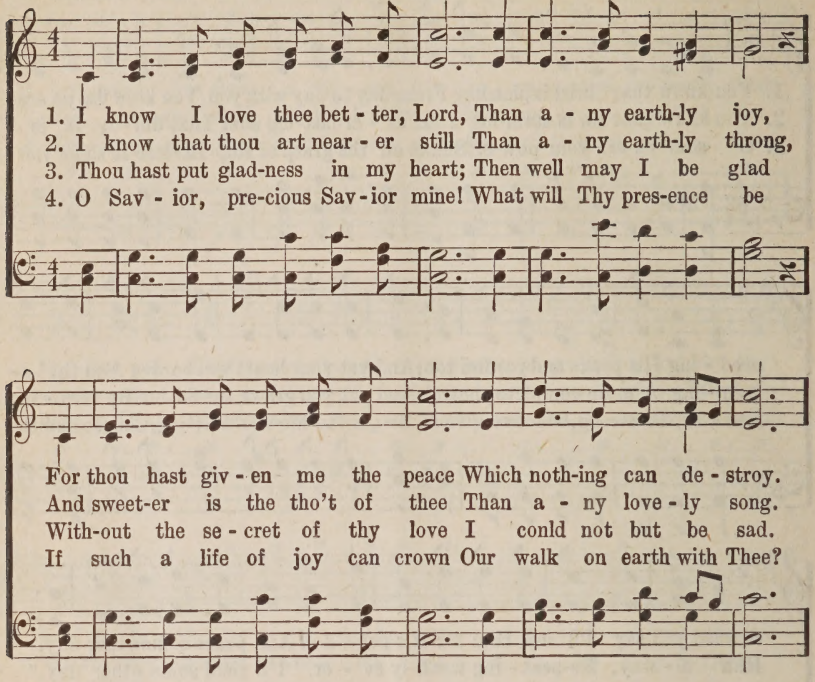
WORDS AND MUSIC.


1. You know that Christ is pleading From day to day with you, You know that you are
2. You know that sin is stain-ing Your ev - er-last-ing soul That dai - ly it is
3. O soul ex-ert your pow-er, Shake off the grasp of sin, Be-fore it sinks you
need - ing His peace and pardon too; And yet your heart you harden And tho' a-
gain - ing A more complete control; And yet you grieve the Savior By turn - ing
low - er, Be strong, be brave, give in, Be-gin the life worth liv-ing, Choose now the
shamed you say I'll ask Him for His par - don And peace some other day.
Him a - way, Re-peat - ing weak-ly ev - er, "I'll yield some other day."
bet - ter way; Your hand to Je - sus giv - ing Say "Lord I come to - day."
CHORUS.
The saf - est time is now, The saf - est time is now, For
Just now.
Just now,
rit.
"some other day" death may bear you a-way; The saf - est time is now.

No. 148. The Half Has Never Been Told.

COPYRIGHT, 1883, BY R. E. HUDSON.
USED BY PER.

Frances R. Havergal. R. E. Hudson.


1. I know I love thee bet - ter, Lord, Than a - ny earth-ly joy,
2. I know that thou art near - er still Than a - ny earth-ly throng,
3. Thou hast put glad-ness in my heart; Then well may I be glad
4. O Sav - ior, pre-cious Sav - ior mine! What will Thy pres-ence be
For thou hast giv - en me the peace Which noth-ing can de - stroy.
And sweet-er is the tho't of thee Than a - ny love - ly song.
With-out the se - cret of thy love I conld not but be sad.
If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with Thee?

CHORUS.

The half has nev - er yet been told, Of love so full and free;
been told,
The half has nev - er yet been told, The blood—it cleanseth me.
been told,
cleanseth me.

No. 149. Count It All Joy.

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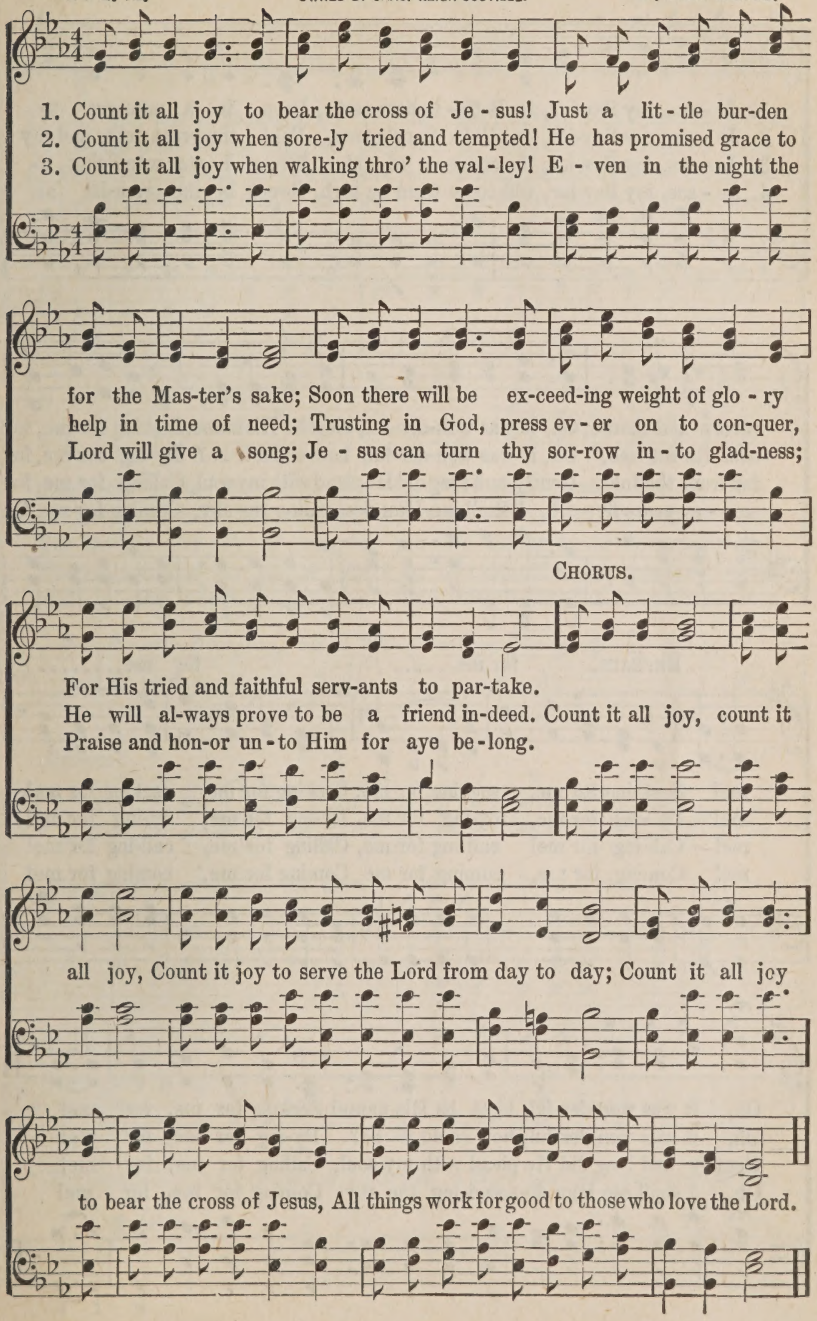
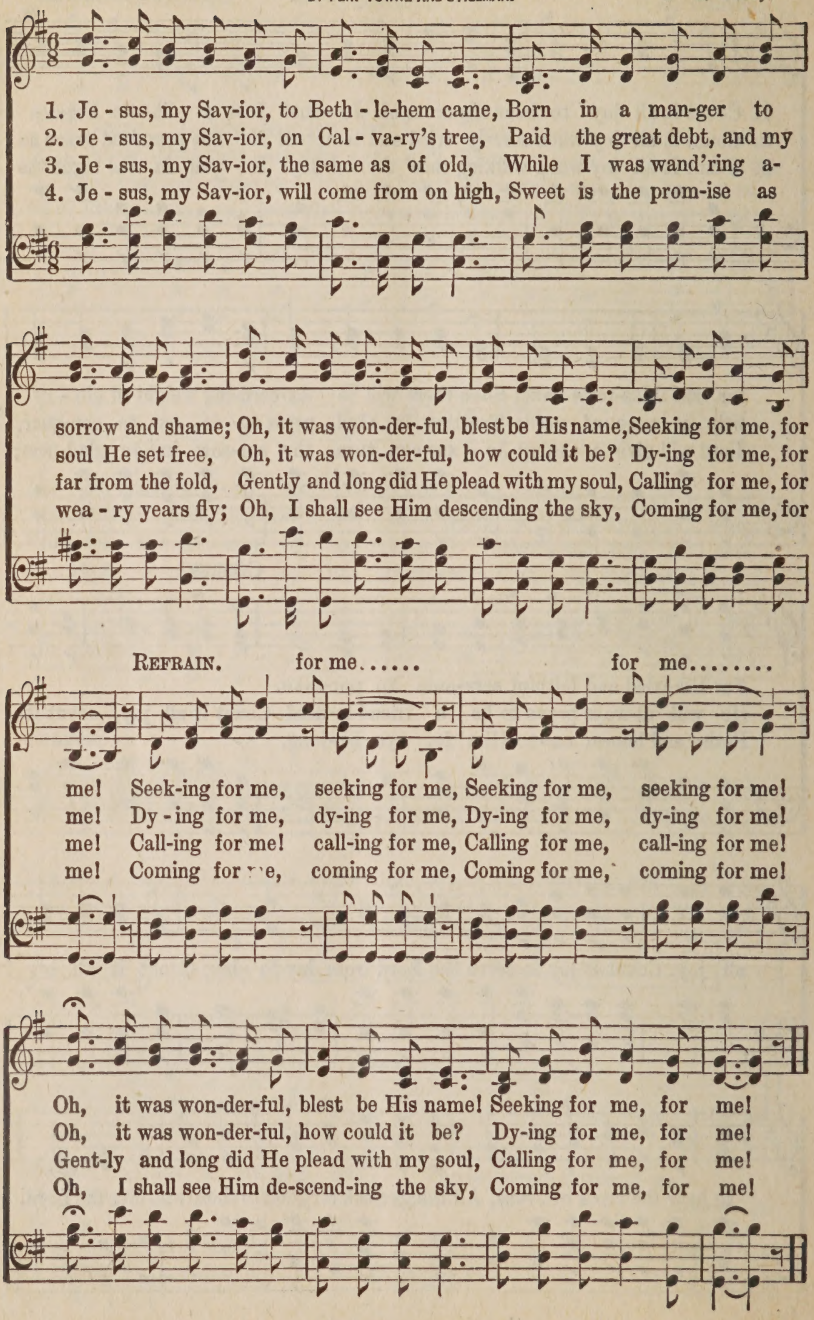
W. E. M. Wm. Edie Marks.


1. Count it all joy to bear the cross of Je - sus! Just a lit - tle bur-den
2. Count it all joy when sore-ly tried and tempted! He has promised grace to
3. Count it all joy when walking thro' the val - ley! E - ven in the night the
for the Mas-ter's sake; Soon there will be ex-ceed-ing weight of glo - ry
help in time of need; Trusting in God, press ev - er on to con-quer,
Lord will give a song; Je - sus can turn thy sor-row in - to glad-ness;
CHORUS.
For His tried and faithful serv-ants to par-take.
He will al-ways prove to be a friend in-deed. Count it all joy, count it
Praise and hon-or un - to Him for aye be-long.
all joy, Count it joy to serve the Lord from day to day; Count it all joy
to bear the cross of Jesus, All things work for good to those who love the Lord.

No. 150. Seeking For Me.

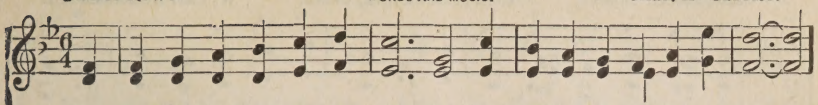
BY PER. TOWNE AND STILLMAN. E. E. Hasty.


1. Je - sus, my Sav-ior, to Beth - le-hem came, Born in a man-ger to
2. Je - sus, my Sav-ior, on Cal - va-ry's tree, Paid the great debt, and my
3. Je - sus, my Sav-ior, the same as of old, While I was wand'ring a-
4. Je - sus, my Sav-ior, will come from on high, Sweet is the prom-ise as
sorrow and shame; Oh, it was won-der-ful, blest be His name, Seeking for me, for
soul He set free, Oh, it was won-der-ful, how could it be? Dy-ing for me, for
far from the fold, Gently and long did He plead with my soul, Calling for me, for
wea - ry years fly; Oh, I shall see Him descending the sky, Coming for me, for
REFRAIN.
for me..... for me.....
me! Seek-ing for me, seeking for me, Seeking for me, seeking for me!
me! Dy - ing for me, dy-ing for me, Dy-ing for me, dy-ing for me!
me! Call-ing for me! call-ing for me, Calling for me, call-ing for me!
me! Coming for me, coming for me, Coming for me, coming for me!
Oh, it was won-der-ful, blest be His name! Seeking for me, for me!
Oh, it was won-der-ful, how could it be? Dy-ing for me, for me!
Gent-ly and long did He plead with my soul, Calling for me, for me!
Oh, I shall see Him de-scend-ing the sky, Coming for me, for me!

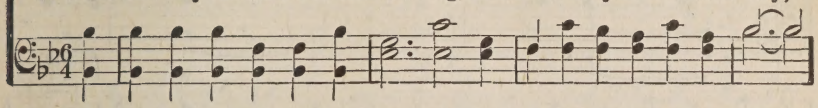
No. 151. The Promise Divine.

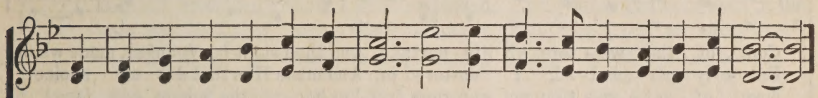
COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE.

James Rowe. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.

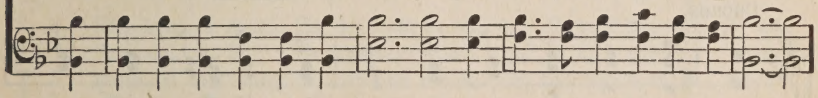


1. Oh, you who in bond-age are liv - ing, Yet long-ing from chains to be free,
2. The temp-ter is try - ing to hold you A - way from the lov-er of men;
3. Fear not that when tri-als o'er-took you, Un-faith-ful and weak you would prove,
4. Let fear from your spir-it be driv - en, His word Christ is a-ble to keep;
5. Yield now to your soul's constant crav-ing, Be freed from your fetters to-day;

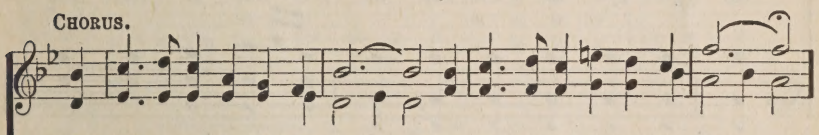




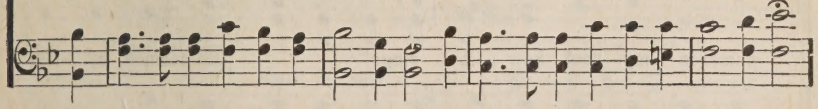
This prom-ise the Sav-ior is giv - ing: "My grace is suf-fi-cient for thee."
He knows that if Christ should en-fold you Sin nev - er could charm you a-gain.
For tho' ev - 'ry oth - er for-sook you, The Savior would whisper His love.
The heart that to Je - sus is giv - en No storm from his bosom can sweep.
Still Je - sus is seek - ing and sav - ing;—Step o - ver the line, while you may.

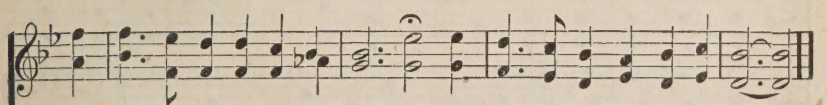


CHORUS.

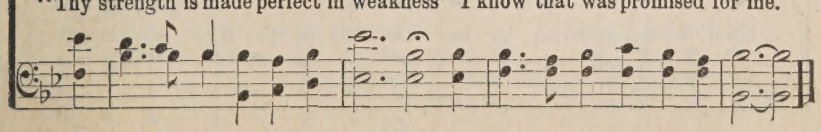


My grace is suf-fi-cient for thee,.... My grace is suf-fi-cient for thee,....
for thee, for thee,





"Thy strength is made perfect in weakness" I know that was promised for me.



No. 152. A Child of the King of Kings.

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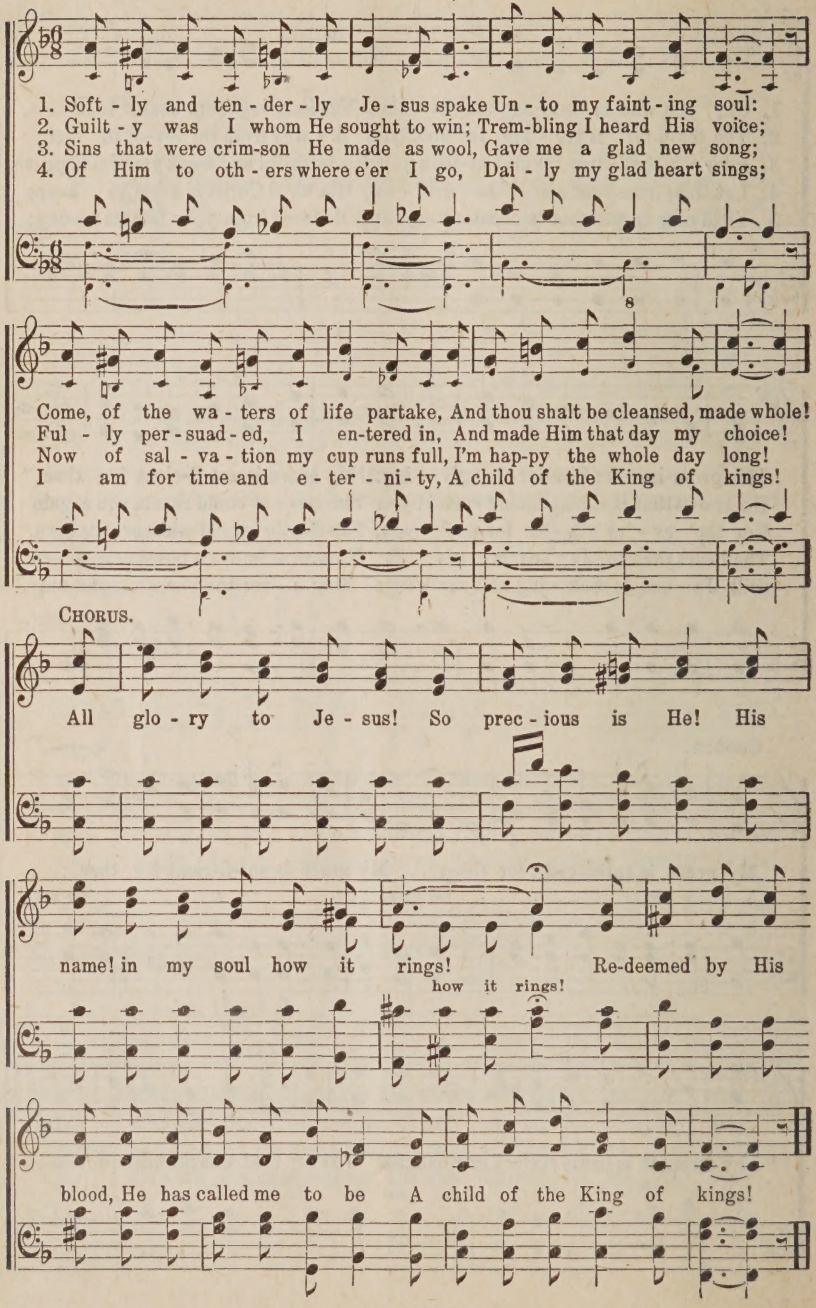
CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE, OWNER.

Charlotte G. Homer. W. Carroll Radebaugh.


1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus spake Un - to my faint - ing soul:
2. Guilt - y was I whom He sought to win; Trem-bling I heard His voice;
3. Sins that were crim-son He made as wool, Gave me a glad new song;
4. Of Him to oth - ers where e'er I go, Dai - ly my glad heart sings;
Come, of the wa - ters of life partake, And thou shalt be cleansed, made whole!
Ful - ly per - suad - ed, I en-tered in, And made Him that day my choice!
Now of sal - va - tion my cup runs full, I'm hap-py the whole day long!
I am for time and e - ter - ni - ty, A child of the King of kings!
CHORUS.
All glo - ry to Je - sus! So prec - ious is He! His
name! in my soul how it rings! Re-deemed by His
how it rings!
blood, He has called me to be A child of the King of kings!

No. 153. Where He Leads I'll Follow.

COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY W. A. OGDEN.
USED BY PER. MRS. W. A. OGDEN.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.

1. Sweet are the prom-is - es, Kind is the word; Dear-er far than
2. Sweet is the ten - der love Je - sus hath shown; Sweet-er far than
3. List! to His lov - ing words, "Come un - to me," Wea - ry, heav - y-

a - ny mes-sage man ev - er heard; Pure was the mind of Christ,
a - ny love that mor - tals have known; Kind to the err - ing one,
lad - en, there is sweet rest for thee; Trust in His prom-is - es,

Sin - less I see; He the great ex-am - ple is, and pat-tern for me.
Faith-ful is He; He the great ex-am - ple is, and pat-tern for me.
Faith-ful and sure; Lean up - on the Sav-ior, and thy soul is se-cure.

CHORUS.

Where..... He leads I'll fol - - low,
Where He leads I'll fol - low, Where He leads I'll fol - low,

1 2

Fol - - low all the way; Follow Jesus ev-'ry day.
Fol-low all the way, yes, fol-low all the way;

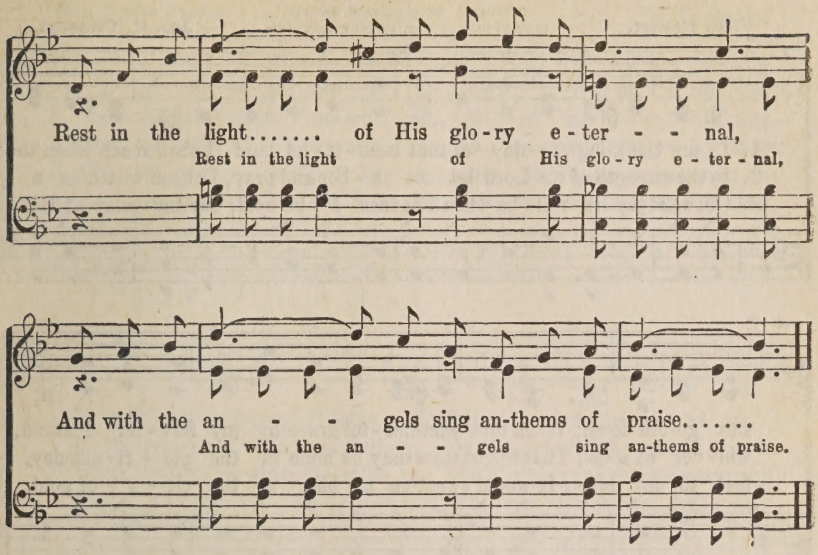
No. 154. The Homeland We Love.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE, OWNER.

James Rowe. Ira B. Wilson.

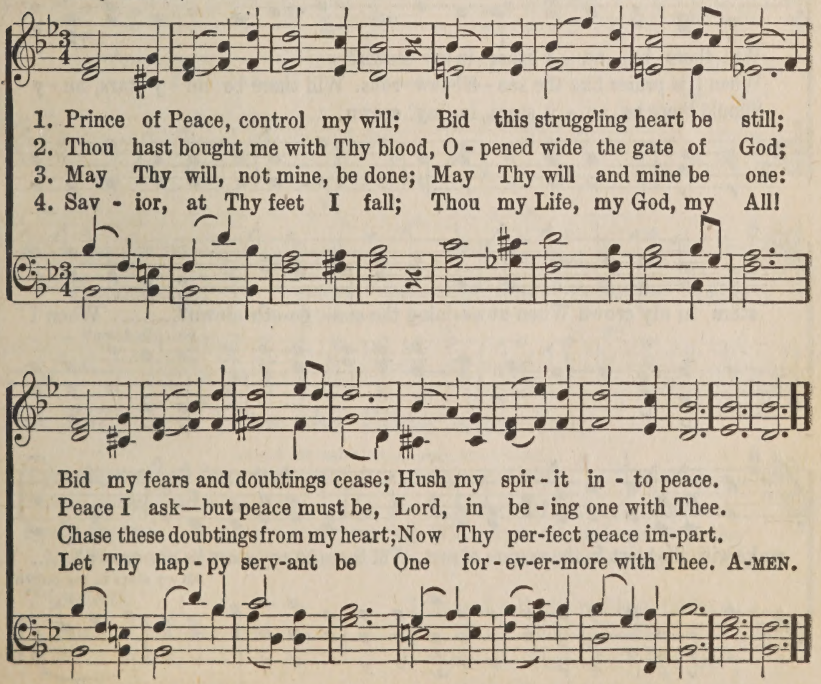
1. Pa-tient-ly bear - ing our troub-le and sor - row, Strengthened by
2. Shar-ing the bur - dens of those who are wea - ry, Strength-en-ing
3. Tho' we may fal - ter when tem-pests o'er-take us, And though our
Him who is watching a - bove, Cheered by the hope of a bright-er to
dai - ly love's comforting bond, Wheth-er the path-way is sun-ny or
spir - its grow sad in the gloom, Nev-er, oh, nev - er our faith will for-
mor - row, On-ward we go to the home-land we love.
drear - y, On-ward we go to the cit - y be - yond.
sake us, Je - sus our Sav - ior is guid-ing us home.
CHORUS.
Soon we shall en - ter the cit - y su - per - nal,
Soon we shall en - ter the cit - y su - per - nal,
Walk with the Sav - ior, its glit - ter - ing ways.
Walk with the Sav - ior its glit - ter - ing ways.

The Homeland We Love.


Rest in the light..... of His glo-ry e-ter - - nal,
Rest in the light of His glo-ry e-ter-nal,
And with the an - - gels sing an-thems of praise.....
And with the an - - gels sing an-thems of praise.

No. 155. Prince of Peace, Control My Will.

Mary Barber, Louis M. Gottschalk.


1. Prince of Peace, control my will; Bid this struggling heart be still;
2. Thou hast bought me with Thy blood, O-pened wide the gate of God;
3. May Thy will, not mine, be done; May Thy will and mine be one:
4. Sav-ior, at Thy feet I fall; Thou my Life, my God, my All!
Bid my fears and doubtings cease; Hush my spir-it in-to peace.
Peace I ask—but peace must be, Lord, in be-ing one with Thee.
Chase these doubtings from my heart; Now Thy per-fect peace im-part.
Let Thy hap-py serv-ant be One for-ev-er-more with Thee. A-MEN.

No. 156. Will there Be any Stars?

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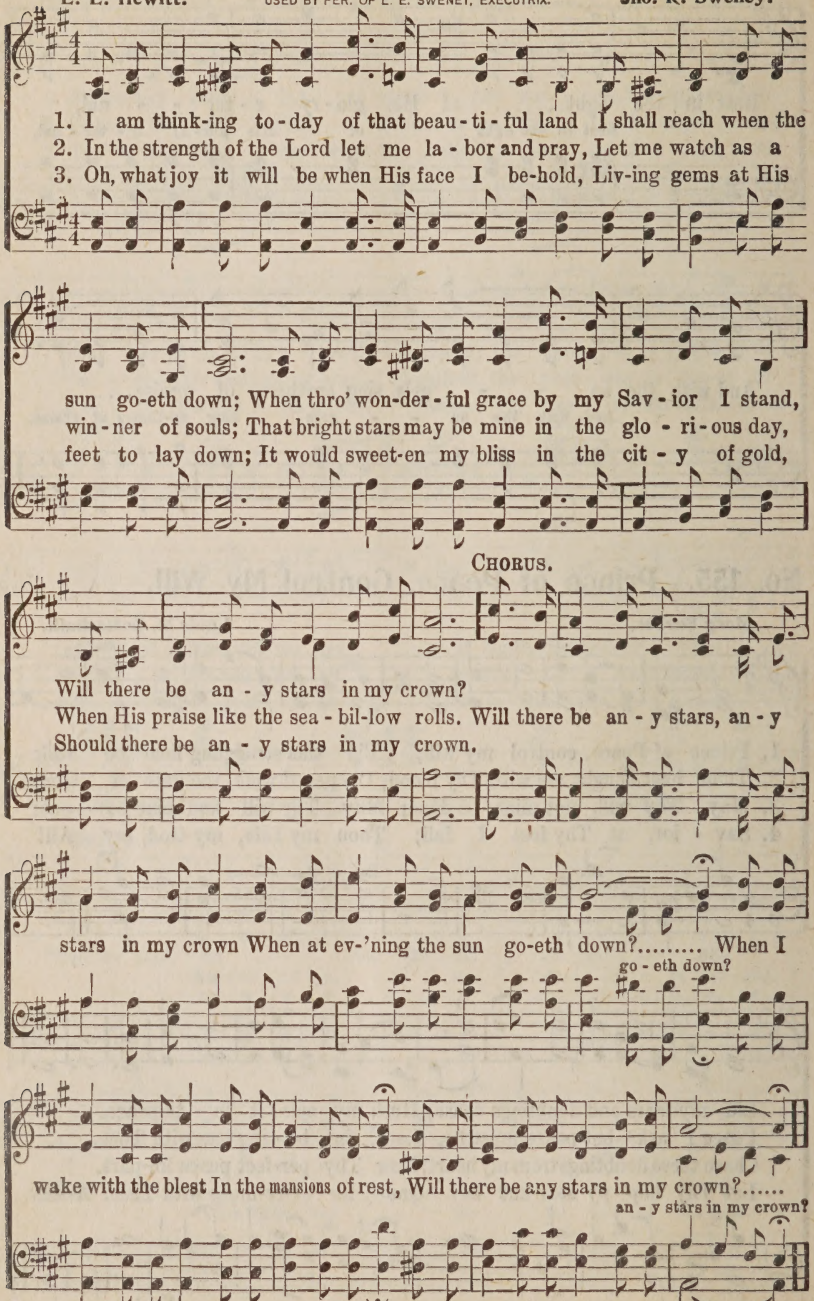
E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. I am think-ing to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray, Let me watch as a
3. Oh, what joy it will be when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at His
sun go-eth down; When thro' won-der-ful grace by my Sav-ior I stand,
win-ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo-ri-ous day,
feet to lay down; It would sweet-en my bliss in the cit-y of gold,
CHORUS.
Will there be an-y stars in my crown?
When His praise like the sea-bil-low rolls. Will there be an-y stars, an-y
Should there be an-y stars in my crown.
stars in my crown When at ev-'ning the sun go-eth down?..... When I
go-eth down?
wake with the blest In the mansions of rest, Will there be any stars in my crown?.....
an-y stars in my crown?

No. 157. The Precious Name.

Mrs. Lydia Baxter, BY PERMISSION. W. H. Doane.

1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor-row and of woe—
2. Take the name of Je - sus with you, As a shield from ev-'ry snare:
3. Oh! the pre-cious name of Je - sus; How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall - ing pros-trate at His feet,
It will joy and comfort give you, Take it then wher-e'er you go.
If temp-ta-tions 'round you gath-er, Breathe that ho-ly name in pray'r.
When His lov - ing arms re - ceive us, And His songs our tongues employ!
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him When our jour-ney is com-plete.
CHORUS.
Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n;
Precious name, O how sweet,
Precious name, O how sweet—Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet,

No. 157(*b*). Take the Bible with You.

WORDS COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE.

1 Take the dear old Bible with you,
Men of toil, where'er you go.
It will strength and comfort give you;
Read its truth and you shall know.

CHORUS.

Precious book, sacred book,
Word of God,
And Guide to heaven,

2 Take the dear, old Bible with you,
As a shield from every snare.
When dark clouds begin to gather,
Read this book, then bow in prayer.

3 How the Precious Story thrills us,
How it lightens every care.
With this Manna daily feed us,
With thy yoke our burdens share.

No. 158. My Savior First of All.

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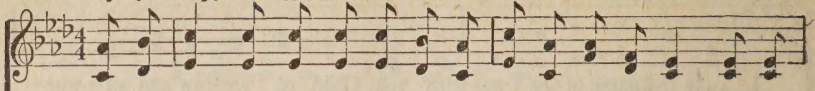
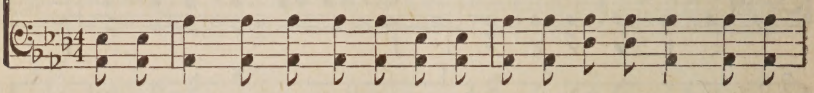
USED BY PER. OF MRS. L. M. SWENEY.

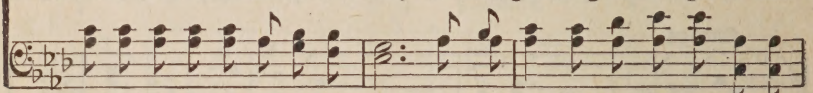
Fanny J. Crosby. Jno. R. Sweney.



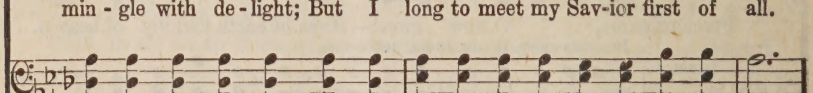
1. When my life work is end - ed, and I cross the swell ing tide, When the
2. Oh, the soul - thrill-ing rapt - ure when I view His blessed face, And the
3. Oh, the dear ones in glo - ry, how they beck-on me to come, And our
4. Thro' the gates to the cit - y, in a robe of spotless white He will



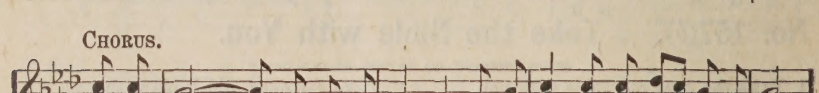
bright and glorious morning I shall see, I shall know my Re-deem-er when I
lus - ter of His kindly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the
part - ing at the riv - er I re - call; To the sweet vales of E-den they will
lead me where no tears will ev-er fall; In the glad song of a - ges I shall



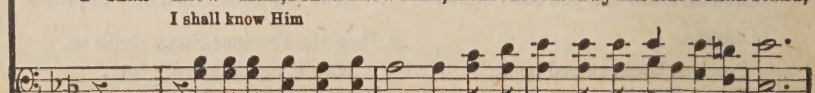
reach the oth - er side, And His smile will be the first to wel-come me.
mer - cy, love and grace, That pre-pare for me a man-sion in the sky.
sing my welcome home; But I long to meet my Sav-ior first of all.
min - gle with de - light; But I long to meet my Sav-ior first of all.



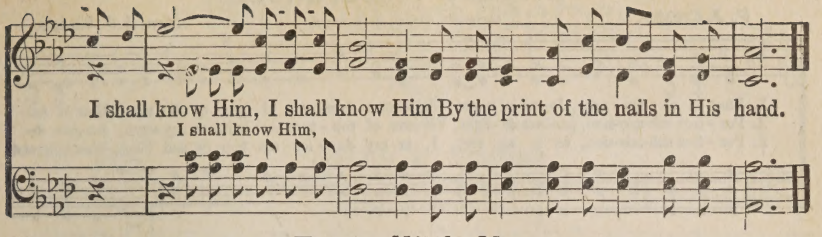
CHORUS.



I shall know Him, I shall know Him, And redeeemed by His side I shall stand,
I shall know Him

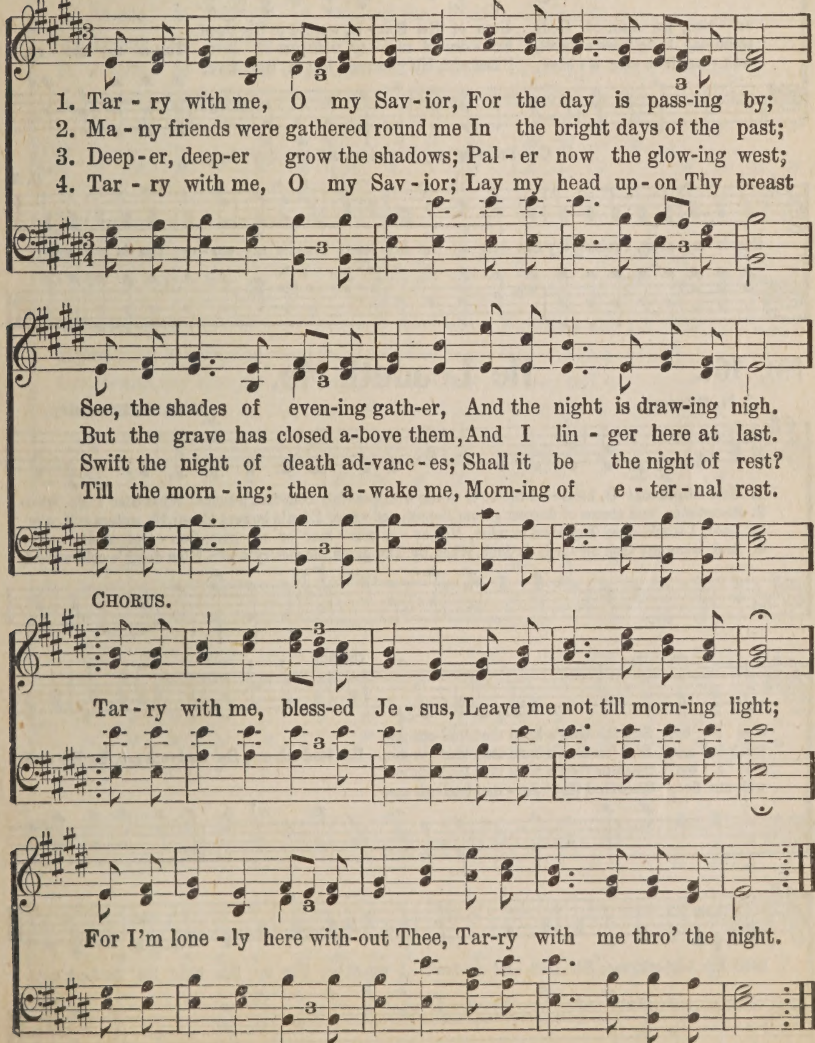


My Savior First of All.



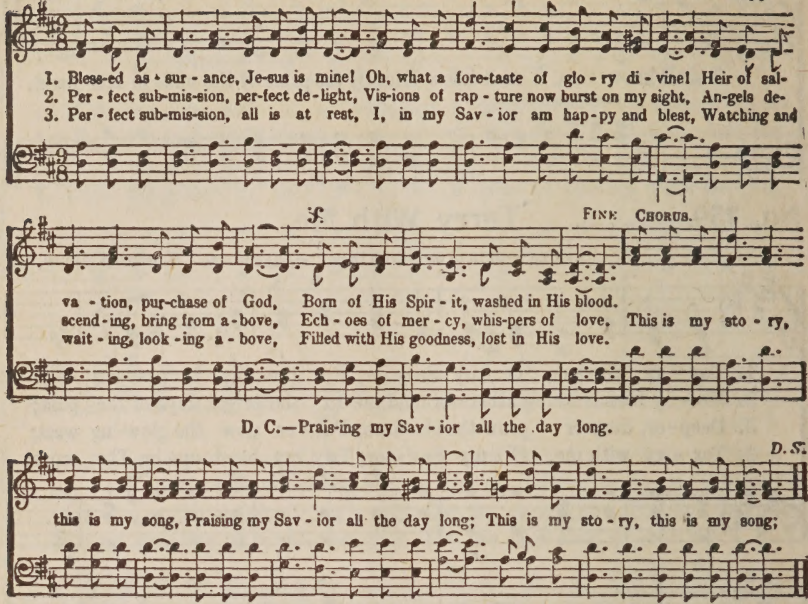
No. 159. Tarry With Me.

"And he went in to tarry with them."—Luke 24: 29. **Knowles Shaw.**


1. Tar - ry with me, O my Sav - ior, For the day is pass-ing by;
2. Ma - ny friends were gathered round me In the bright days of the past;
3. Deep - er, deep-er grow the shadows; Pal - er now the glow-ing west;
4. Tar - ry with me, O my Sav - ior; Lay my head up - on Thy breast
See, the shades of even-ing gath-er, And the night is draw-ing nigh.
But the grave has closed a-bove them, And I lin - ger here at last.
Swift the night of death ad-vanc - es; Shall it be the night of rest?
Till the morn - ing; then a - wake me, Morn-ing of e - ter - nal rest.
CHORUS.
Tar - ry with me, bless-ed Je - sus, Leave me not till morn-ing light;
For I'm lone - ly here with-out Thee, Tar-ry with me thro' the night.

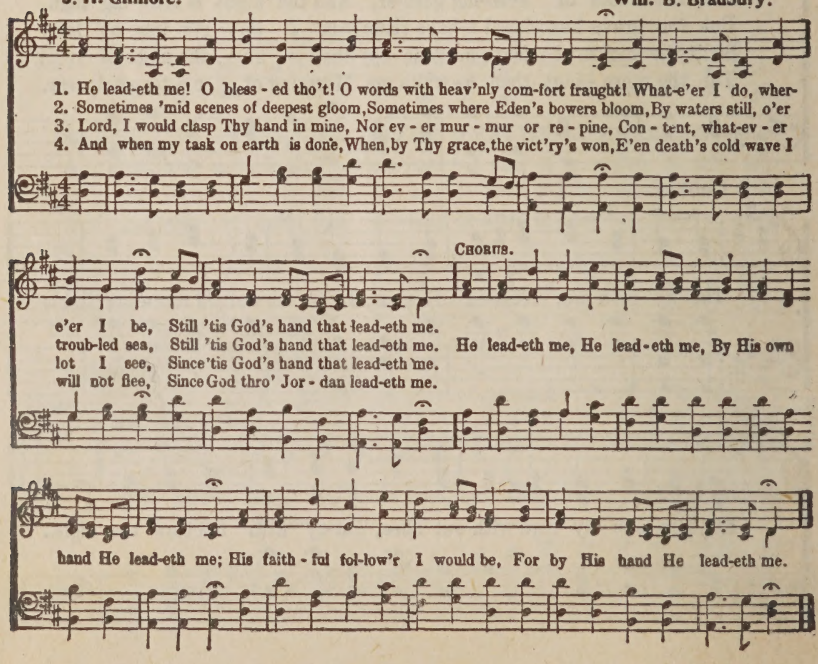
No. 160. Blessed Assurance.

F. J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1873, BY JOS. F. KNAPP. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.


1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-
2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rap-ture now burst on my sight, An-gels de-
3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I, in my Sav-ior am hap-py and blest, Watching and
f.
FINE. CHORUS.
va-tion, pur-chase of God, Born of His Spir-it, washed in His blood.
scend-ing, bring from a-bove, Ech-oes of mer-cy, whis-pers of love, This is my sto-ry,
wait-ing, look-ing a-bove, Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.
D. C.—Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long.
D. S.
this is my song, Praising my Sav-ior all the day long; This is my sto-ry, this is my song;

No. 161. He Leadeth Me.

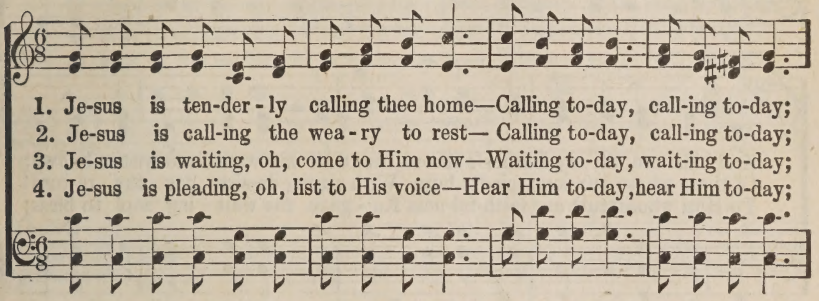
J. H. Gilmore. Wm. B. Bradbury.

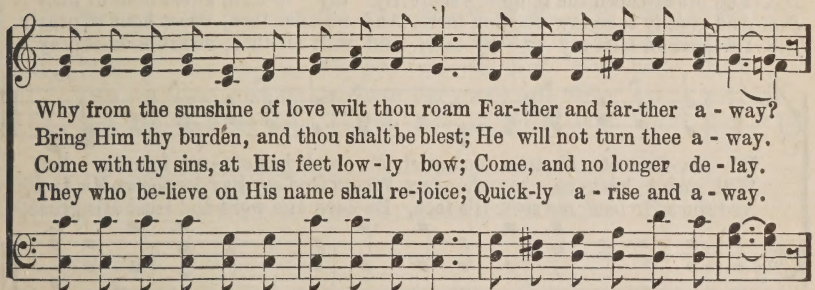

1. He lead-eth me! O bless-ed tho't! O words with heav'nly com-fort fraught! What-e'er I do, wher-
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom, By waters still, o'er
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev-er mur-mur or re-pine, Con-tent, what-ev-er
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vict'ry's won, E'en death's cold wave I
CHORUS.
e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
troub-led sea, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me. He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me, By His own
lot I see, Since 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
will not flee, Since God thro' Jor-dan lead-eth me.
hand He lead-eth me; His faith-ful fol-low'r I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

No. 162. Jesus is Calling.

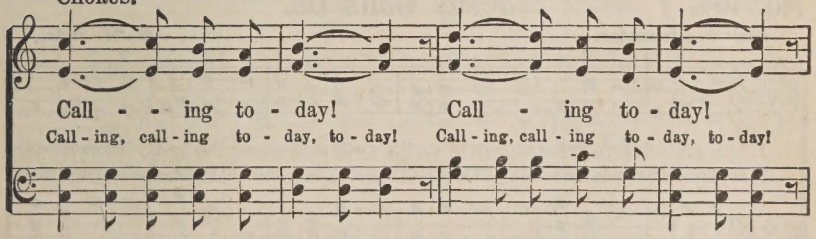
COPYRIGHT, 1911 BY GEO. C. STEBBINS, RENEWAL.
USED BY PERMISSION.

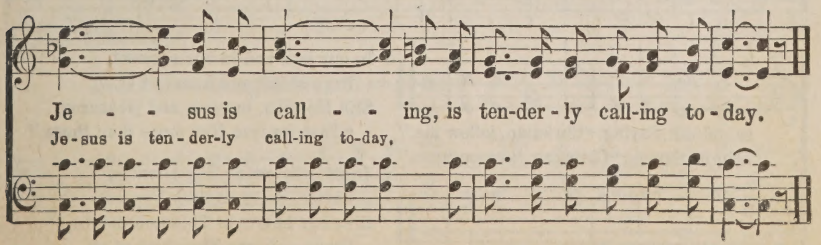
Fanny J. Crosby. George C. Stebbins.


1. Je-sus is ten-der-ly calling thee home—Calling to-day, call-ing to-day;
2. Je-sus is call-ing the wea-ry to rest— Calling to-day, call-ing to-day;
3. Je-sus is waiting, oh, come to Him now—Waiting to-day, wait-ing to-day;
4. Je-sus is pleading, oh, list to His voice—Hear Him to-day, hear Him to-day;


Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam Far-ther and far-ther a-way?
Bring Him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a-way.
Come with thy sins, at His feet low-ly bow; Come, and no longer de-lay.
They who be-lieve on His name shall re-joice; Quick-ly a-rise and a-way.

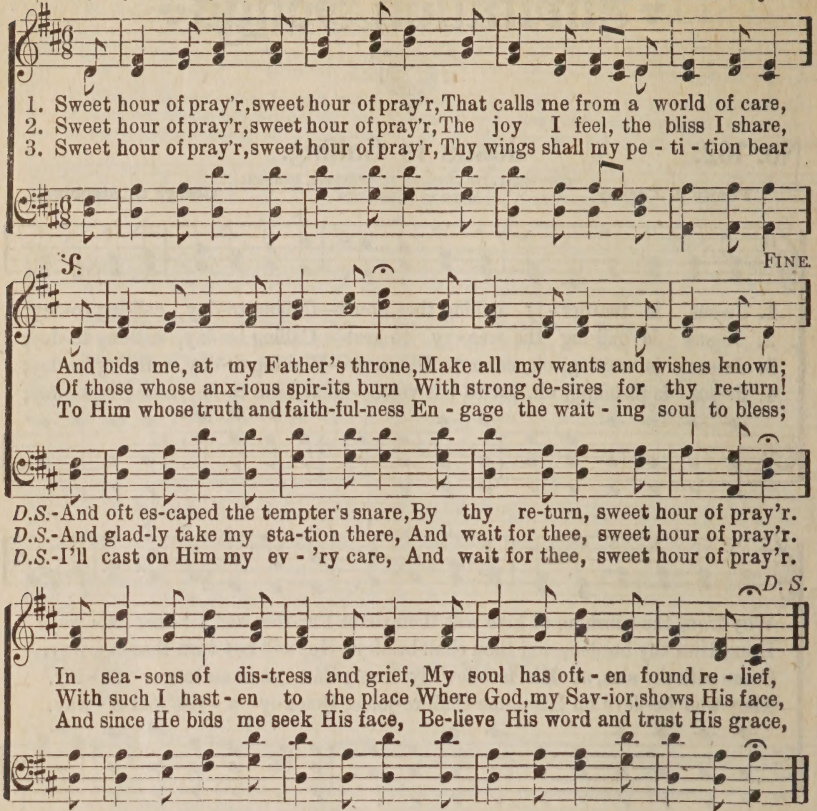
CHORUS.





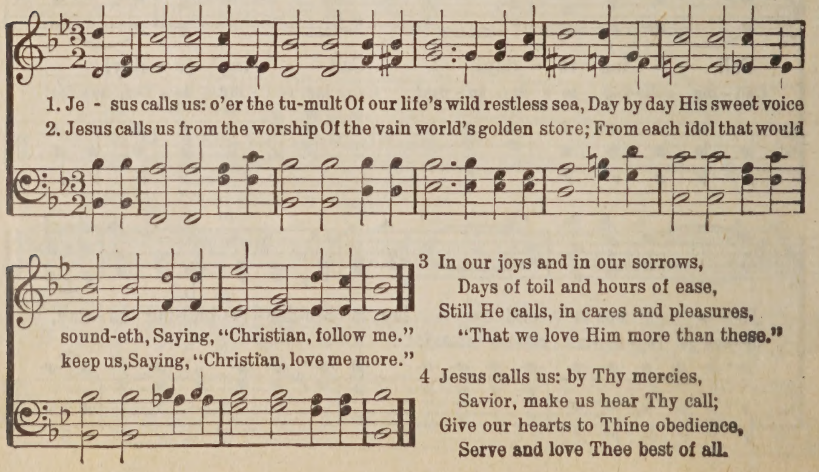
No. 163. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford. Wm. G. Bradbury.


1. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, The joy I feel, the bliss I share,
3. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear
FINE.
And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wishes known;
Of those whose anx-ious spir-its burn With strong de-sires for thy re-turn!
To Him whose truth and faith-ful-ness En - gage the wait - ing soul to bless;
D.S.-And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of pray'r.
D.S.-And glad-ly take my sta-tion there, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.
D.S.-I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.
D. S.
In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,
With such I hast - en to the place Where God, my Sav-ior, shows His face,
And since He bids me seek His face, Be-lieve His word and trust His grace,

No. 164. Jesus Calls Us.

Cecil F. Alexander. W. H. Jude.


1. Je - sus calls us: o'er the tu-mult Of our life's wild restless sea, Day by day His sweet voice
2. Jesus calls us from the worship Of the vain world's golden store; From each idol that would
sound-eth, Saying, "Christian, follow me."
keep us, Saying, "Christian, love me more."

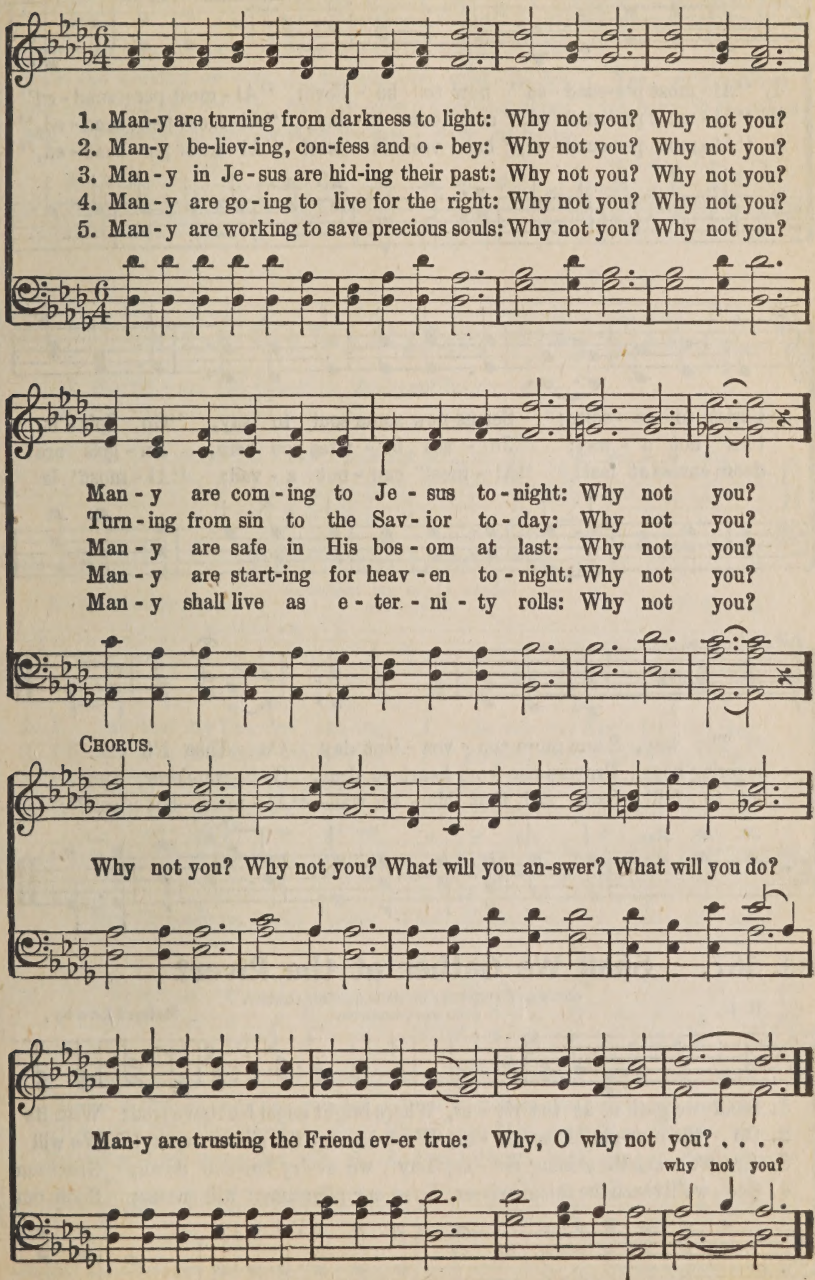
3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"That we love Him more than these."

4 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Savior, make us hear Thy call;
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

No. 165. Why Not You?

COPYRIGHT, WORDS AND MUSIC, 1910, BY CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE.

Ina Duley Ogden. B. D. Ackley.


1. Man-y are turning from darkness to light: Why not you? Why not you?
2. Man-y be-liev-ing, con-fess and o - bey: Why not you? Why not you?
3. Man - y in Je - sus are hid-ing their past: Why not you? Why not you?
4. Man - y are go - ing to live for the right: Why not you? Why not you?
5. Man - y are working to save precious souls: Why not you? Why not you?
Man - y are com - ing to Je - sus to - night: Why not you?
Turn - ing from sin to the Sav - ior to - day: Why not you?
Man - y are safe in His bos - om at last: Why not you?
Man - y are start-ing for heav - en to - night: Why not you?
Man - y shall live as e - ter - ni - ty rolls: Why not you?
CHORUS.
Why not you? Why not you? What will you an-swer? What will you do?
Man-y are trusting the Friend ev-er true: Why, O why not you? . . . .
why not you?

No. 166. "Almost Persuaded."

COPYRIGHT, 1902 BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PER.

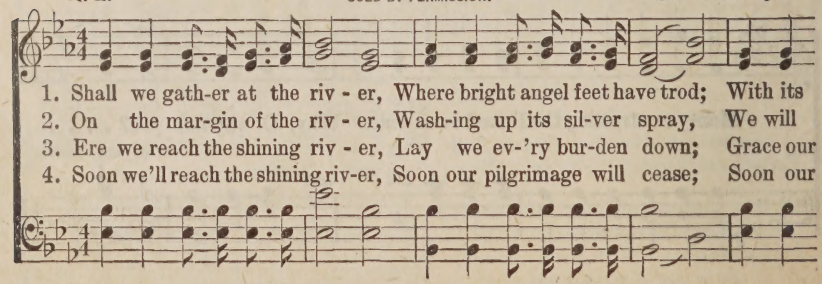
P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

1. "Al - most per-suad - ed" now to be - lieve; "Al - most per - suad - ed"
2. "Al - most per-snad - ed," come, come to - day; "Al - most per - suad - ed,"
3. "Al - most per-suad - ed," har - vest is past! "Al - most per - suad - ed,"
Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
doom comes at last! "Al - most" can - not a - vail; "Al - most" is
go Thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."
lingering near, Prayers rise from heart so dear, O wanderer, come.
but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail—"Al - most—but lost!"

No. 167. Shall We Gather at the River?

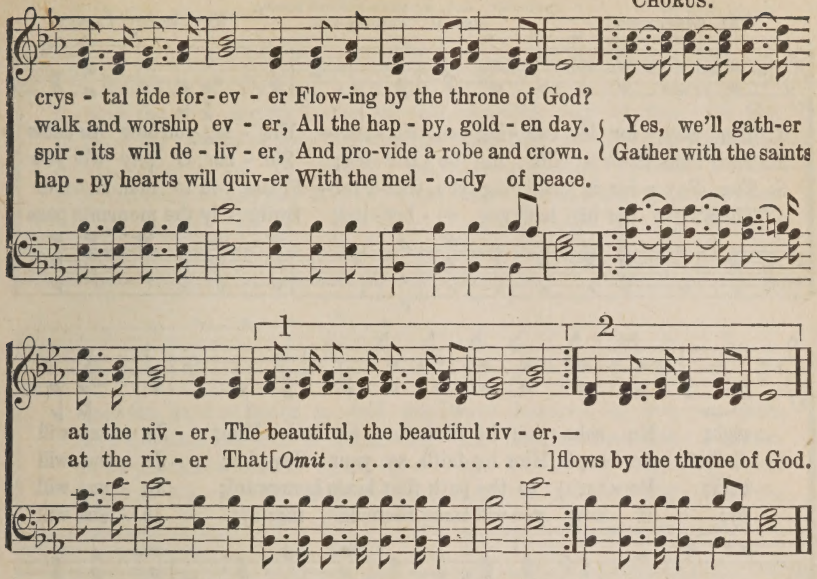
COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF MARY RUNYON LOWERY.
USED BY PERMISSION.

R. L. Robert Lowry.


1. Shall we gath-er at the riv - er, Where bright angel feet have trod; With its
2. On the mar-gin of the riv - er, Wash-ing up its sil-ver spray, We will
3. Ere we reach the shining riv - er, Lay we ev-'ry bur-den down; Grace our
4. Soon we'll reach the shining riv-er, Soon our pilgrimage will cease; Soon our

Shall We Gather at the River?

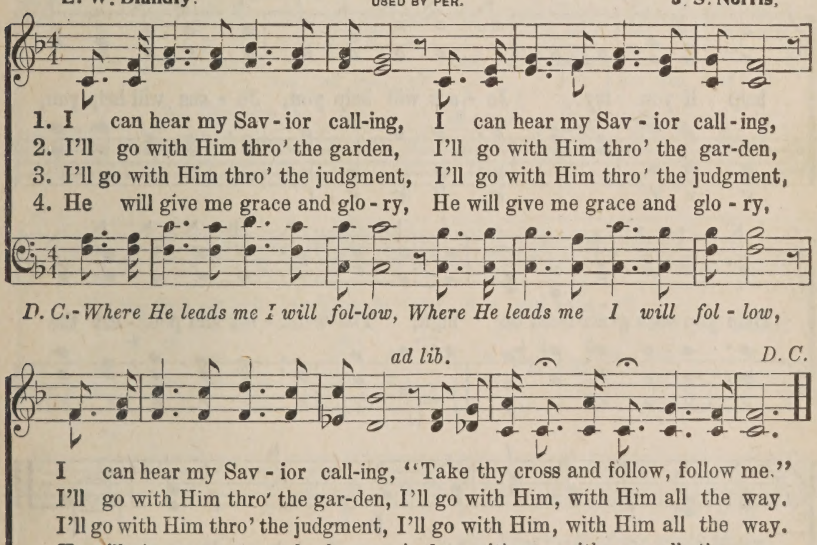
CHORUS.

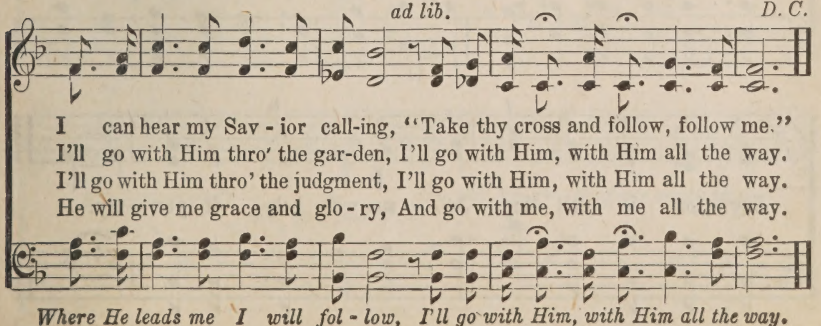

crys - tal tide for - ev - er Flow-ing by the throne of God?
walk and worship ev - er, All the hap - py, gold - en day. } Yes, we'll gath-er
spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro-vide a robe and crown. } Gather with the saints
hap - py hearts will quiv-er With the mel - o-dy of peace.
1
2
at the riv - er, The beautiful, the beautiful riv - er,—
at the riv - er That [*Omit*.....] flows by the throne of God.

No. 168. Where He Leads Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY J. S. NORRIS.
USED BY PER.

E. W. Blandly. J. S. Norris.


1. I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,
D. C.- Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,


ad lib.
D. C.
I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing, "Take thy cross and follow, follow me."
I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.
Where He leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

No. 169. Jesus Will Help You.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL. USED BY PER.

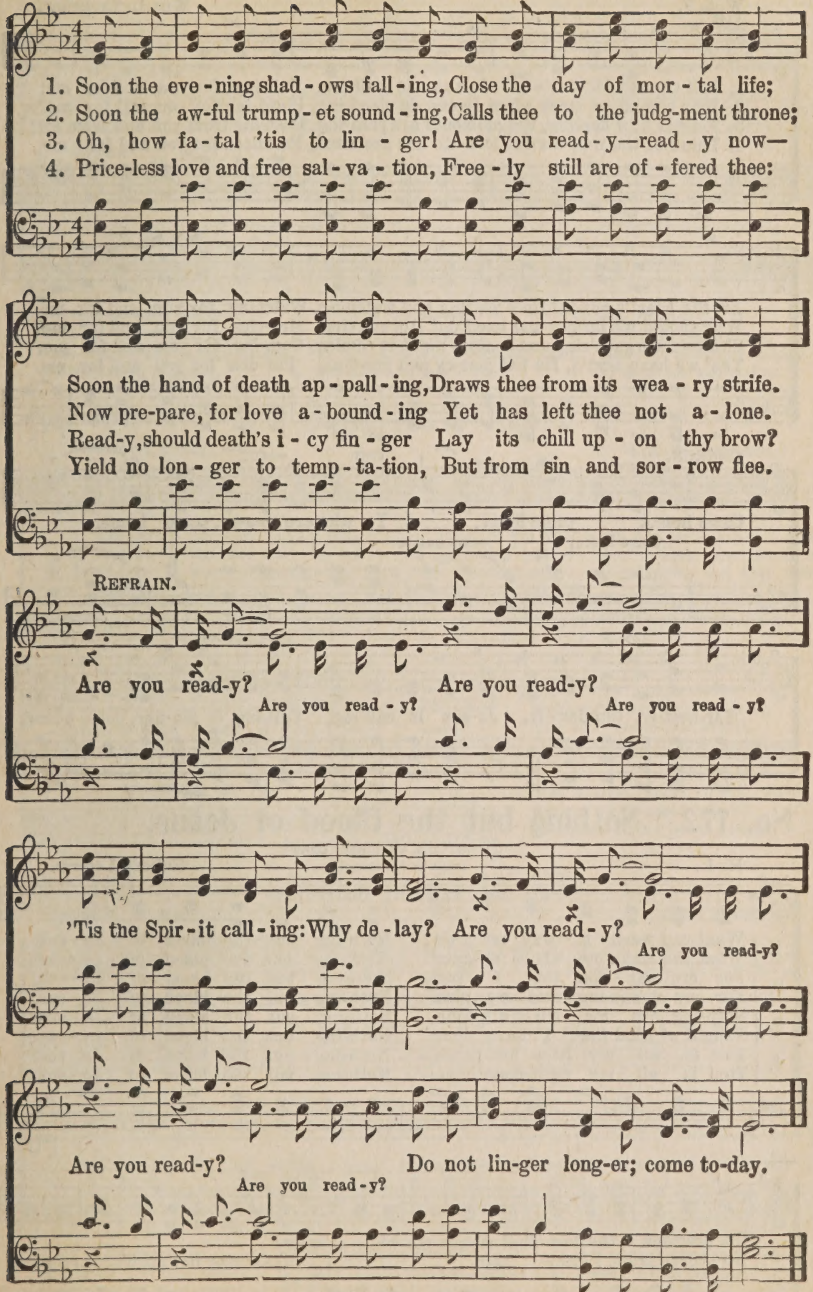
Wm. Stevenson. Rev. Robert Lowry.

1. The Sav - ior is call - ing you, sin - ner— Urg - ing you now to draw
2. Thro' Him there is life in be - liev - ing; Sin - ner, O why will you
3. The Sav - ior is call - ing you, wan-d'rer— Points you to man-sions on
4. There's dan - ger in lon - ger de - lay - ing, Swift - ly the moments pass
nigh; He asks you by faith to re - ceive Him; Je - sus will
die? Ac - cept Him by faith as your Sav - ior; Je - sus will
high; Re - turn to the path that leads homeward; Je - sus will
by; If now you will come, there is mer-cy; Je - sus will
REFRAIN.
help if you try. Je - sus will help you, Je - sus will help you,
Help you with grace from on high; The weak - est and poor - est the
Sav - ior is call - ing; Je - sus will help if you try.

No. 170. Are You Ready?

COPYRIGHT, 1878, BY E. S. LORENZ. USED BY PER.

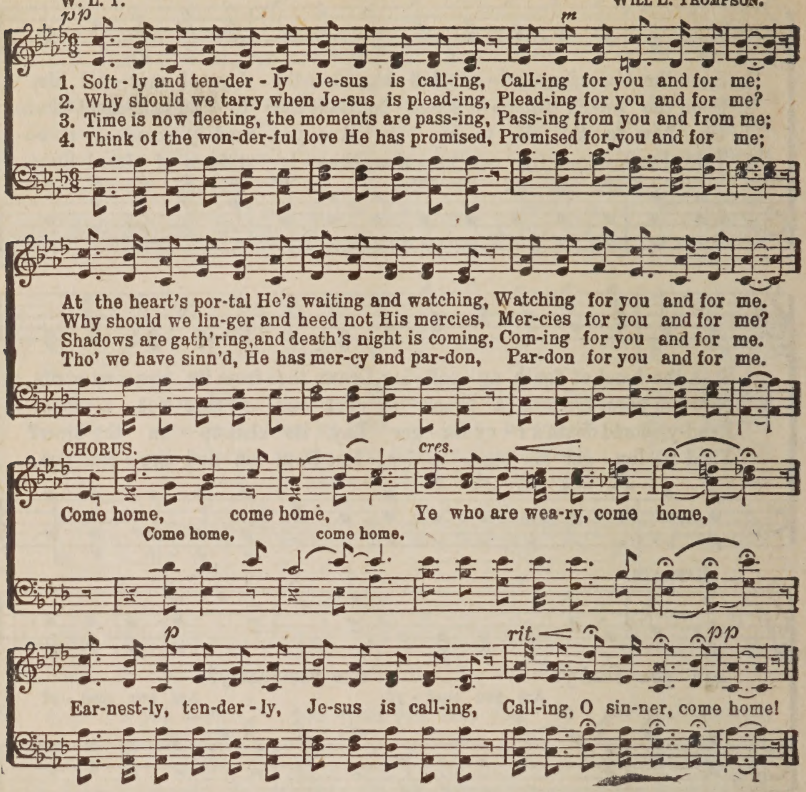
J. W. Slaughenhaupt. E. S. Lorenz.


1. Soon the eve - ning shad - ows fall - ing, Close the day of mor - tal life;
2. Soon the aw-ful trump - et sound - ing, Calls thee to the judg-ment throne;
3. Oh, how fa - tal 'tis to lin - ger! Are you read - y—read - y now—
4. Price-less love and free sal - va - tion, Free - ly still are of - fered thee:
Soon the hand of death ap - pall - ing, Draws thee from its wea - ry strife.
Now pre-pare, for love a - bound - ing Yet has left thee not a - lone.
Read-y, should death's i - cy fin - ger Lay its chill up - on thy brow?
Yield no lon - ger to temp - ta - tion, But from sin and sor - row flee.
REFRAIN.
Are you read-y? Are you read-y?
Are you read - y? Are you read - y?
'Tis the Spir - it call - ing: Why de - lay? Are you read - y?
Are you read-y?
Are you read-y? Do not lin-ger long-er; come to-day.
Are you read - y?

No, 171. Softly and Tenderly.

BY PER. WILL L. THOMPSON & CO., E. LIVERPOOL, O., AND THE THOMPSON MUSIC CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.


pp
m
1. Soft - ly and ten-der - ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Je-sus is plead-ing, Plead-ing for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are pass-ing, Pass-ing from you and from me;
4. Think of the won-der-ful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;
At the heart's por-tal He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we lin-ger and heed not His mercies, Mer-cies for you and for me?
Shadows are gath'ring, and death's night is coming, Com-ing for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinn'd, He has mer-cy and par-don, Par-don for you and for me.
CHORUS.
cres.
Come home, come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home,
Come home, come home.
p
rit.
pp
Ear-nest-ly, ten-der - ly, Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!

No. 172. Nothing but the Blood of Jesus.

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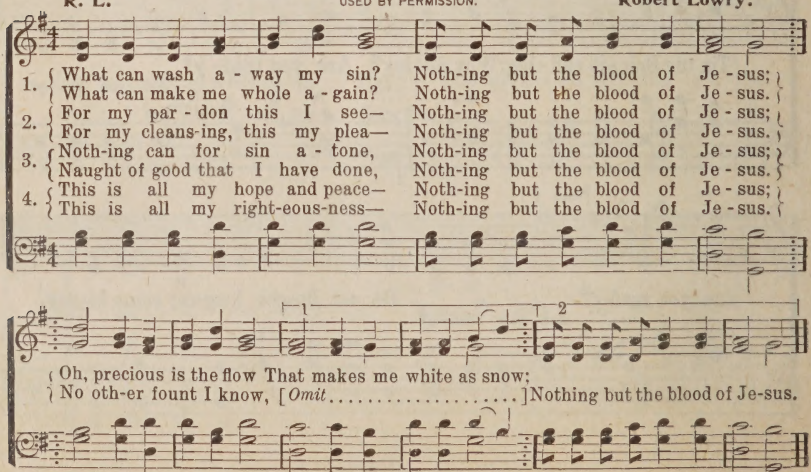
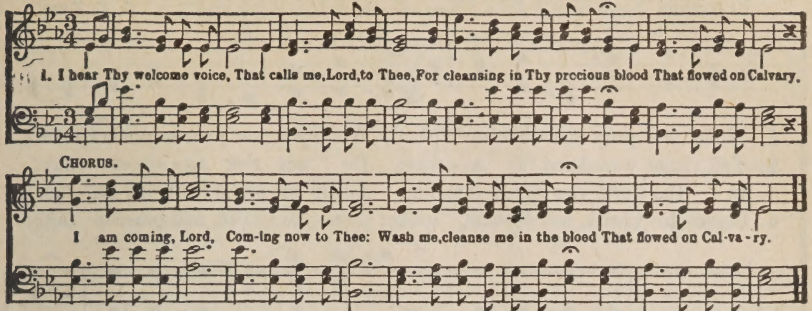
R. L. Robert Lowry.


1. What can wash a - way my sin? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
What can make me whole a - gain? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
2. For my par - don this I see— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
For my cleans-ing, this my plea— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
3. Noth-ing can for sin a - tone, Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
Naught of good that I have done, Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
4. This is all my hope and peace— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
This is all my right-eous-ness— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
1
2
Oh, precious is the flow That makes me white as snow;
No oth-er fount I know, [Omit.....] Nothing but the blood of Je-sus.

No. 173. I Am Coming, Lord.

L. H. Rev. L. Hartsough.


1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleansing in Thy precious blood That flowed on Calvary.
Chorus.
I am coming, Lord, Coming now to Thee: Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Calvary.

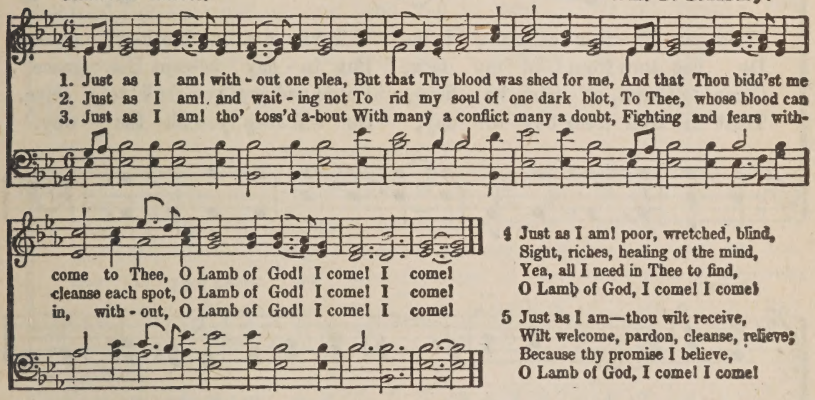
2 Tho' coming weak and vile
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on,
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust
For earth and heav'n above.

4 And He assurance gives
To loyal hearts and true,
That ev'ry promise is fulfilled
To those who hear and do.

No. 174. Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. Wm. B. Bradbury.

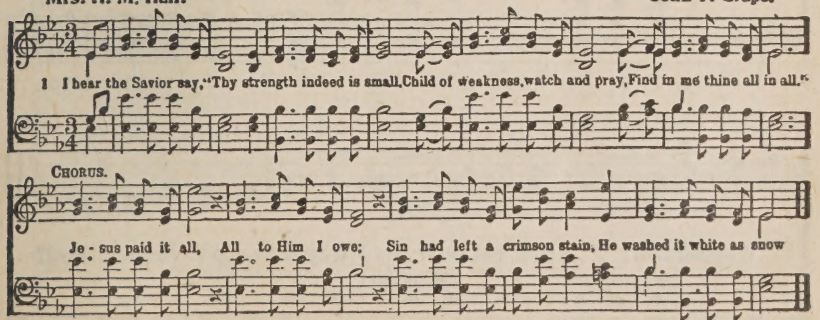

1. Just as I am! without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, And that Thou bidd'st me
2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To Thee, whose blood can
3. Just as I am! tho' toss'd a-bout With many a conflict many a doubt, Fighting and fears with-
come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
in, with - out, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

No. 175. Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. H. M. Hall. John T. Grape.


1 I hear the Savior say, "Thy strength indeed is small, Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all."
Chorus.
Je - sus paid it all, All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow

2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.

4 And when, before the throne,
I stand in Him complete
"Jesus died my soul to save,"
My lips shall still repeat.

No. 176. Why Not Now?

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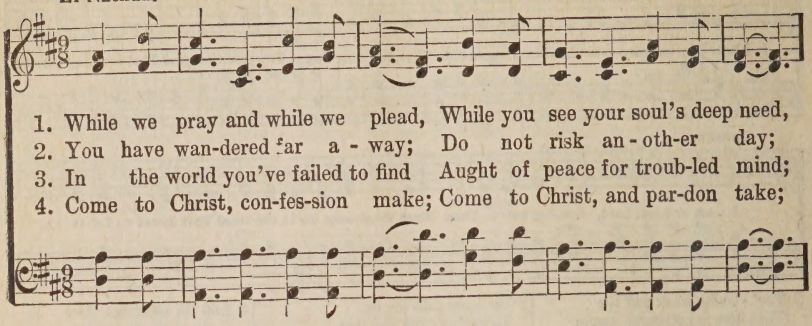
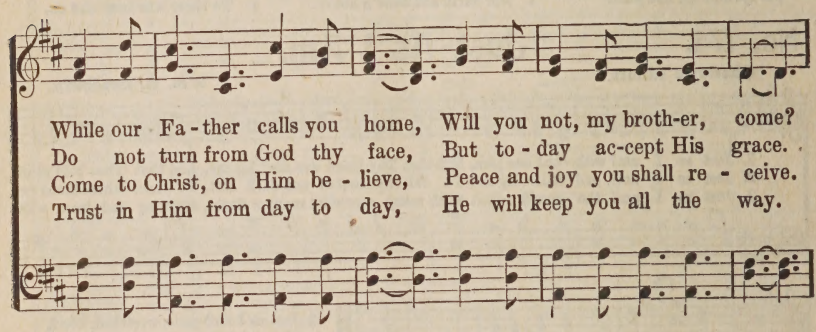
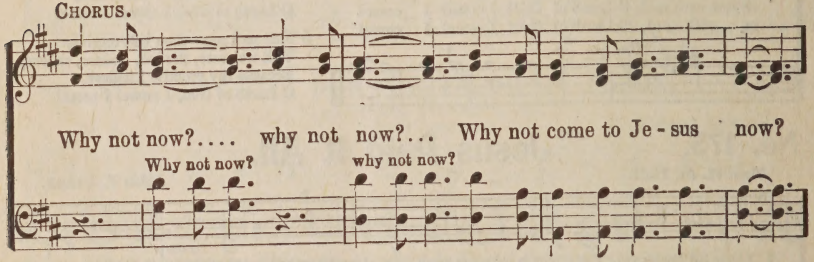
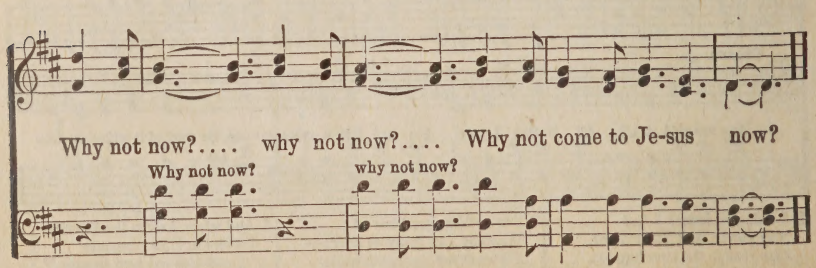
El Nathan. C. C. Case.


1. While we pray and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wan-dered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth-er day;
3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troub-led mind;
4. Come to Christ, con-fes-sion make; Come to Christ, and par-don take;


While our Fa - ther calls you home, Will you not, my broth-er, come?
Do not turn from God thy face, But to - day ac-cept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.

CHORUS.





Special Choruses

No. 177. The Way-side Cross.

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C. L. St. John. H. R. Palmer.

Solo, ad lib. (Declamatory Style.)

1. "Which way shall I take?" shouts a voice on the night, I'm a pil - grim a-
2. "Which way shall I take?" for the bright gold-en span That bridg - es the
3. "See the lights from the palace in sil - ver - y lines, How they pen - cil the
wea - ried, and spent is my light; And I seek for a palace, that
wa - ters so safe - ly for man? To the right? to the left? ah,
hedg-es and fruit la - den vines—My fortune! my all! for
Slower and sustained.
rit.
rests on the hill, But be-tween us, a stream li - eth sul - len and chill.
me! if I knew—The night is so dark, and the pass - ers so few."
one tan - gled gleam That sifts thro' the lil - ies, and wastes on the stream."
*Chorus.
Near, near thee, my son, is the old wayside cross, Like a gray friar cowl'd, in linchens
and moss; And its cross-beam will point to the bright golden span, That bridg-es the
CODA. pp To be sung after last stanza.
wa-ters so safe-ly for man; That bridg-es the wa-ters so safe-ly for man.

*The chorus should begin while the solo voice is still holding the last note.

No. 178, Just for Jesus Sake.

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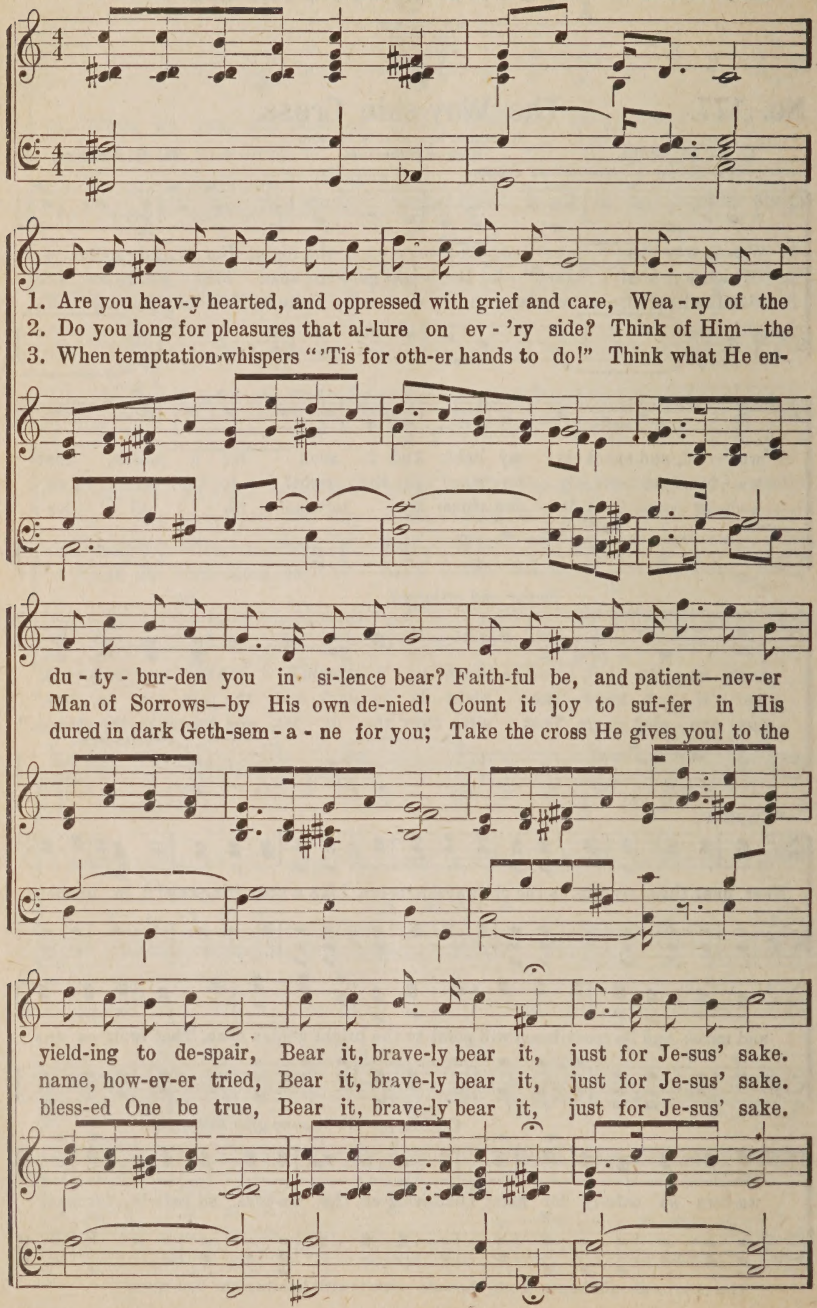
CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel. Fred H. Byshe.


1. Are you heav-y hearted, and oppressed with grief and care, Wea-ry of the
2. Do you long for pleasures that al-lure on ev-'ry side? Think of Him—the
3. When temptation whispers "'Tis for oth-er hands to do!" Think what He en-
du-ty-bur-den you in si-lence bear? Faith-ful be, and patient—nev-er
Man of Sorrows—by His own de-nied! Count it joy to suf-fer in His
dured in dark Geth-sem-a-ne for you; Take the cross He gives you! to the
yield-ing to de-spair, Bear it, brave-ly bear it, just for Je-sus' sake.
name, how-ev-er tried, Bear it, brave-ly bear it, just for Je-sus' sake.
bless-ed One be true, Bear it, brave-ly bear it, just for Je-sus' sake.

Just for Jesus' Sake.

CHORUS.
Be a chris - tian brave and true; Bear the
cross He gives to you: Heav - y tho' it prove,
ten.
yet in faith and love, Brave - ly bear it just for Je - sus' sake.

No. 179. Praise Him with Strains Sublime.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE.

James Rowe. WORDS AND MUSIC. De Loss Smith.

Introduction.
1. Ye who believe in the gos-pel of Je-sus, look up and sing;
2. Ye who have faith in the grace that redeems you, extol His love;
3. Out of the darkness and sin He is lead-ing each tribe and race,
Sing and rejoice, 'till the heavens are glad and the val - leys ring;
Sing, till your voices are heard in the mansions of bliss a - bove;
Sav - ing, and lift-ing them out of their fetters, by sav - ing grace;
Love is up-lift-ing the rac-es and tribes of the sin - ful earth;
Speed a glad song thro' the aisles of the heavens, on joy - ous wings,
Je - sus is wor-thy of all ad - o - ra-tion and joy - ous praise;

Praise Him with Strains Sublime.

Nations and people are praising with joy the Re-deem - er's worth....
Sing till the un - i-verse tremble with praise for the King of kings ....
Serve Him and trust Him, oh, love and adore Him for countless days.....
CHORUS.
Praise Him with an-thems glo - ri - ous, Praise Him in ev - 'ry clime;
Sing of His love vic - to-ri-ous, Praise Him with strains sub-lime;
Sing for His ban - ner beau-ti-ful, O - ver all flags un - furled:
Sing, for His good-ness and mer - cy are sav - ing the world.

No. 180. Praise the Mighty Works of Jesus.

J. R. M. COPYRIGHT, 1908 AND 1915, BY CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE. J. Ross Miller.

1. To Christ look up, all ye His peo - ple, Be cheer - ful,
2. His won - drous word has taught us of Him, How pa - tient-
firm and ev - er true; Un - fold His love to those a - bout you,
ly the cross He bore; Such love and mer - cy for our ref - uge
And ev - er-more Christ's glo-ry view. 'Tis won - der - ful to think of
Calls forth our praise for - ev - er - more. 'Tis sweet to think, when toil is
Je - sus, Who left His home in heav'n a - bove..... To
o - ver, All Heav'n will wel-come you and me;..... That
save our souls, so weak and sin - ful; What won-der-ful, un-bound-ed love!
we shall see our bless-ed Sav - ior, And dwell with Him e - ter - nal - ly.

Praise the Mighty Works of Jesus.

CHORUS.
Then with heart and voice sing prais - es Un - to Christ, the Ho - ly
One, For the love that thro' the a - ges Wel-comes
all, re - ject - ing none; He's a Friend that's ev - er
near us, King - ly in His pow'r and love; Praise the
might-y works of Je - sus, Lift ho-san-nas high a - bove.

No. 181. Jesus Reigns.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY SCOVILLE & SMITH.

Chas. Reign Scoville. De Loss Smith.

1. I know the hope which the Chris - tians pos - sess, Gives joy and
2. Homes are so hap - py where this hope doth hold, They'll live up
3. Some day I'll rise to that world all un - known, See Je - sus
4. Friends will be there whom we loved long a - go, Where crys - tal
com - fort thro' all earth's dis - tress; In yon - der coun - try, that's
yon - der on streets of pure gold; Death cannot harm them, they're
seat - ed up there on His throne; And see the cleft that was
riv - er for - ev - er will flow; They shall be like Him, no
free from all stains, We'll live for - ev - er where Je - sus reigns.
free from His chains, Life e - ter - nal, for Je - sus reigns.
made for my stains, Blest Rock of A - ges, King Je - sus reigns.
earth scar re - mains, Transform'd for - ev - er for, Je - sus reigns.

CHORUS.

Jesus Reigns.

an - gels de - clare; . . . . Je - sus
the an - gels de - clare; All of earth's ran - somed His
reigns, . . . all the ransom'd His glo - ry shall share;
glo - ry shall share,
Je - - sus reigns, ... He's the
He is the light of that cit - y so fair,
light of that cit - y so fair, Oh, that will be heav - en and
(After 4th verse.) Oh, Thine is the king-dom and
glo - ry for - ev - er where Je - sus reigns. . . .
glo - ry for - ev - er where Je - sus reigns. . . .
Je - sus reigns.

No. 182. Around the Cross.

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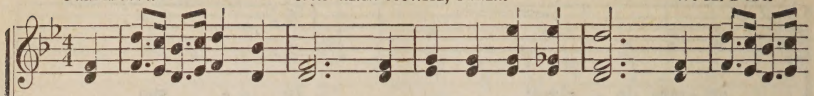
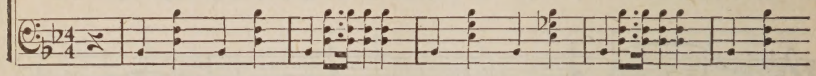
CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE, OWNER.

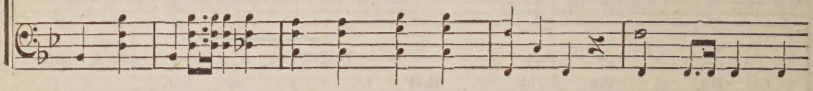
James Rowe. W. A. Post.



1. A - round the cross we stand, In Je - sus' gos-pel light, A loy - al
2. With-in these sa-cred walls Where He His truth im-parts, His voice like
3. The foe we shall not fear, Up - on the bat - tle - field, For Je - sus

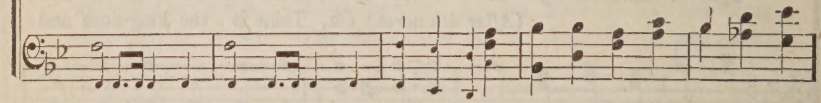


Christian band Pre - par - ing for the fight; Our Lead - er is the
mu - sic falls Up - on each trust-ful heart; And here the way of
will be near, To help us not to yield; His love will keep us



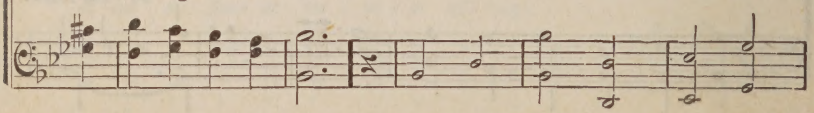
Harmony.

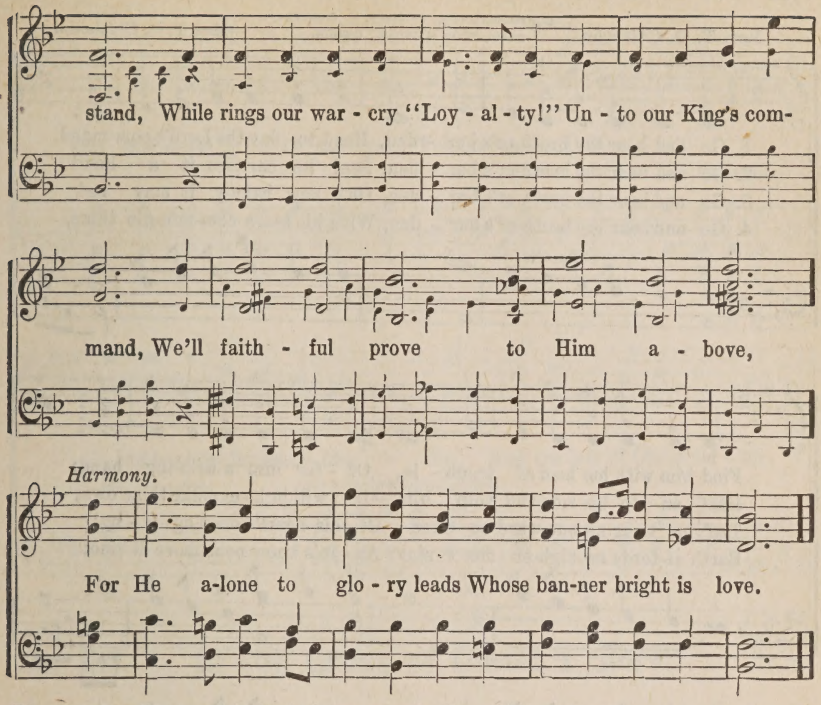
King Of earth and worlds above, Whose praise up-lift-ed na-tions sing,
life He trac - es for our feet, And girds our spir-its for the fight
strong, Un - til the strife is done, Un - til we sing the vic-tor's song



CHORUS. *Unison*

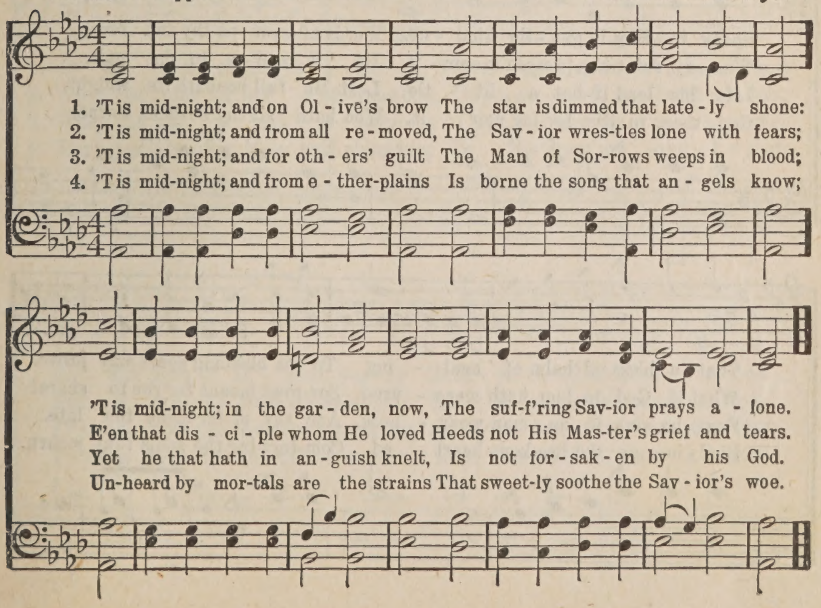
Whose ban-ner bright is love.
With wis-dom most complete. A - round the cross We proud - ly
And life's bright crown is won.




stand, While rings our war - cry "Loy - al - ty!" Un - to our King's com-
mand, We'll faith - ful prove to Him a - bove,
Harmony.
For He a-lone to glo - ry leads Whose ban-ner bright is love.

No. 183. 'T is Midnight; and On Olive's Brow.

William B. Tappan. William B. Bradbury.


1. 'T is mid-night; and on Ol - ive's brow The star is dimmed that late - ly shone:
2. 'T is mid-night; and from all re - moved, The Sav - ior wres-tles lone with fears;
3. 'T is mid-night; and for oth - ers' guilt The Man of Sor-rows weeps in blood;
4. 'T is mid-night; and from e - ther-plains Is borne the song that an - gels know;
'T is mid-night; in the gar - den, now, The suf-f'ring Sav-ior prays a - lone.
E'en that dis - ci - ple whom He loved Heeds not His Mas-ter's grief and tears.
Yet he that hath in an - guish knelt, Is not for - sak - en by his God.
Un-heard by mor-tals are the strains That sweet-ly soothe the Sav - ior's woe.

No. 184. Bear Thy Brother's Burden.

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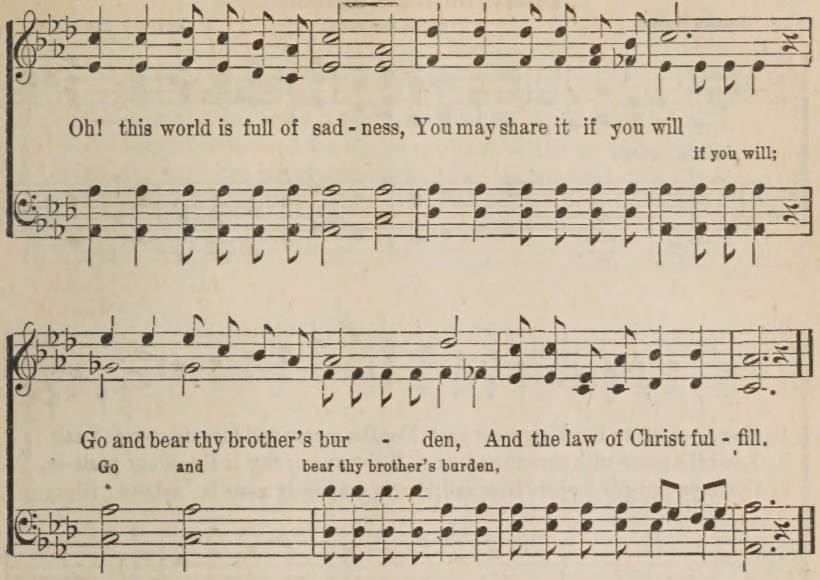
CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE, OWNER.

Rev. T. O. Chisholm. Mrs. T. O. Chisholm.

1. Go and bear thy broth-er's bur - den, Heed to - day the Lord's com-mand,
2. Go and bear thy broth-er's bur - den, See! he car-ries it a - lone!
3. Go and bear thy broth-er's bur - den, Oh! how heav-y it may be!
4. Go and bear thy broth-er's bur - den, With his tears com-min-gle thine,
Find him with his load of troub - le, Of - fer him a help-ing hand;
Hast - en to his side and help him,—It will light-er make thine own;
Tho' he wear no out-ward to - ken Of his heart's deep ag - o - ny;
Earth af-fords no high-er mis - sion, An - gels know none more di-vine;
Speak to Him in gen - tle kind - ness Words of sym - pa-thy and love,
Wea - ry, faint-ing, pressed in spir - it, He is read - y to des - pair,—
Lift his load if but a lit - tle, Lest He fall beneath its weight,
Go, then, in His lov-ing spir - it, Who hath all thy burdens borne,
That a bless-ed balm of heal - ing To his bleeding heart may prove.
What if God to him hath meas - ured Sor-rows meant for you to share!
Ere he sink in hu - man weak - ness, And thy of-fer come too late.
Bind - ing up the bro-ken - heart - ed, Com-fort-ing the souls that mourn.

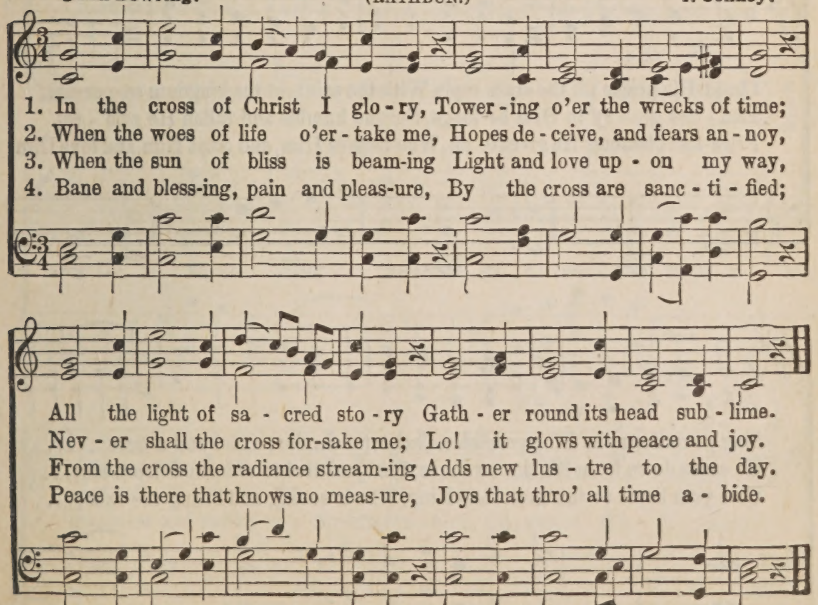
Bear Thy Brother's Burden.

CHORUS.


Oh! this world is full of sad - ness, You may share it if you will
if you will;
Go and bear thy brother's bur - den, And the law of Christ ful - fill.
Go and bear thy brother's burden,

No. 185. In the Cross of Christ I Glory.

John Bowring. (RATHBUN.) I. Conkey.


1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tower - ing o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er - take me, Hopes de - ceive, and fears an - noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleas-ure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - er round its head sub - lime.
Nev - er shall the cross for-sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the radiance stream-ing Adds new lus - tre to the day.
Peace is there that knows no meas-ure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.

No. 186. Sing His Praise.

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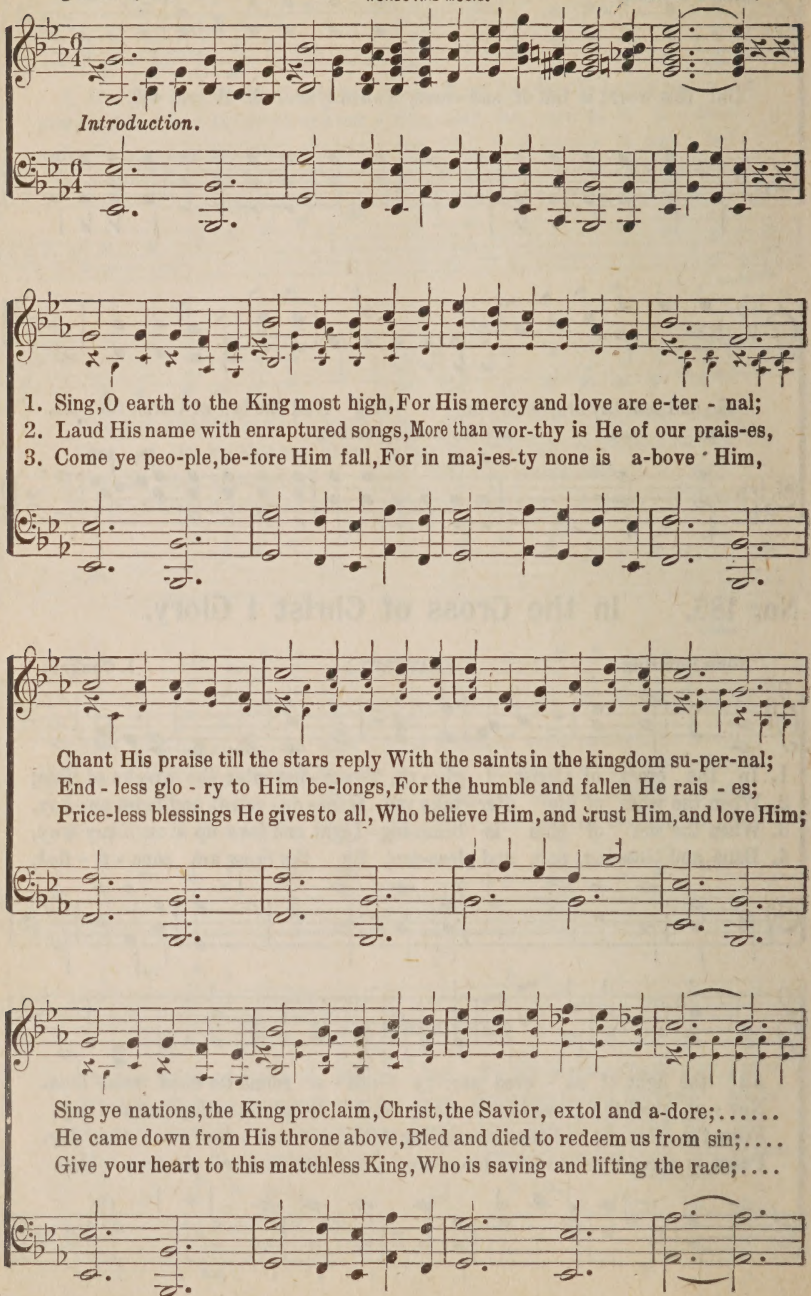
James Rowe. WORDS AND MUSIC. DeLoss Smith.


Introduction.
1. Sing, O earth to the King most high, For His mercy and love are e-ter - nal;
2. Laud His name with enraptured songs, More than wor-thy is He of our prais-es,
3. Come ye peo-ple, be-fore Him fall, For in maj-es-ty none is a-bove Him,
Chant His praise till the stars reply With the saints in the kingdom su-per-nal;
End - less glo - ry to Him be-longs, For the humble and fallen He rais - es;
Price-less blessings He gives to all, Who believe Him, and trust Him, and love Him;
Sing ye nations, the King proclaim, Christ, the Savior, extol and a-dore;.....
He came down from His throne above, Bled and died to redeem us from sin;....
Give your heart to this matchless King, Who is saving and lifting the race;....

Sing His Praise.

O - ver and o-ver, re-peat His name; Prais-es in-creas-ing out-pour.....
O - ver and o-ver, ex - tol His love, Praise ye His glo-ri-ous name.....
O - ver and o-ver, His prais-es sing, Rest in the arms of His grace.....
CHORUS.
Sing His praise,.... Loud your an - thems raise,.... For our
Lord once slain is a - live a - gain, And He sits at the Fathers right hand;
He is King.... and will ev - er reign.... His
goodness and mercy en - dur-eth for-ev-er, Oh, praise His name.

No. 187. This Day is Mine.

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CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE, OWNER.

Rev. W. R. Fitch. Winnie M. Gabrielson.

1. This day is mine! To-mor-row may not be! . . I do not know that
2. This day is mine! It soon will pass a-way, . . Swept backward in the
3. This day is mine! God gives me all the days . . That I may work for
it will ev-er come! (will ev-er come!) An-oth-er day I may not live to
tide of vanished years; (of vanished years;) I can-not have a-gain a mis-spent
Him, and do His will; (and do His will;) And if each day I walk in wis-dom's
see; . . These lips, which now can speak, may then be dumb. . . This day is
day, . . Tho' I should seek it care-ful-ly with tears. . . This day is
ways, . He'll guide my steps, and love, and keep me still. . . This day is
mine! No mo-ment can I spare . . . . For i-dle thoughts or
This day is mine! No mo-ment can I spare For i-dle
mine! How swift the mo-ments fly! . . . . . A-las for me if,
This day is mine! How swift the moments fly! A-las for
mine! O then with all my might, ... For love of Him, and
This day is mine! O then with all my might, For love of

This Day is Mine,

self - in - dul - gent ease; . . . . . The work He gives to-
thoughts or self - in - dul - gent ease; The work He
when at set of sun, ... In look - ing back with
me if, when at set of sun, In look - ing
with a faith sub - lime, ... Let me each task per-
Him and with a faith sub - lime, Let me each
D. S.-An - oth - er day . I
D. S.—An - oth - er
day with love and care . . . . . Must be done now, if
gives to - day with love and care Must be done now,
sad and tear - ful eye, ... I find, too late, my
back with sad and tear - ful eye, I find, too late,
form, and feel at night . . . . . That all my work is
task per - form, and feel at night That all my work
may not live to see; . . . . . These lips which now can
day I may not live to see; These lips which now can
FINE.
Coda.
I my Lord would please. This day is mine! To - mor-row may not
work has not been done.
e - ven with my time.
This day is mine! To-
speak may then be dumb.
D. S. al Fine.
be! . . . . . I do not know that it will ev - er come! . .
mor-row may not be! ev - er come!

No. 188. The Armageddon.

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Chas. Reign Scoville. Haldor Lillenas.

1. The war is on, the bat - tle - cry is ring - ing out: "To
2. Ten thou-sand times ten thou-sand thou - sand sol - diers come, From
3. The king-doms of this sin-cursed world shall now be - come The
4. Two worlds a - wait the is - sue of this might - y war, And
arms, to arms!" King Je - sus leads the way; The Ar - ma - ged - don
ev - 'ry kin - dred, tribe and tongue and race: Ce - les - tial hosts shall
King-dom of our Lord and Sav - ior King; The Prince of Peace in
sol - diers of the King of kings are we: We'll plant the cross on
for - ces of the Lord of Hosts Are mo - bi - liz - ing for the might-y fray.
join us in the glad ac-claim, And on His brow the crown of glo - ry place.
roy - al proc-la-ma-tion comes, And heav'n and earth in mighty pæ - ons ring.
ev - 'ry fort in ev-'ry land, And all the earth to Je - sus bow the knee.
CHORUS.
The Ar - ma-ged-don hosts are gath'ring, The bat - tle-line is drawn to-
Might - y hosts are gath - er - ing, Bat - tle - lines are
day;..... We'll ne'er sur-ren - der, for our De - fend - er, The Prince of
drawn to - day;

The Armageddon.

UNISON.
Peace, will lead the way..... The Might-y God will be our
will lead the way.
HARMONY.
For-tress, The gates of hell shall not pre - vail;.... In bat-tle
glo - rious with King vic - to - rious, We'll nev-er, nev - er, nev - er
fail,..... In bat - tle glo - rious, with God vic-
we'll nev - er fail,
rit.
ff
to - rious, We can-not fail,..... We can - not fail.
We can - not fail,

No. 189. Awake! Awake!

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CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE, OWNER.

Laurene Highfield. Kathryne Linehan.

1. A - wake! a - wake! and sing with joy and glad - ness, Come,
2. A - wake! a - wake! come from your tents in tri - umph, Ye
3. A - wake! a - wake! and shout a - loud re - joic - ing! Let
praise the King who reigns in pow'r on high! His ra-diance drives a-
sol - diers who are pledged to do His will; Put on the ar - mor
songs of vic - t'ry ring up - on the air Ye ran-somed of the
way all gloom and sad - ness, His love su-preme has bro't sal-va - tion
that He has pro - vid - ed, And "Up-ward! on-ward!" be your watch-word
Lord re-peat His prais - es, Se - cure - ly ye shall rest with-in His
nigh! The Lord of hosts, the might-y One in bat - tle, The
still; The shield of faith, the hel - met of sal - va - tion, The
care; Come bow be - fore Him; at His feet low bend - ing Ac-
Prince of Peace, who rules the earth and sea, He mer - its all the
Spir - it's sword, the might - y word of God; Go forth equipped to
knowl-edge Him your Sovereign true and wise, Your hap - py voic - es

Awake! Awake!

praise our lives can of - fer, To Him all glo - ry and do-min-ion be.
wage a val - iant bat - tle, And fol - low in the way your Captain trod.
to His throne as - cend - ing, Ex - tol His glo - ry to the bend-ing skies.
CHORUS.
A-wake! a-wake! and praise the Lord of glo - ry, Lift
and praise the Lord of glo - ry,
up your heads, ye gates! ye an - gels sing!
lift up your heads and sing!
Pro - claim His might! re - peat the old, old sto - ry, That
sto - ry, tell the sto - ry,
Je - sus reigns, a glo - rious, match-less King.
a match - less King.

No. 190. Press the Battle On.

W. H. M.

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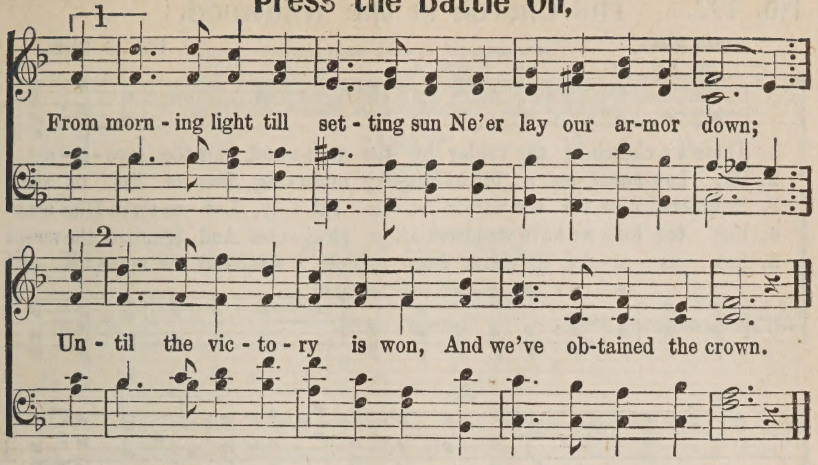
CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE, OWNER.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Press the bat - tle, Chris-tian sol - dier! God com-mis-sions us to go
2. In our own fair land be - lov - ed, And in lands a - cross the sea,
3. On the win-ning side with Je - sus Nev - er fal - ter, nev - er fear;
In the strength of Christ, our Lead-er, Sa - tan's hosts to o - ver-throw.
Mul - ti-tudes are still in bond-age, Plead - ing, long-ing to be free.
Vic - tor in a thou-sand bat-tles, He, our help - er, ev - er near.
'Gainst Him bit - ter war-fare wag - ing, In the con-flict fierce-ly rag-
Mill - ions now in dark-ness ly - ing, For the bread of life are cry-
With His ban - ner float - ing o'er us, We shall in His cause most glo-
ing, Ev - 'ry ransom'd pow'r en - gag - ing, Press the bat-tle on.
ing; Haste to save, or per - ish try - ing— Press the bat-tle on.
rious, O - ver sin come off vic - to - rious, Press the bat-tle on.
CHORUS.
We'll press.... the bat - tle on, still press.... the bat-tle on,
On, press on, on, press on, on, press on, on, press on,

Press the Battle On,



No. 191. If I Knew.

(Heart Songs—A.)

To Arlene Dux Scoville, with Compliments of the Author.

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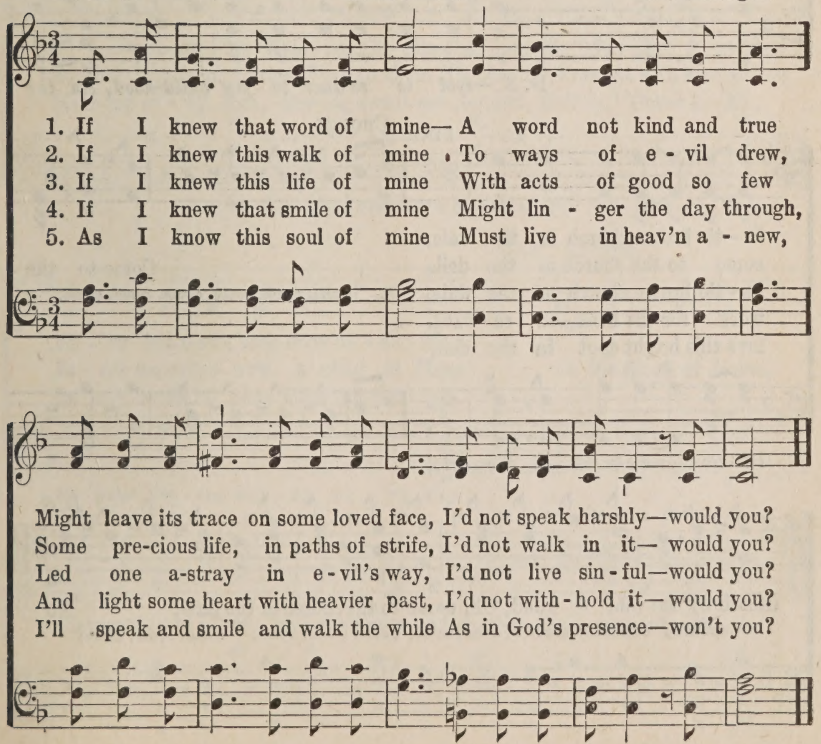
J. M. D. WORDS AND MUSIC. J. M. Dungan.


1. If I knew that word of mine— A word not kind and true
2. If I knew this walk of mine To ways of e - vil drew,
3. If I knew this life of mine With acts of good so few
4. If I knew that smile of mine Might lin - ger the day through,
5. As I know this soul of mine Must live in heav'n a - new,
Might leave its trace on some loved face, I'd not speak harshly—would you?
Some pre-cious life, in paths of strife, I'd not walk in it— would you?
Led one a-stray in e - vil's way, I'd not live sin - ful—would you?
And light some heart with heavier past, I'd not with - hold it—would you?
I'll speak and smile and walk the while As in God's presence—won't you?

No. 192. The Church in the Wildwood.

James Rowe, COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE. Dr. Wm. S. Pitts.

1. There's a church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, 'Tis the love-li-est
2. Oh, how sweet, on a bright Sun-day morn-ing, Just to list to the
3. Broth-ers, now for the Savior let us ral-ly, Let us serve Him who
4. Far too long we have wandered aft-er pleas-ures And ig-nored the sweet
5. Let us of-fer our-selves a-new to Je-sus, And the mes-sage of
:S:
place in the dale; Not a spot is so dear to my child-hood, As the
clear-ring-ing bell; For its voice is so ten-der-ly call-ing: Oh,
nev-er will fail; 'Gainst the foes of the truth let us sal-ly From the
plea of the Lord; Let us strive for the heav-en-ly treasures— Let us
life glad-ly tell; Let us cling to the Sav-ior who frees us, Let us
D. S.—spot is so dear to my child-hood, As the
FINE. CHORUS.
lit-tle brown church in the vale.
come to the church in the dell.
lit-tle brown church in the dale.
work for the bless-ed re-ward.
love this bright spot in the dell.
Come to the
Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come,
lit-tle brown church in the vale.
D. S.
church by the wild-wood, Oh, come to the church in the dale; No
come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come;

Children's Songs

No. 193. Jesus Called the Children.

(Primary Class Song.)

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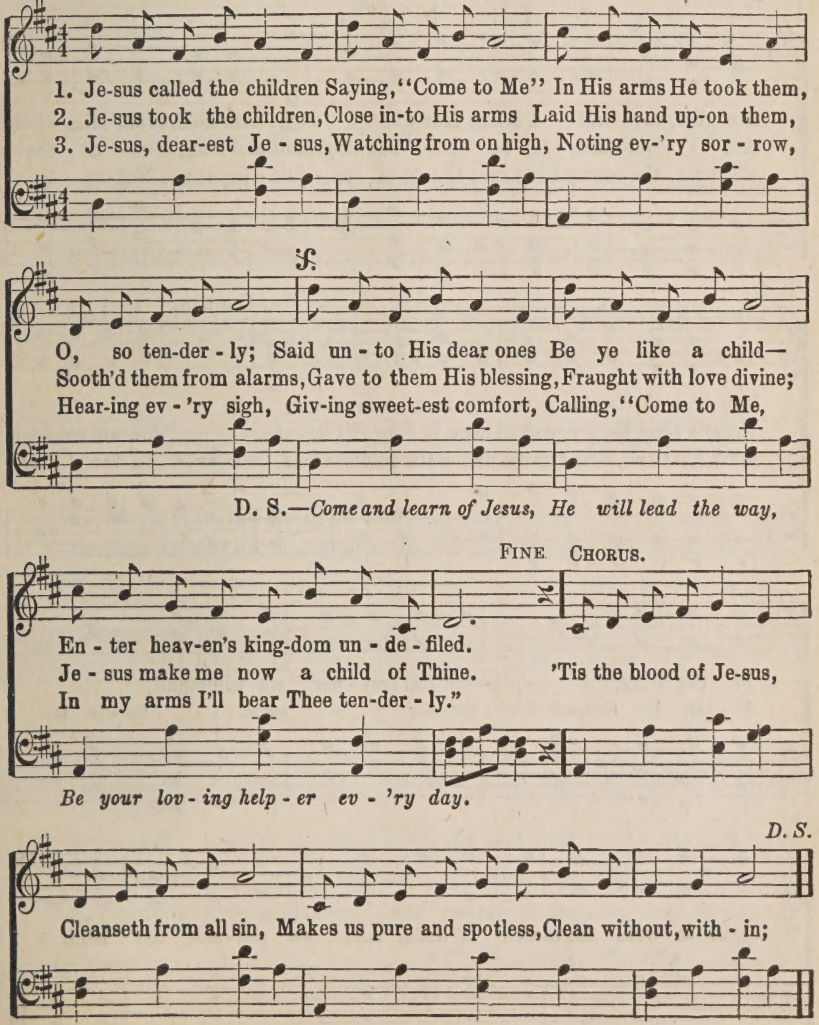
F. H. C. WORDS AND MUSIC. Flora Hamilton Cassel.


1. Je-sus called the children Saying, "Come to Me" In His arms He took them,
2. Je-sus took the children, Close in-to His arms Laid His hand up-on them,
3. Je-sus, dear-est Je - sus, Watching from on high, Noting ev-'ry sor - row,
f.
O, so ten-der - ly; Said un - to His dear ones Be ye like a child—
Sooth'd them from alarms, Gave to them His blessing, Fraught with love divine;
Hear-ing ev - 'ry sigh, Giv-ing sweet-est comfort, Calling, "Come to Me,
D. S.—Come and learn of Jesus, He will lead the way,
FINE CHORUS.
En - ter heav-en's king-dom un - de - filed.
Je - sus make me now a child of Thine. 'Tis the blood of Je-sus,
In my arms I'll bear Thee ten-der - ly."
Be your lov - ing help - er ev - 'ry day.
D. S.
Cleanseth from all sin, Makes us pure and spotless, Clean without, with - in;

No. 194. I Am a Soldier.

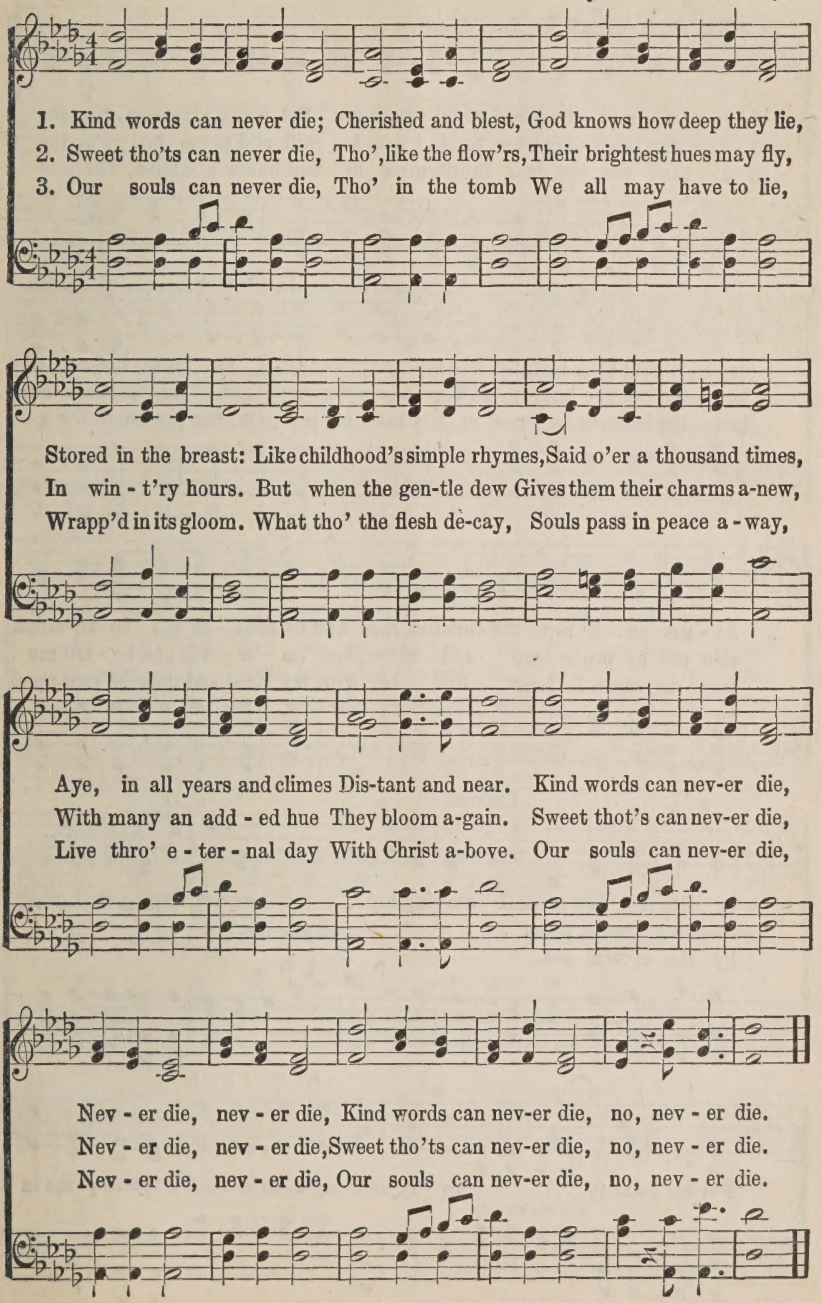
COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE.

N. B. WORDS AND MUSIC. Newton Bundy.

1. I am a sol-dier, en-list-ed for the King; And to the bat-tle
2. My captain tells me we'll win the vic-to-ry, And I be-lieve Him,
3. How great the joy then, when we the fight have won; How sweet the rest then,
my life, my all I bring; Nor will I aught with-hold, From Him whose
and I will faith-ful be Thro' bat-tles hard and long, Un-til the
when we the course have run; Crown of re-joic-ing mine, Not on-ly
CHORUS.
love un-told Has made me free from stain of sin.
victor's song My voice shall raise be-fore His throne.
mine, but thine, And crowns us for His soldiers true.
We are soldiers
I am a sol-dier of King
of the King, 'Neath His ban-ner we will stand,
Je-sus, and Be-neath His ban-ner I will stand, . . .
Un-til the
Fight is won, the march is done, And we pos-sess the land.

No. 195. Kind Words Can Never Die.

A. H. P. Abby Hutchinson Patton.


1. Kind words can never die; Cherished and blest, God knows how deep they lie,
2. Sweet tho'ts can never die, Tho', like the flow'rs, Their brightest hues may fly,
3. Our souls can never die, Tho' in the tomb We all may have to lie,
Stored in the breast: Like childhood's simple rhymes, Said o'er a thousand times,
In win - t'ry hours. But when the gen-tle dew Gives them their charms a-new,
Wrapp'd in its gloom. What tho' the flesh de-cay, Souls pass in peace a - way,
Aye, in all years and climes Dis-tant and near. Kind words can nev-er die,
With many an add - ed hue They bloom a-gain. Sweet thot's can nev-er die,
Live thro' e - ter - nal day With Christ a-bove. Our souls can nev-er die,
Nev - er die, nev - er die, Kind words can nev-er die, no, nev - er die.
Nev - er die, nev - er die, Sweet tho'ts can nev-er die, no, nev - er die.
Nev - er die, nev - er die, Our souls can nev-er die, no, nev - er die.

No. 196. I'm A Sunny Hearted Pilgrim.

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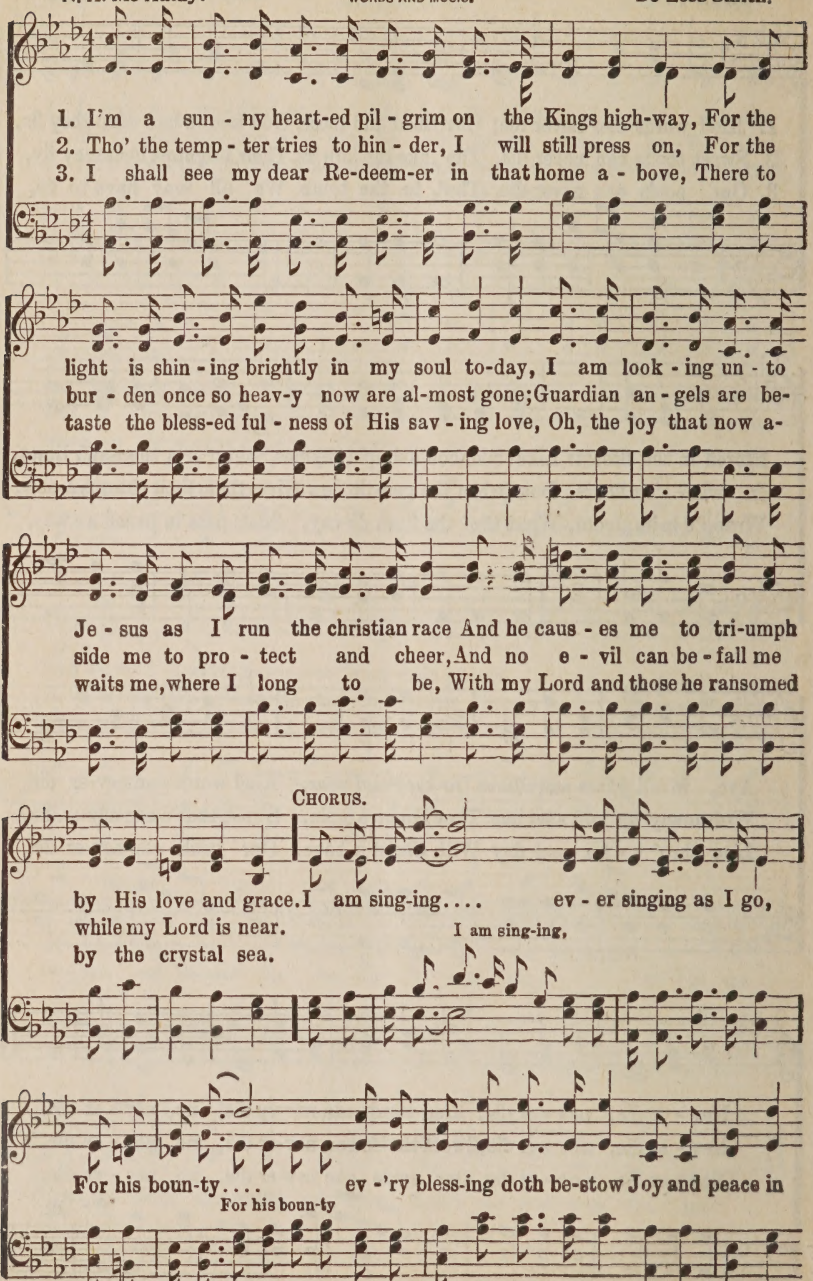
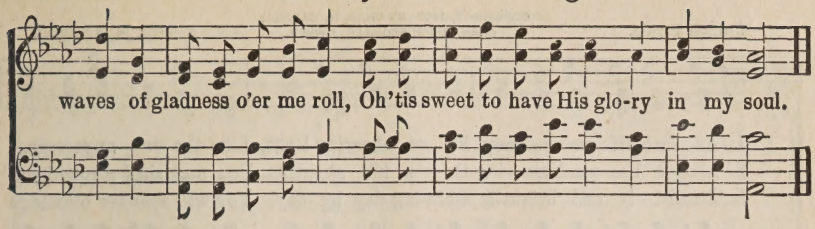
N. A. Mc Aulay. WORDS AND MUSIC. De Loss Smith.


1. I'm a sun - ny heart-ed pil - grim on the Kings high-way, For the
2. Tho' the temp - ter tries to hin - der, I will still press on, For the
3. I shall see my dear Re-deem-er in that home a - bove, There to
light is shin - ing brightly in my soul to-day, I am look - ing un - to
bur - den once so heav-y now are al-most gone; Guardian an - gels are be-
taste the bless-ed ful - ness of His sav - ing love, Oh, the joy that now a-
Je - sus as I run the christian race And he caus - es me to tri-umph
side me to pro - tect and cheer, And no e - vil can be - fall me
waits me, where I long to be, With my Lord and those he ransomed
CHORUS.
by His love and grace. I am sing-ing.... ev - er singing as I go,
while my Lord is near.
by the crystal sea.
I am sing-ing,
For his boun-ty.... ev -'ry bless-ing doth be-stow Joy and peace in
For his boun-ty

I'm A Sunny Hearted Pilgrim.



No. 197 Be Kind.

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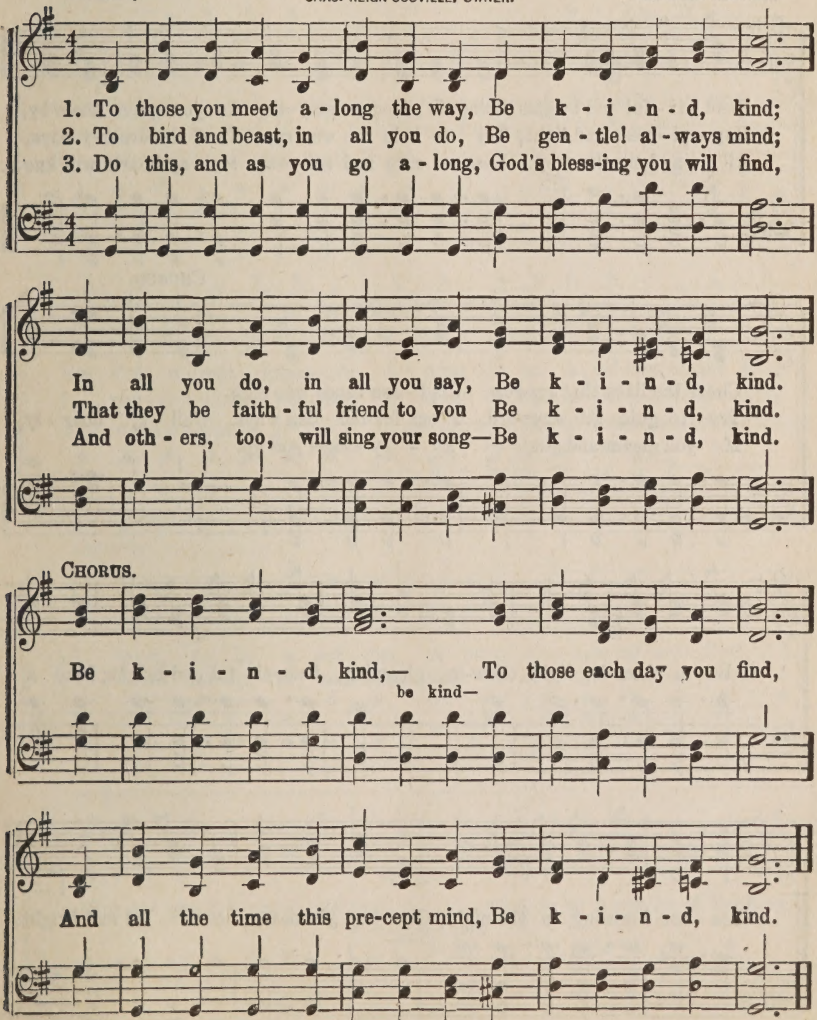
W. E. M. Wm. Edie Marks.


1. To those you meet a - long the way, Be k - i - n - d, kind;
2. To bird and beast, in all you do, Be gen - tle! al - ways mind;
3. Do this, and as you go a - long, God's bless-ing you will find,
In all you do, in all you say, Be k - i - n - d, kind.
That they be faith - ful friend to you Be k - i - n - d, kind.
And oth - ers, too, will sing your song—Be k - i - n - d, kind.
CHORUS.
Be k - i - n - d, kind,— To those each day you find,
be kind—
And all the time this pre-cept mind, Be k - i - n - d, kind.

No. 198. Be a Cheering Light.

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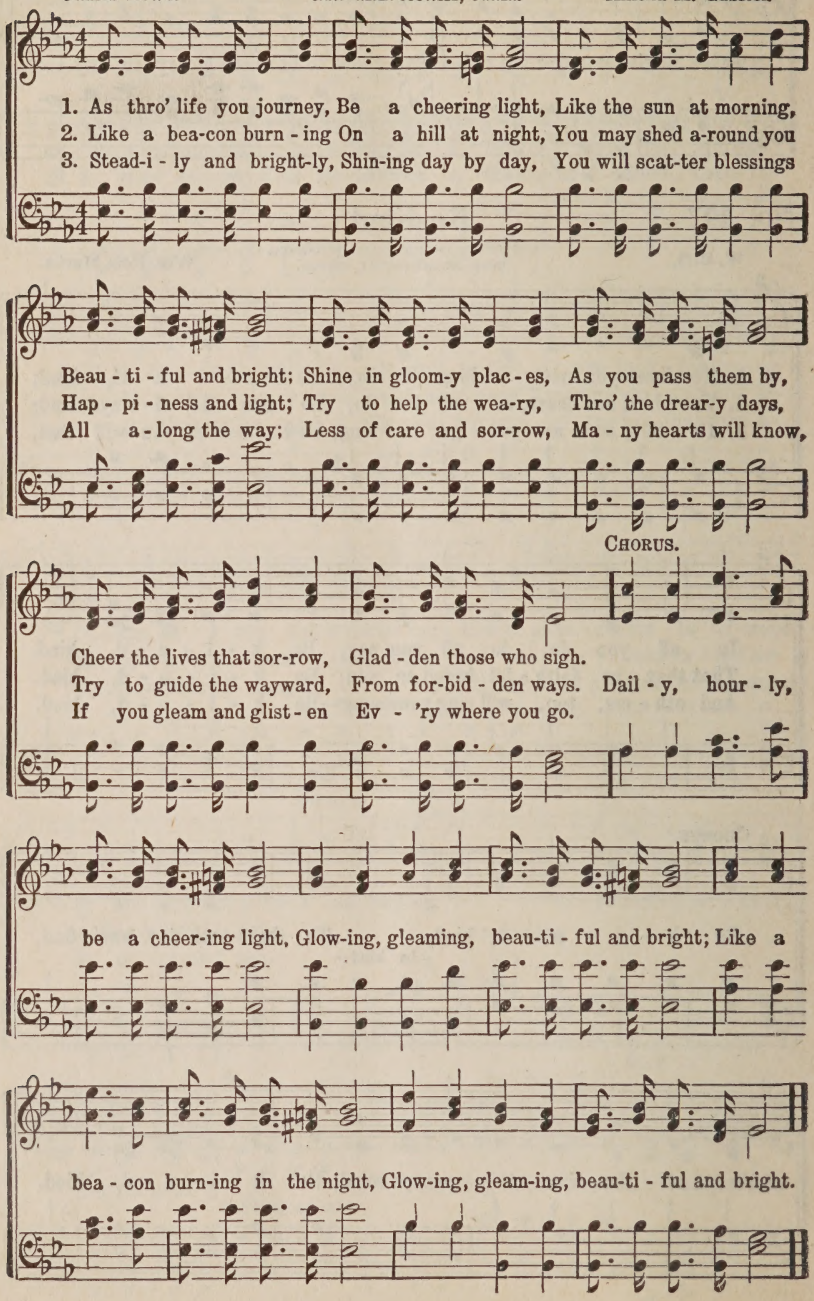
James Rowe. Amelia M. Gabriel.


1. As thro' life you journey, Be a cheering light, Like the sun at morning,
2. Like a bea-con burn - ing On a hill at night, You may shed a-round you
3. Stead-i - ly and bright-ly, Shin-ing day by day, You will scat-ter blessings
Beau - ti - ful and bright; Shine in gloom-y plac - es, As you pass them by,
Hap - pi - ness and light; Try to help the wea-ry, Thro' the drear-y days,
All a - long the way; Less of care and sor-row, Ma - ny hearts will know,
CHORUS.
Cheer the lives that sor-row, Glad - den those who sigh.
Try to guide the wayward, From for-bid - den ways. Dail - y, hour - ly,
If you gleam and glist - en Ev - 'ry where you go.
be a cheer-ing light, Glow-ing, gleaming, beau-ti - ful and bright; Like a
bea - con burn-ing in the night, Glow-ing, gleam-ing, beau-ti - ful and bright.

No. 199. A Soldier of the King.

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CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE, OWNER.

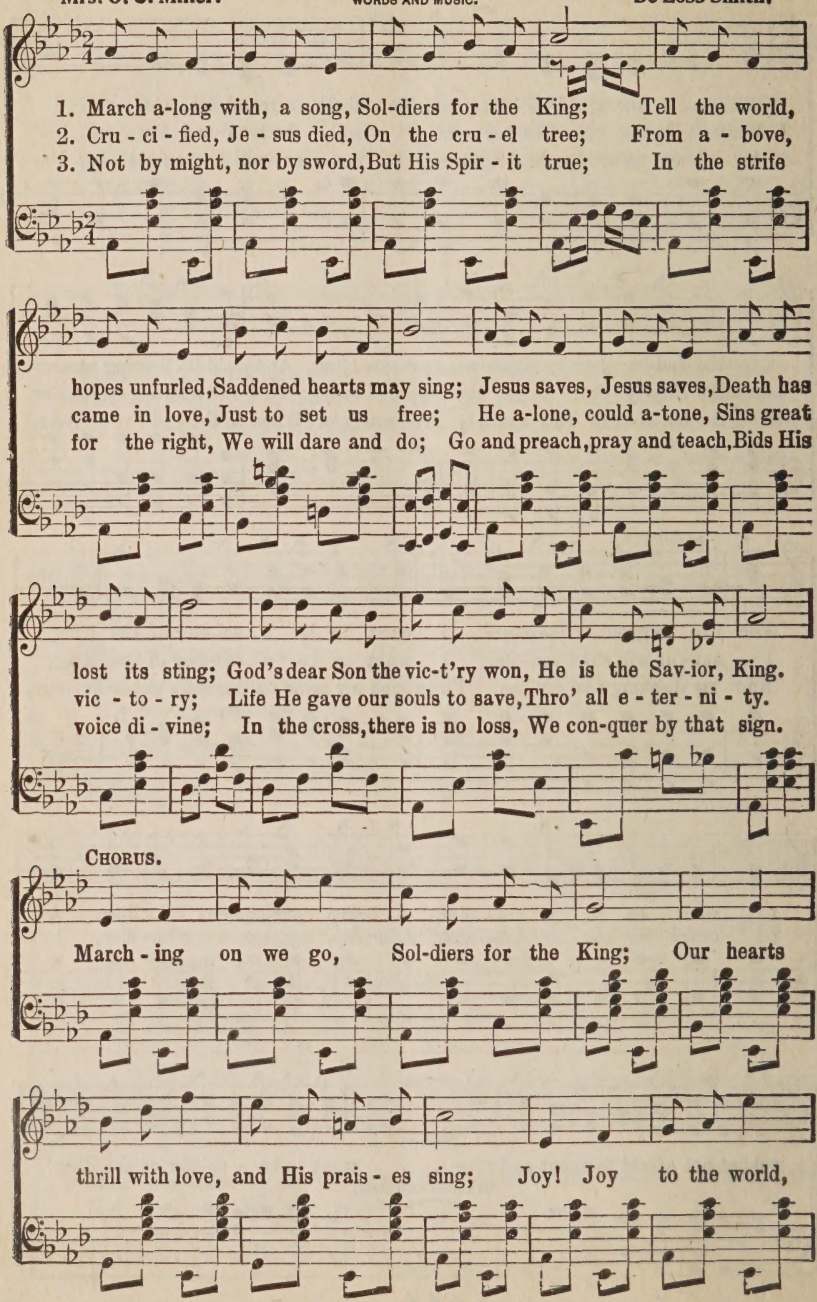
Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. W. A. Post.

1. With all the world be - fore me, Be - neath, a-round me, o'er me, I
2. While fight - ing bat - tles roy - al, I will be true and loy - al, Be-
3. As long as wrongs need right-ing, I nev - er will cease fight - ing Un-
count the fad-ing joys to which we mor-tals cling, And yield its fleeting treasure,
cause the Ho - ly Spir - it is the sword I swing; Of Faith a strong de-fend-er,
til the bat-tles of this earth-ly life are o'er; When to the end I've striv-en,
For I've a great-er pleas-ure, I want to be a sol-dier of the King.
I nev - er will sur - ren - der, I want to be a sol-dier of the King.
And my discharge is giv - en, I'll ground my arms on Canaan's peaceful shore.
CHORUS.
I want to be a sol - dier, A brave cour-age-ous sol - dier; A
I crave no oth - er mis - sion, This is my one am - bi - tion, I
1
2
soldier not afraid to shout and sing; . . . want to be a soldier of the King!
to shout and sing;

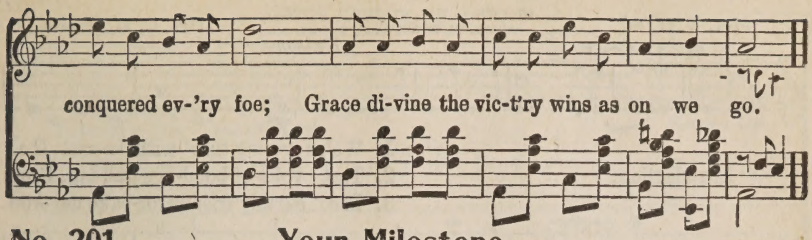
No. 200. Soldiers for the King.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE.

Mrs. O. C. Miller. WORDS AND MUSIC. De Loss Smith.


1. March a-long with, a song, Sol-diers for the King; Tell the world,
2. Cru - ci - fied, Je - sus died, On the cru - el tree; From a - bove,
3. Not by might, nor by sword, But His Spir - it true; In the strife
hopes unfurled, Saddened hearts may sing; Jesus saves, Jesus saves, Death has
came in love, Just to set us free; He a-lone, could a-tone, Sins great
for the right, We will dare and do; Go and preach, pray and teach, Bids His
lost its sting; God's dear Son the vic-t'ry won, He is the Sav-ior, King.
vic - to - ry; Life He gave our souls to save, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
voice di - vine; In the cross, there is no loss, We con-quer by that sign.
CHORUS.
March - ing on we go, Sol-diers for the King; Our hearts
thrill with love, and His prais - es sing; Joy! Joy to the world,

Soldiers for the King.



No. 201. Your Milestone.

To be sung during the birthday offering.

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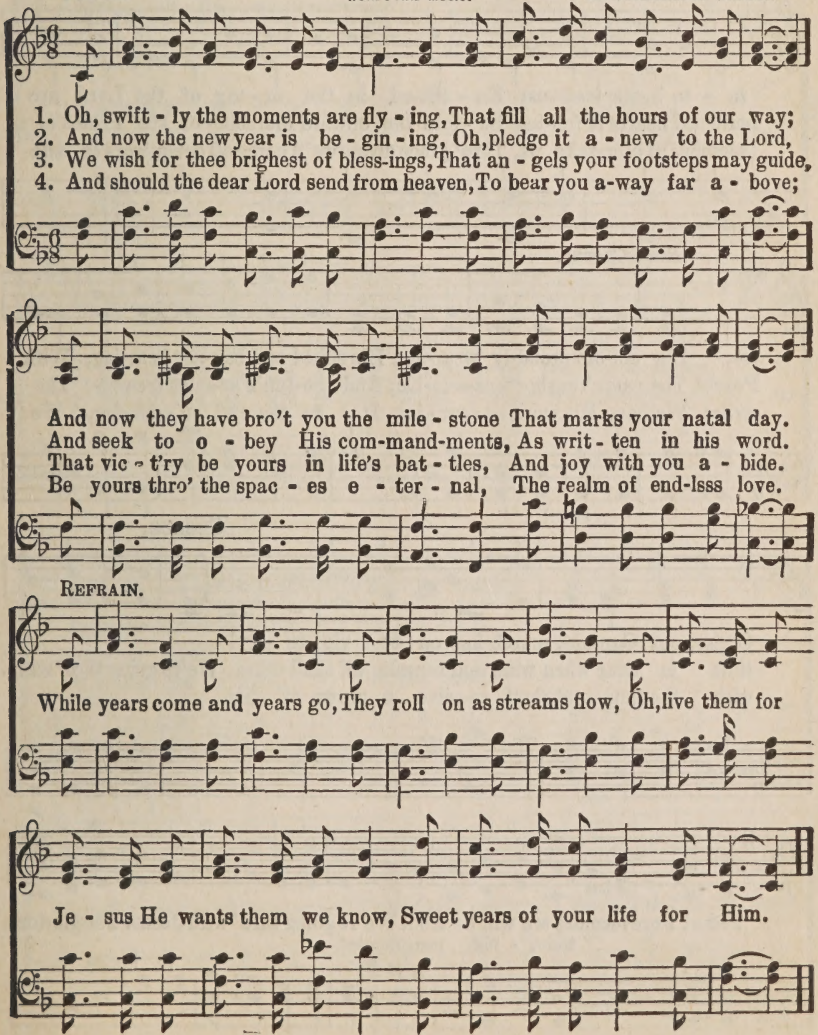
F. H. C. WORDS AND MUSIC. Flora Hamilton Cassel.


1. Oh, swift - ly the moments are fly - ing, That fill all the hours of our way;
2. And now the new year is be - gin - ing, Oh, pledge it a - new to the Lord,
3. We wish for thee brighest of bless-ings, That an - gels your footsteps may guide,
4. And should the dear Lord send from heaven, To bear you a-way far a - bove;
And now they have bro't you the mile - stone That marks your natal day.
And seek to o - bey His com-mand-ments, As writ - ten in his word.
That vic - t'ry be yours in life's bat - tles, And joy with you a - bide.
Be yours thro' the spac - es e - ter - nal, The realm of end-lsss love.
REFRAIN.
While years come and years go, They roll on as streams flow, Oh, live them for
Je - sus He wants them we know, Sweet years of your life for Him.

No. 202. Going Through With Jesus.

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CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE, OWNER.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

Unison.

Introduction.

1. We're go-ing thro' with Je-sus! He in - to battle leads us; En - list-ed in the ar - my of the Lord are
2. The yoke of bond-age gall-ing, From burdened hearts is fall-ing Be - fore the onward marching of the Prince of
3. Tho' earthly friends for-sake us, And seeming ill o'er-take us, Thro' grace divine we'll come off conqu'rors in the

Semi Chorus.

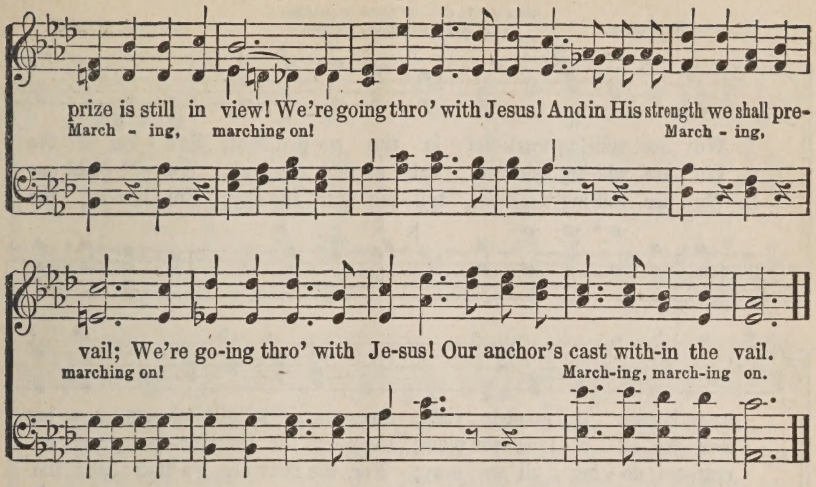
we; His col-ors proud-ly wear-ing, His shield and ban-ner bear-ing, With
Peace! The conqu'ring hosts as-sem-ble; And Sa-tan's ar-mies tremble; The
strife; We have His word as - sur - ing, If to the end en - dur-ing, We

CHORUS.

Christ, our Captain, march-ing on to vic - to - ry!
time is near when wars and tumults all shall cease. We're going thro' with
with the faith - ful shall re-ceive a crown of life.

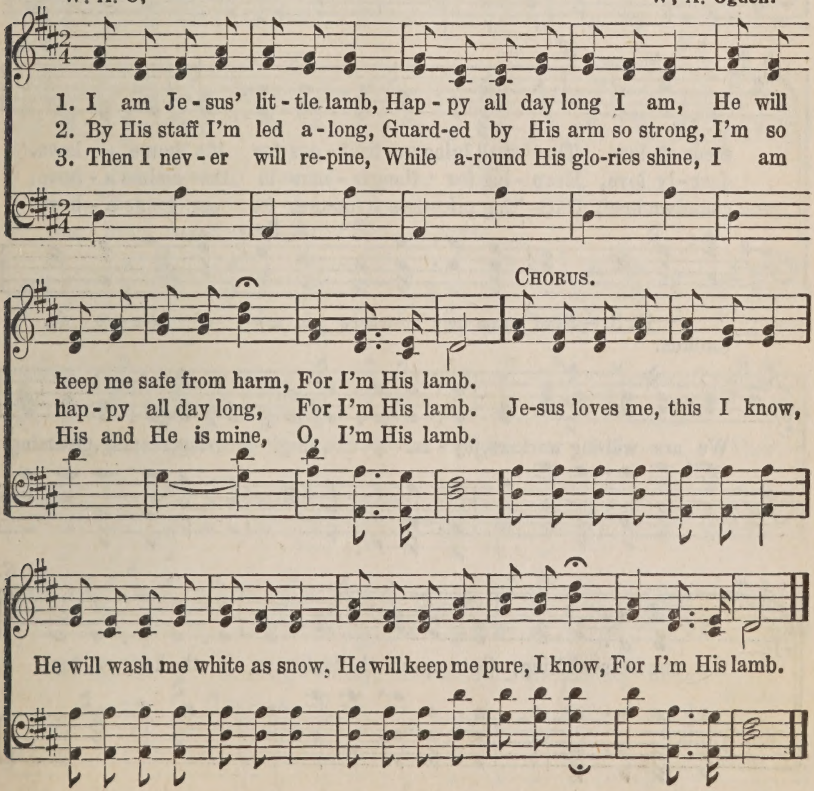
Jesus! Forevermore we will be true! We're going thro' with Jesus! The glorious
March - ing, marching on!

Going Through With Jesus,


prize is still in view! We're going thro' with Jesus! And in His strength we shall pre-
March - ing, marching on! March - ing,
vail; We're go-ing thro' with Je-sus! Our anchor's cast with-in the vail.
marching on! March-ing, march-ing on.

No. 203. Jesus' Little Lamb.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.


1. I am Je - sus' lit - tle lamb, Hap - py all day long I am, He will
2. By His staff I'm led a - long, Guard-ed by His arm so strong, I'm so
3. Then I nev - er will re-pine, While a-round His glo-ries shine, I am
CHORUS.
keep me safe from harm, For I'm His lamb.
hap - py all day long, For I'm His lamb. Je-sus loves me, this I know,
His and He is mine, O, I'm His lamb.
He will wash me white as snow, He will keep me pure, I know, For I'm His lamb.

No, 204. Willing Workers.

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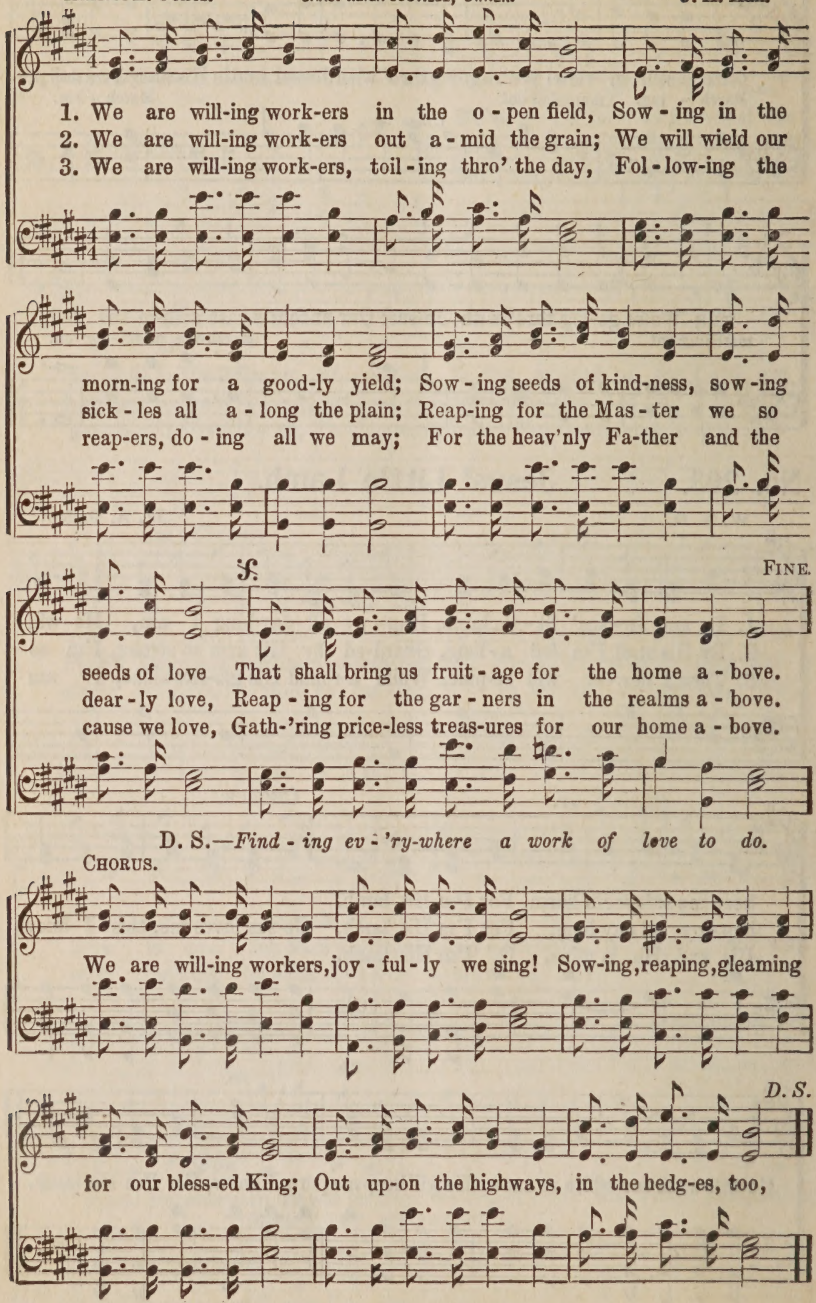
Harriet E. Jones. J. H. Hall.


1. We are will-ing work-ers in the o-pen field, Sow-ing in the
2. We are will-ing work-ers out a-mid the grain; We will wield our
3. We are will-ing work-ers, toil-ing thro' the day, Fol-low-ing the
morn-ing for a good-ly yield; Sow-ing seeds of kind-ness, sow-ing
sick-les all a-long the plain; Reap-ing for the Mas-ter we so
reap-ers, do-ing all we may; For the heav'nly Fa-ther and the
seeds of love That shall bring us fruit-age for the home a-bove.
dear-ly love, Reap-ing for the gar-ners in the realms a-bove.
cause we love, Gath-'ring price-less treas-ures for our home a-bove.
D. S.—Find-ing ev-'ry-where a work of love to do.
CHORUS.
We are will-ing workers, joy-ful-ly we sing! Sow-ing, reaping, gleaming
for our bless-ed King; Out up-on the highways, in the hedg-es, too,

No. 205. Coming Today.

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CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE, OWNER.

E. E. Hewitt. Victor H. Benke.

1. The chil - dren are com - ing to Je - sus to - day, His kind in - vi-
2. The chil - dren are com - ing to Him who can save, And help them the
3. The chil - dren are com - ing to fol - low the King, To path-ways of
ta-tion they've heard; . . . . And glad - ly they hast-en His call to o-
vic-t'ry to win, ... For Je - sus in mer - cy His life free - ly
wisdom and love; . . . . . In joy - ful ho - san - nas His prais - es shall
they've heard,
CHORUS.
bey, As - sured by His wel - com - ing word. . . .
gave, That they might be cleansed from all sin. . . . . They're com-ing to-day,
ring; Some day they shall see Him a - bove. . . . .
com - ing to-day, The chil-dren are com-ing to - day; . . . . They're
to - day;
com-ing to-day, com-ing to-day, The chil-dren are com-ing to-day. . . . .
to - day.

No. 206. Wake the Song of Gladness.

E. E. Hewitt.

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CHAS. REIGN SCOVILLE, OWNER.

Dr. L. O. Emerson.

1. Wake the song of glad-ness, Swell the song of love; See, in hours of
2. Sing the mer-cies giv - en, To the trust-ing soul; Man-na sent from
3. Sing the bless-ed sto - ry Of re-deem-ing grace; Sing of won-drous
sad - ness, Crys - tal light a - bove; Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus,
heav - en,—Streams that free - ly roll; Ten - der con - so - la - tion,
glo - ry, When we see His face; Brief the day of sor - row,
Smiles a-way the night! Ev - er-last-ing fa - vor, Ev - er-last- ing light.
When the heart is sore; Bless-ing of sal-va - tion, Ev-er "more and more."
Shel-ter'd by His side; Long the gold-en mor-row, Where His joys a - bide.

CHORUS.

No. 207. Two Little Hands.

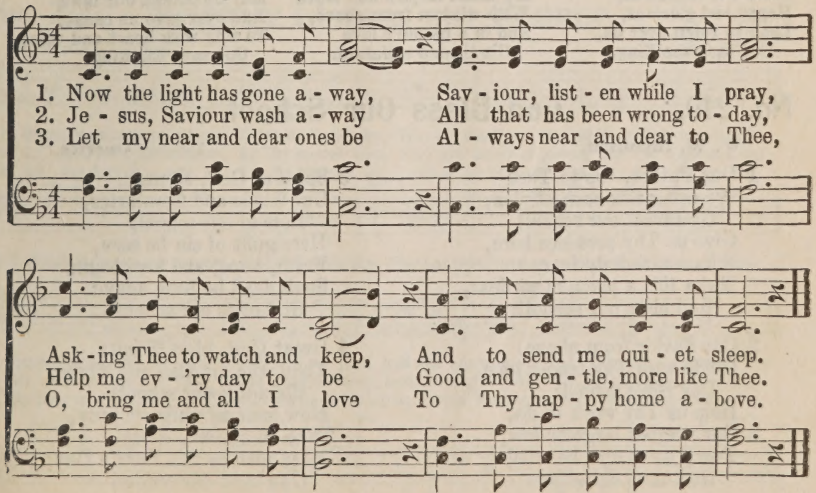
W. A. O. "As long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord."—1 Sam. 1:28. W. A. Ogden.

Moderato.

1. I've two lit-tle hands to work for Je-sus, One lit-tle tongue His praise to tell,
2. I've two lit-tle feet to tread the pathway, Up to the heav'nly courts a-bove,
3. I've one lit-tle heart to give to Je-sus, One lit-tle soul for Him to save,
Two lit-tle ears to hear His coun-sel, One lit-tle voice a song to swell.
Two lit-tle eyes to read the Bi-ble, Tell-ing of Je-sus' wondrous love.
One lit-tle life for His dear serv-ice, One lit-tle self that He must have.
CHORUS.
1
2
Lord, we come, Lord, we come, In our childhood's early morning;
Lord, we come, Lord, we come, Come to learn of Thee.

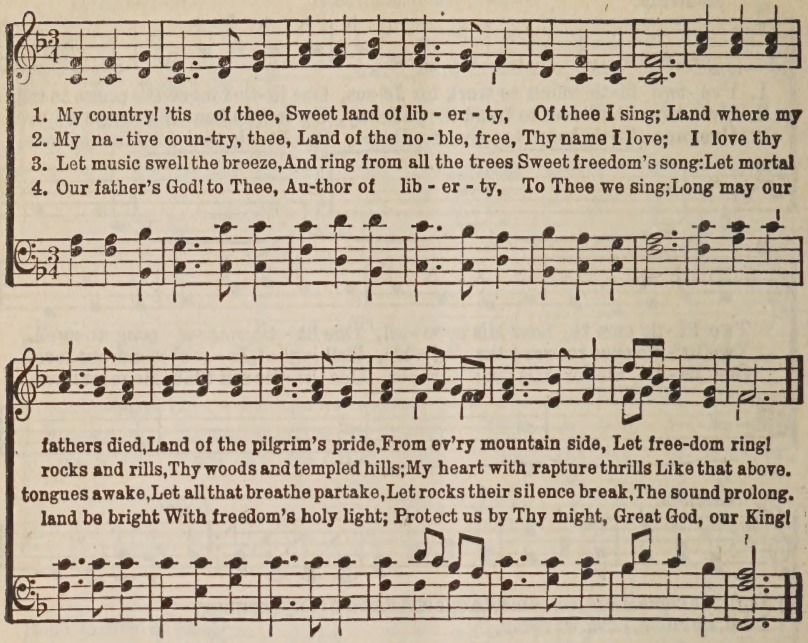
No. 208. The Lord Is My Keeper.

Frances R. Havergal. German.


1. Now the light has gone a-way, Sav-iour, list-en while I pray,
2. Je-sus, Saviour wash a-way All that has been wrong to-day,
3. Let my near and dear ones be Al-ways near and dear to Thee,
Ask-ing Thee to watch and keep, And to send me qui-et sleep.
Help me ev-'ry day to be Good and gen-tle, more like Thee.
O, bring me and all I love To Thy hap-py home a-bove.

No. 209. America.

S. F. Smith. The National Song of America. English.


1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My na - tive coun-try, thee, Land of the no - ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song: Let mortal
4. Our father's God! to Thee, Au-thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our
fathers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev'ry mountain side, Let free-dom ring!
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that above.
tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
land be bright With freedom's holy light; Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

God Save the King.

The National Song of Britain.

1.
God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King;
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.

2.
Thro' every changing scene,
O Lord, preserve our King,
Long may he reign;
His heart inspire and move
With wisdom from above,
And in a nation's love
His throne maintain.

3.
Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleased to pour,
Long may he reign;
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King.

No. 210. God Bless Our School.

W. W. Hamilton. *Tune*—"America."

1 Our Father, 'tis to Thee
We bring this earnest plea,
God bless our school!
Give us Thy presence here,
Fill us with holy fear,
Make this a place most dear,
God bless our school!

2 Our Savior from above,
Guide with Thy tender love
Our Bible school;
Help us Thy work to do,
Our number large or few,
Teach us to e'er be true;
God bless our school!

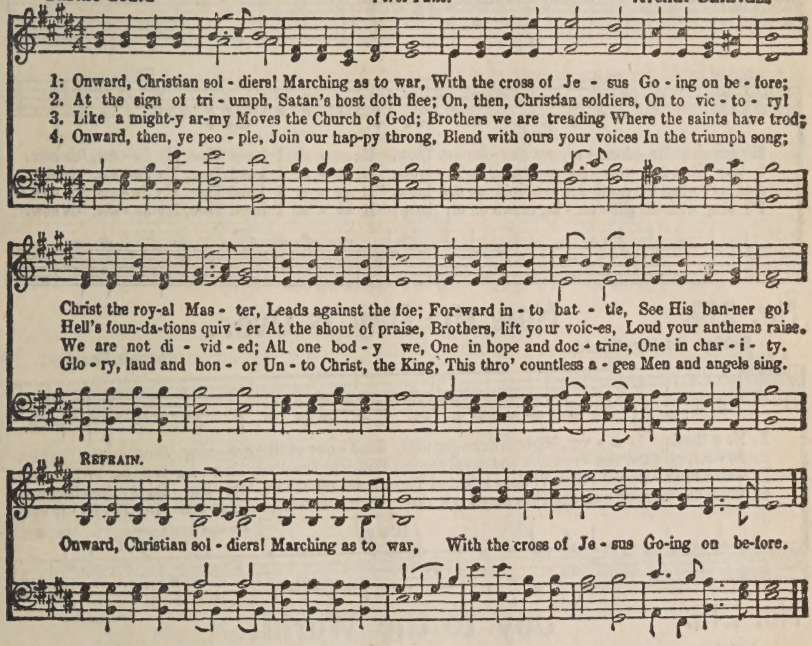
3 Spirit of God, so near,
Our Guide and Comforter,
Rule in our school;
Here guilt of sin be seen,
Faith, hope, and love begin,
Souls dead be born again:
God bless our school!

4 Great God, blest Trinity,
Thou who art One and Three,
Bless this our school!
Now hear us while we pray,
Take all our sins away,
Meet with us this Lord's Day;
God bless our school!

Devotional Hymns

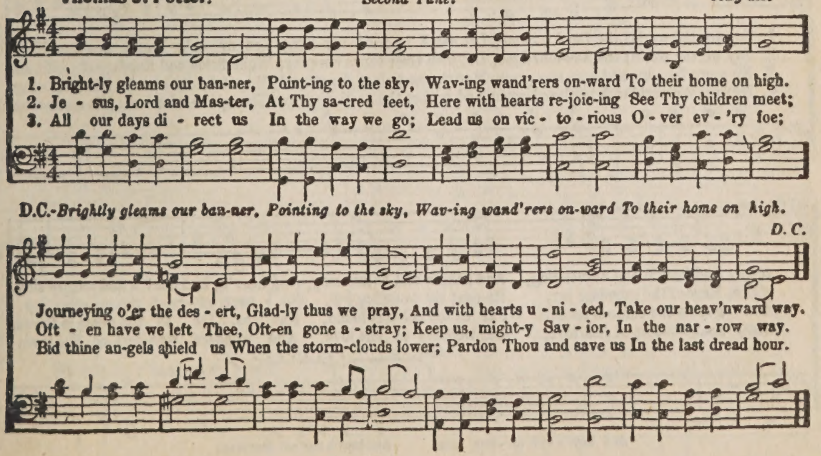
No. 211. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Gould — *First Tune.* — Arthur Sullivan.


1. Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore;
2. At the sign of tri - umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers, On to vic - to - ry!
3. Like a might-y ar-my Moves the Church of God; Brothers we are treading Where the saints have trod;
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voices In the triumph song;
Christ the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads against the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ner go!
Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise, Brothers, lift your voic-es, Loud your anthems raise.
We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ, the King, This thro' countless a - ges Men and angels sing.
REFRAIN.
Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore.

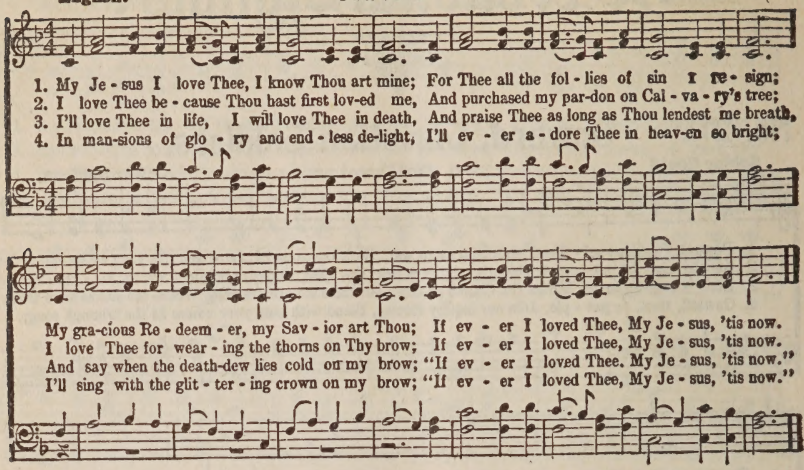
No. 212. Brightly Gleams our Banner.

Thomas J. Potter. — *Second Tune.* — Haydn.


1. Bright-ly gleams our ban-ner, Point-ing to the sky, Wav-ing wand'rers on-ward To their home on high.
2. Je - sus, Lord and Mas-ter, At Thy sa-cred feet, Here with hearts re-joic-ing See Thy children meet;
3. All our days di - rect us In the way we go; Lead us on vic - to - rious O - ver ev - 'ry foe;
D.C.-*Brightly gleams our ban-ner, Pointing to the sky, Wav-ing wand'rers on-ward To their home on high.*
D. C.
Journeying o'er the des - ert, Glad-ly thus we pray, And with hearts u - ni - ted, Take our heav'nward way.
Oft - en have we left Thee, Oft-en gone a - stray; Keep us, might-y Sav - ior, In the nar - row way.
Bid thine an-gels shield us When the storm-clouds lower; Pardon Thou and save us In the last dread hour.

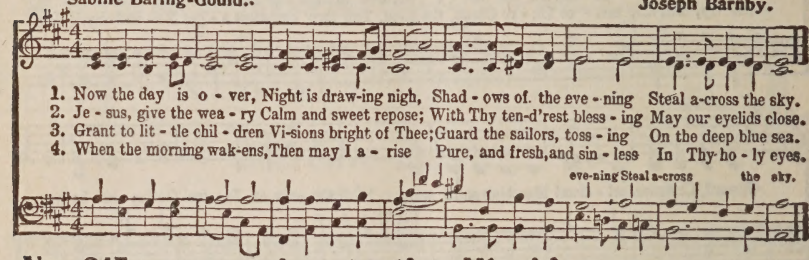
No. 213. My Jesus I Love Thee.

English. *First Tune.* A. J. Gordon.


1. My Je - sus I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov-ed me, And purchased my par-don on Cal - va - ry's tree;
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath,
4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end - less de-light, I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav-en so bright;
My gra-cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - ior art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow; "If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now."
I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow; "If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now."

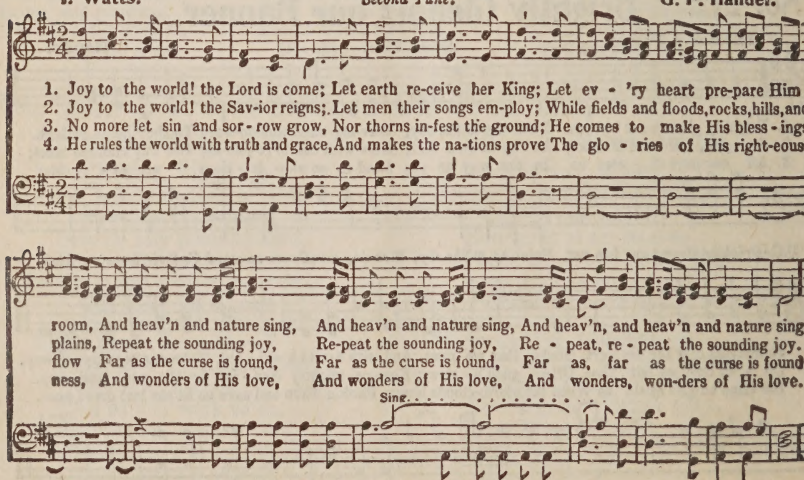
No. 214. Now the Day is Over.

Sabine Baring-Gould. Joseph Barnby.


1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw-ing nigh, Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a-cross the sky.
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet repose; With Thy ten-d'rest bless - ing May our eyelids close.
3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vi-sions bright of Thee; Guard the sailors, toss - ing On the deep blue sea.
4. When the morning wak-ens, Then may I a - rise Pure, and fresh, and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.
eve-ning Steal a-cross the sky.

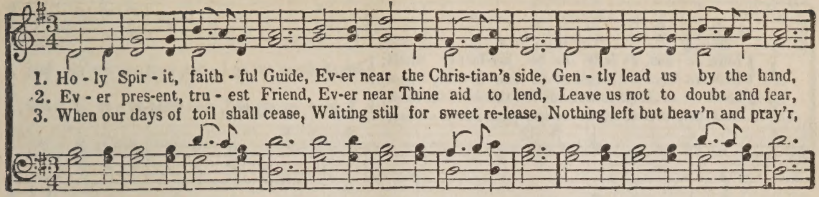
No. 215. Joy to the World.

I. Watts. *Second Tune.* G. F. Handel.


1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre-pare Him
2. Joy to the world! the Sav-ior reigns; Let men their songs em-ploy; While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
3. No more let sin and sor - row grow, Nor thorns in-fest the ground; He comes to make His bless - ings
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions prove The glo - ries of His right-eous-
room, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and nature sing.
plains, Repeat the sounding joy, Re-peat the sounding joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sounding joy.
flow Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
ness, And wonders of His love, And wonders of His love, And wonders, won-ders of His love.
Sing.
And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing.

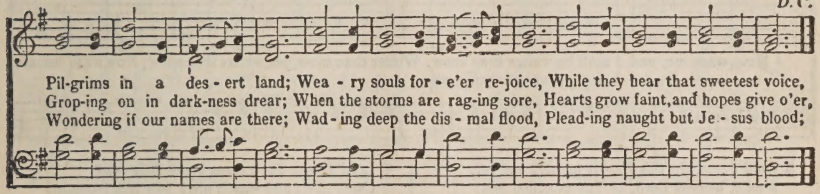
No. 216. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W. M. M. Wells.


1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev-er near the Chris-tian's side, Gen - tly lead us by the hand,
2. Ev - er pres-ent, tru - est Friend, Ev-er near Thine aid to lend, Leave us not to doubt and fear,
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet re-lease, Nothing left but heav'n and pray'r,

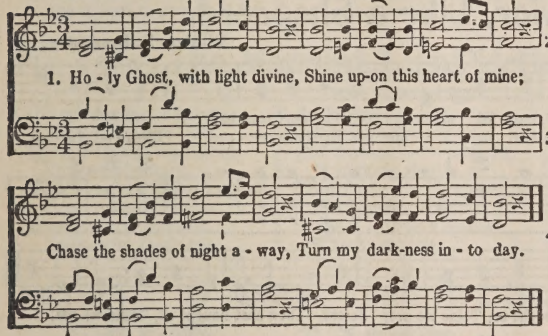
D.C.—Whisper soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come, Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

D.C.


Pil-grims in a des - ert land; Wea - ry souls for - e'er re-joice, While they hear that sweetest voice,
Grop-ing on in dark-ness drear; When the storms are rag-ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Wondering if our names are there; Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead-ing naught but Je - sus blood;

No. 217. Holy Ghost, with Love Divine.

A. Reed. Gottschalk.



2 Holy Ghost, with pow'r divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine,
Long hath sin without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down ev'ry idol throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

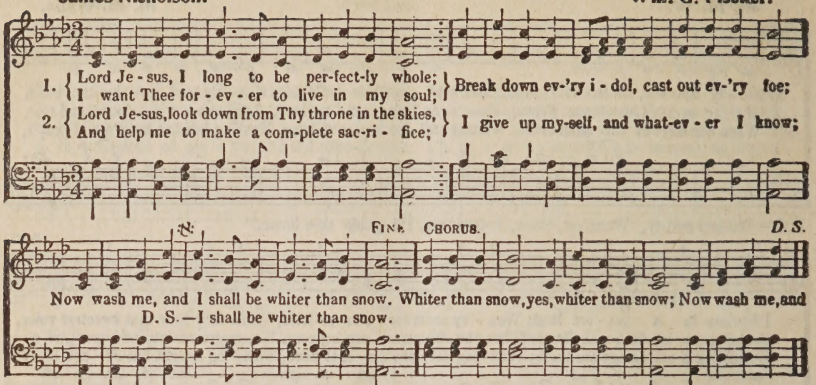
No. 218. Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber. John B. Dykes.

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear - ly in the morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee;
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, all the saints adore Thee, Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of sin-ful man Thy glory may not see;
4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Almighty! All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!
Cher-u-bim and sera - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
On - ly Thou art ho - ly, there is none be - side Thee, Per-fect in pow-er, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty.

No. 219. Whiter Than Snow.

James Nicholson. Wm. G. Fischer.

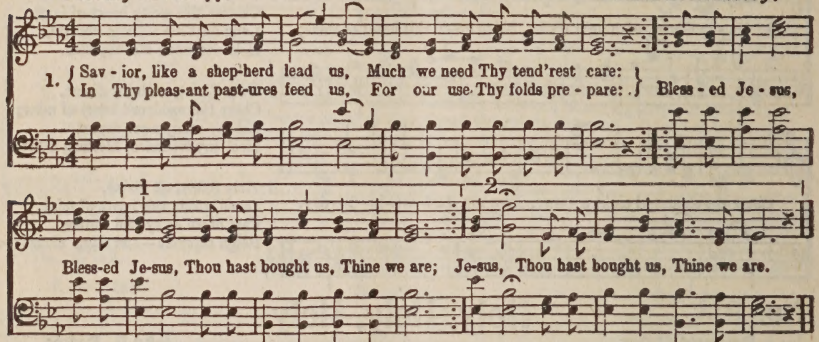

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; I want Thee for - ev - er to live in my soul; Break down ev-'ry i - dol, cast out ev-'ry foe;
2. Lord Je-sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com-plete sac-ri - fice; I give up my-self, and what-ev - er I know;
FINE CHORUS.
D. S.
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow; Now wash me, and
D. S.—I shall be whiter than snow.

3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat,
I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet,
By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait;
Come now, and within me a new heart create;
To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st no;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

No. 220. Savior, Like a Shepherd.

Dorothy A. Thrupp. William B. Bradbury.


1. Sav - ior, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care: In Thy pleas-ant past-ures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre - pare: Bless - ed Je - sus,
1
2
Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are; Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

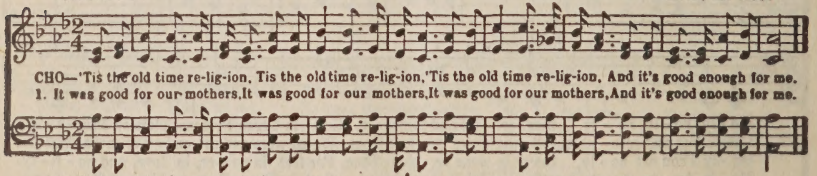
2 We are Thine; do Thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us.
Seek us when we go astray:
Blessed Jesus,
Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be,
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Savior,
With Thy love our bosoms fill:
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

No. 221. The Old Time Religion.

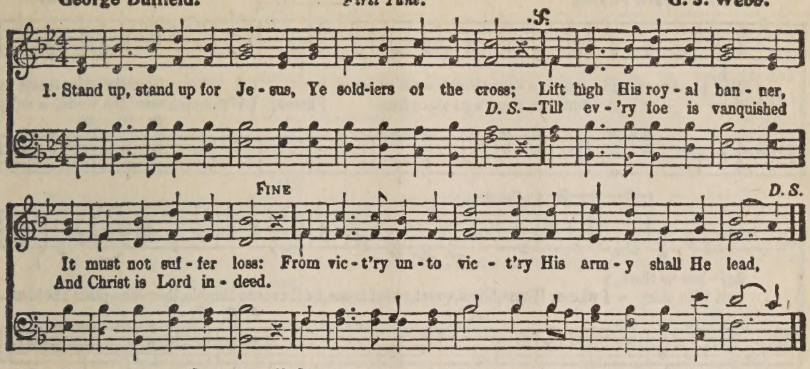
Unknown. E. O. E. Arr.


CHO—'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, And it's good enough for me.
1. It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, And it's good enough for me.

2 Makes me love everybody.
3 It has saved our fathers.
4 It was good for the Prophet Daniel.
5 It was good for the Hebrew children.
6 It was tried in the fiery furnace.
7 It was good for Paul and Silas.
8 It will do when I am dying.
9 It will take us all to heaven.

No. 222. Stand Up for Jesus.

George Duffield. *First Tune.* G. J. Webb.


1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sold-iers of the cross; Lift high His roy - al ban - ner,
D. S.—Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished
FINE
D. S.
It must not suf - fer loss: From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His arm - y shall He lead,
And Christ is Lord in - deed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day,
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own.
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To Him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

No. 223. The Morning Light is Breaking.

First or Second Tune.

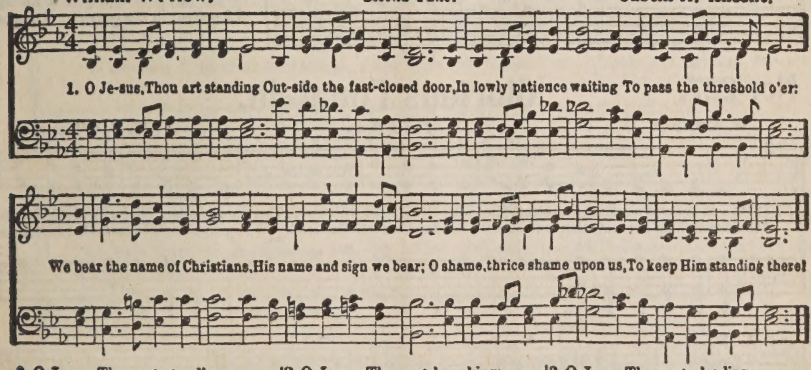
1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking,
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God of love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners now confessing,
The gospel's call obey,
And seek a Savior's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly,
Triumphant, reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

No. 224. O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

William W. How. *Second Tune.* Justin H. Knecht.


1. O Je-sus, Thou art standing Out-side the fast-closed door, In lowly patience waiting To pass the threshold o'er:
We bear the name of Christians, His name and sign we bear; O shame, thrice shame upon us, To keep Him standing there!

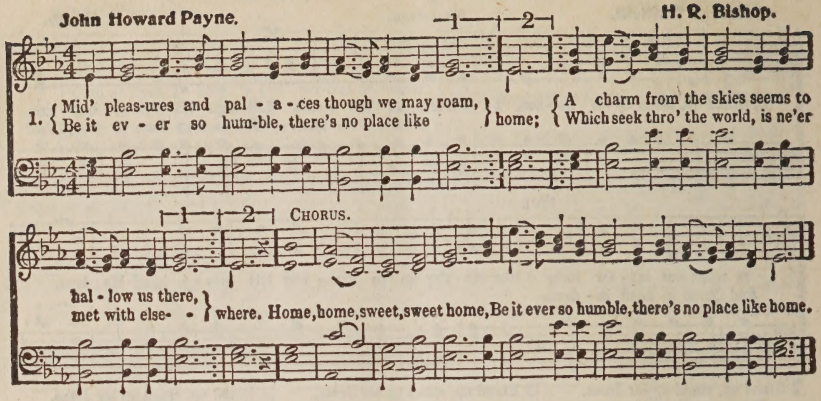
1 O Jesus, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
We bear the name of Christians,
His name and sign we bear;
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there!

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking;
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowlege,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
Dear Savior, enter, enter,
And leave us never more!

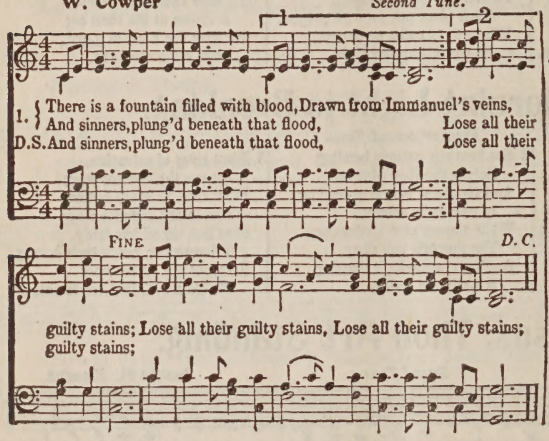
No. 225. Home, Sweet Home.

John Howard Payne. H. R. Bishop.


1. Mid' pleas-ures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, Be it ev - er so hum-ble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to Which seek thro' the world, is ne'er
CHORUS.
hal - low us there, met with else- - where. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

No. 226. There is a Fountain.

W. Cowper *Second Tune.* Lowell Mason.


1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their
D.S. And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their
FINE
D.C.
guilty stains; Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains; guilty stains;

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, tho' vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

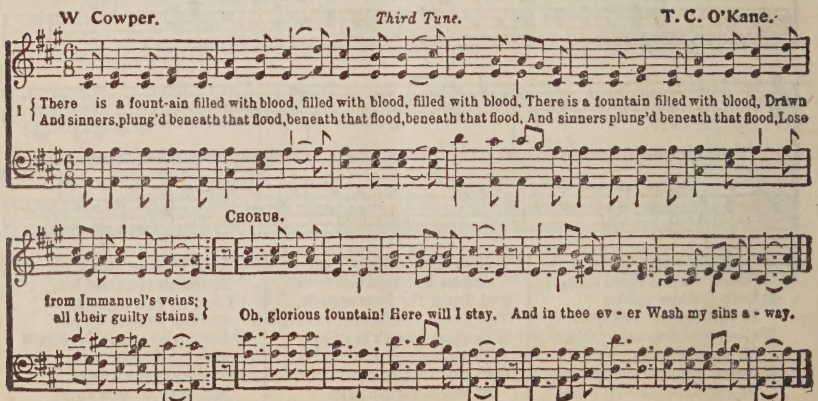
3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

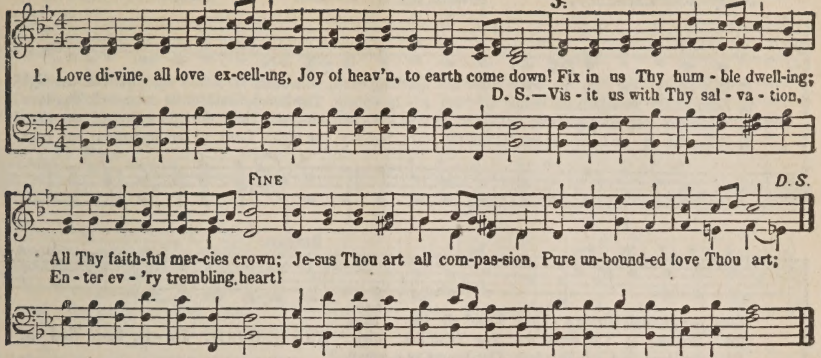
No. 227. Glorious Fountain.

W Cowper. *Third Tune.* T. C. O'Kane.


1 There is a fount-ain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood, There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood, And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, Lose
CHORUS.
from Immanuel's veins; all their guilty stains.
Oh, glorious fountain! Here will I stay. And in thee ev - er Wash my sins a - way.

No. 228. Love Divine.

Charles Wesley. *First Tune.* John Zundel.


1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cell-ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down! Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwell-ing;
D. S.—Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion,
FINE
D. S.
All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown; Je-sus Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure un-bound-ed love Thou art;
En-ter ev-'ry trembling heart!

2 Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving
Into every troubled breast! [Spirit
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty!

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temple leave:
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above
Pray, and praise Thee without ceas-
Glory in Thy perfect love! [ing,

4 Finish then Thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

No. 229. Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling.

First or Second Tune.

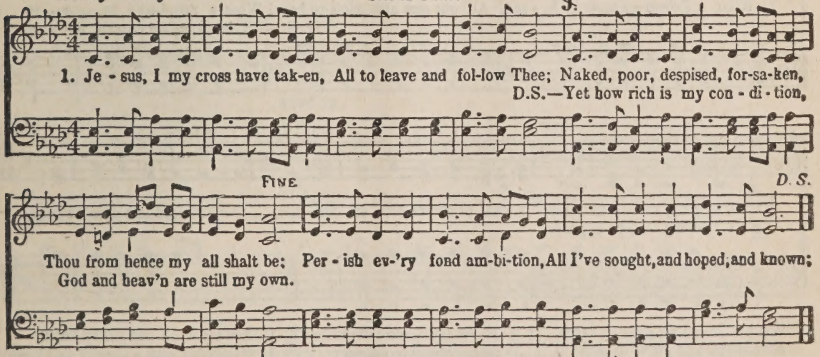
1 Hark! the voice of Jesus calling,
Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, the harvest waiting
Who will bear the sheaves away!
Loud and long, the Master calleth
Rich reward He offers free;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

2 If you cannot cross the ocean
And the heathen land explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door;
If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.

3 While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you,
Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do!"
Gladly take the task He gives you!
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

No. 230. Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

Henry F. Lyte. *Second Tune.* Mozart.


1. Je-sus, I my cross have tak-en, All to leave and fol-low Thee; Naked, poor, despised, for-sa-ken,
D.S.—Yet how rich is my con-di-tion,
FINE
D. S.
Thou from hence my all shalt be; Per-ish ev-'ry fond am-bi-tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
God and heav'n are still my own.

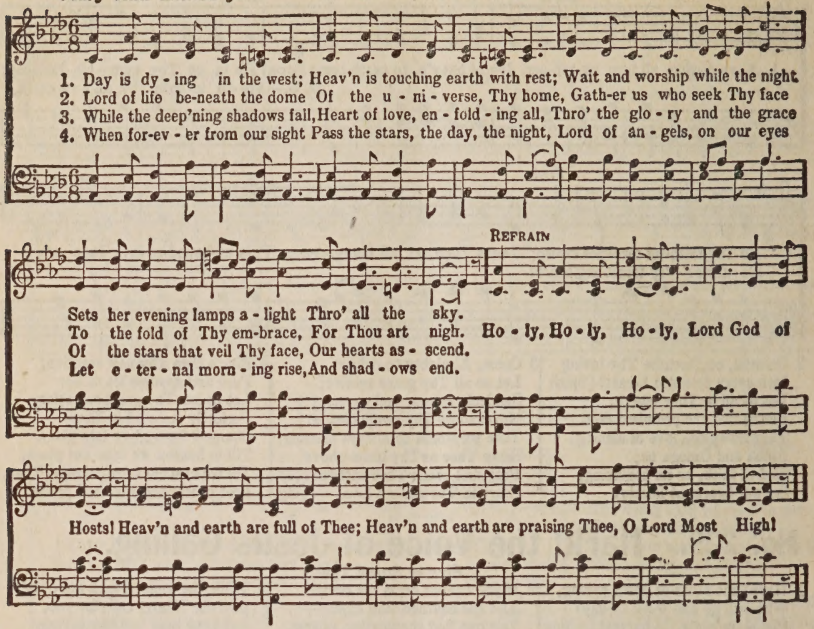
2 Let the world despise, forsake me,
They have left my Savior, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like man, untrue:
And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun
Show Thy face and all is bright

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn and pain!
In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee, "Abba Father,"
I have stayed my heart on Thee;
Storms may o'er me gather,
All must work for good to me.

4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Led by faith, and winged by prayer
Heav'n's eternal days before thee
God will safely guide thee there,
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

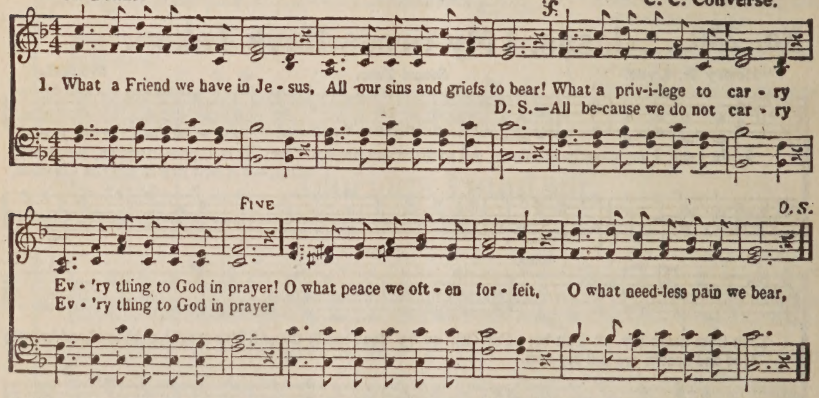
No. 231. Day is Dying in the West.

Mary Ann Lathbury. COPYRIGHT, 1877, BY J. H. VINCENT. William F. Sherwin.


1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and worship while the night
2. Lord of life be-neath the dome Of the u - ni - verse, Thy home, Gath-er us who seek Thy face
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of love, en - fold - ing all, Thro' the glo - ry and the grace
4. When for-ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of an - gels, on our eyes
REFRAIN
Sets her evening lamps a - light Thro' all the sky.
To the fold of Thy em-brace, For Thou art nigh. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of
Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as - scend.
Let e - ter - nal morn - ing rise, And shad - ows end.
Hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of Thee; Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord Most High!

No. 232. What a Friend.

H. Bonar. C. C. Converse.


1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear! What a priv-i-lege to car - ry
D. S.—All be-cause we do not car - ry
FINE
D. S.
Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer! O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,
Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer

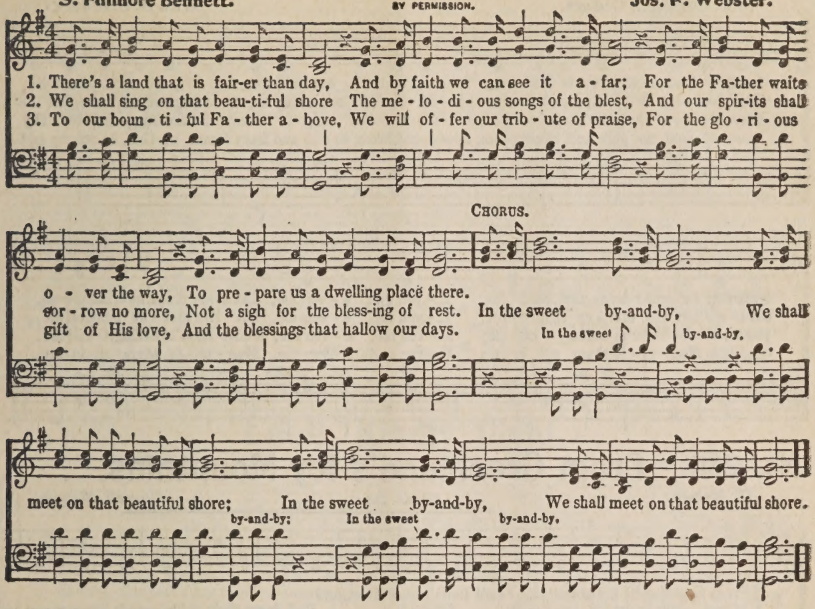
1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry,
Every thing to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer,
In His arms He'll take and shield
Thou wilt find a solace there. [thee,

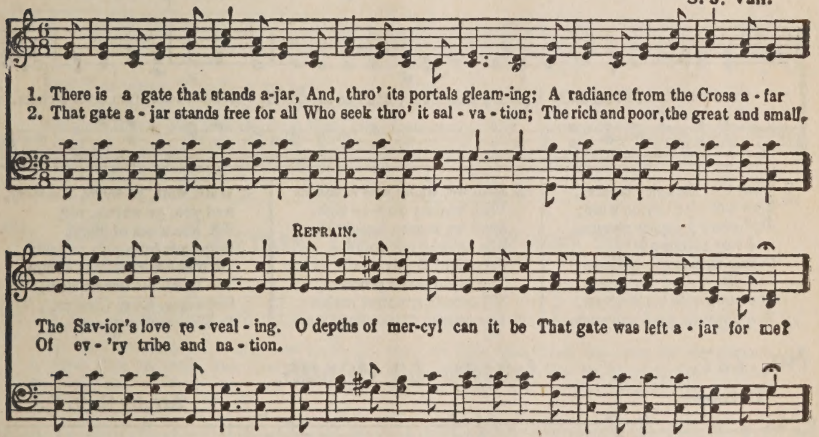
No. 233. Sweet By-and-By.

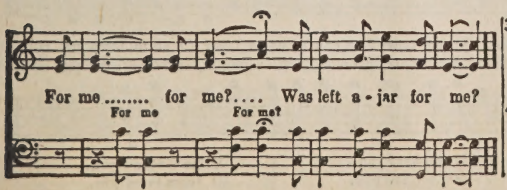
S. Fillmore Bennett. BY PERMISSION. Jos. P. Webster.


1. There's a land that is fair-er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far; For the Fa-ther waits
2. We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore The me - lo - di - ous songs of the blest, And our spir-its shall
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous
CHORUS.
o - ver the way, To pre - pare us a dwelling place there.
sor - row no more, Not a sigh for the bless-ing of rest. In the sweet by-and-by, We shall
gift of His love, And the blessings that hallow our days.
In the sweet by-and-by.
meet on that beautiful shore; In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore.
by-and-by; In the sweet by-and-by.

No. 234. The Gate Ajar.

S. J. Vail.


1. There is a gate that stands a-jar, And, thro' its portals gleam-ing; A radiance from the Cross a - far
2. That gate a - jar stands free for all Who seek thro' it sal - va - tion; The rich and poor, the great and small,
REFRAIN.
The Sav-ior's love re - veal - ing. O depths of mer-cy! can it be That gate was left a - jar for me?
Of ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion.

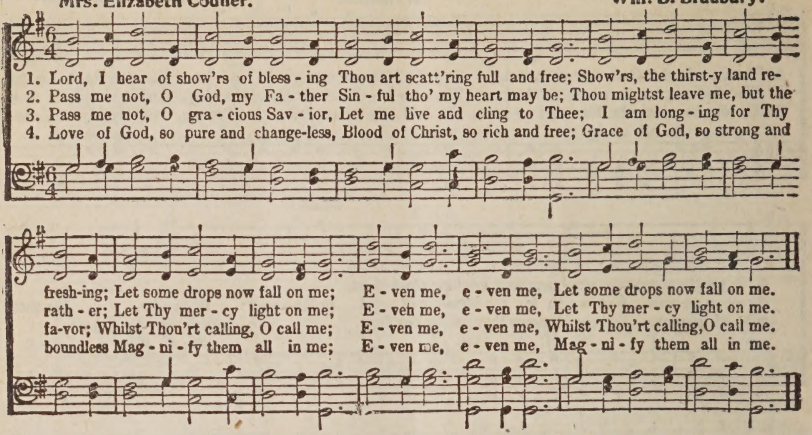


3 Press onward, then, tho' foes may frown,
While mercy's gate is open,
Accept the cross, and win the crown,
Love's everlasting token.

4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
The cross that here is given,
And bear the crown of life away,
And love Him more in heaven.

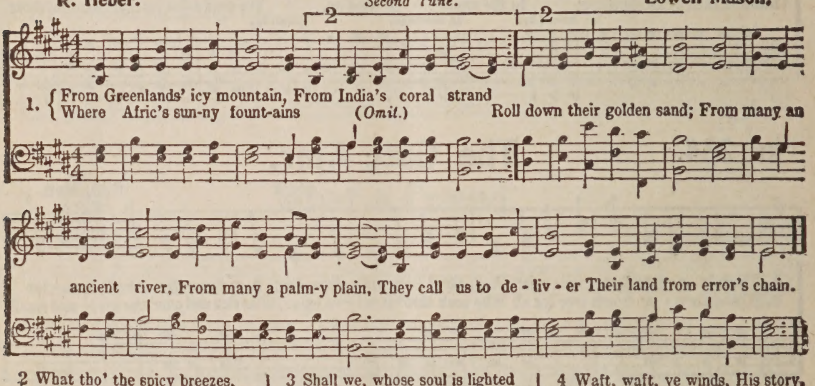
No. 235. Even Me, Even Me

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner. Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free; Show'rs, the thirst-y land re-
2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa - ther Sin - ful tho' my heart may be; Thou mightst leave me, but the
3. Pass me not, O gra - cious Sav - ior, Let me live and cling to Thee; I am long - ing for Thy
4. Love of God, so pure and change-less, Blood of Christ, so rich and free; Grace of God, so strong and
fresh-ing; Let some drops now fall on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.
rath - er; Let Thy mer - cy light on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy light on me.
fa-vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.
boundless Mag - ni - fy them all in me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Mag - ni - fy them all in me.

No. 236. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

R. Heber. *Second Tune.* Lowell Mason.


1. From Greenlands' icy mountain, From India's coral strand
Where Afric's sun-ny fount-ains (*Omit.*) Roll down their golden sand; From many an
ancient river, From many a palm-y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain.

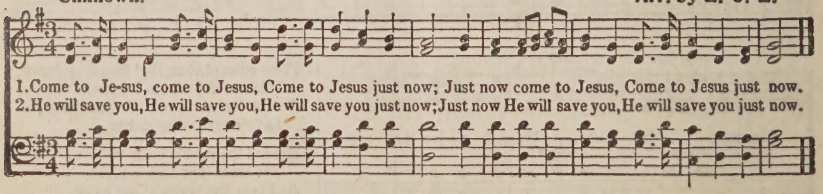
2 What tho' the spicy breezes,
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Tho' every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness,
Bow down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose soul is lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

No. 237. Come to Jesus.

Unknown. Arr. by E. O. E.


1. Come to Je-sus, come to Jesus, Come to Jesus just now; Just now come to Jesus, Come to Jesus just now.
2. He will save you, He will save you, He will save you just now; Just now He will save you, He will save you just now.

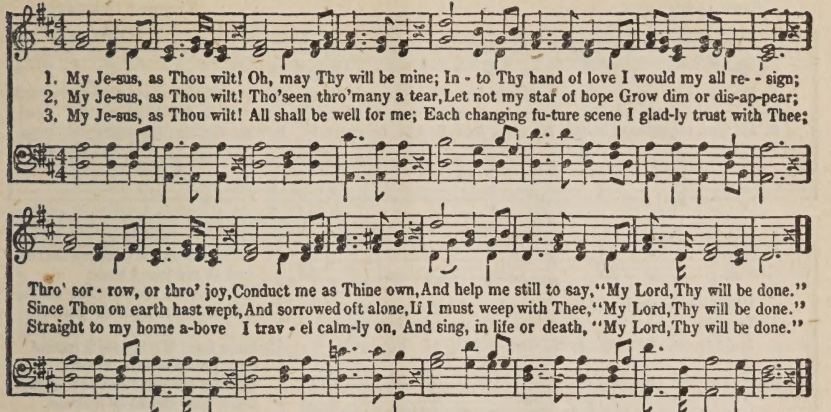
3 He is able.
4 He is willing.
5 Call upon Him.

6 He will hear you.
7 He'll forgive you.
8 He will cleanse you.

9 He'll renew you.
10 Jesus loves you.
11 Only trust Him.

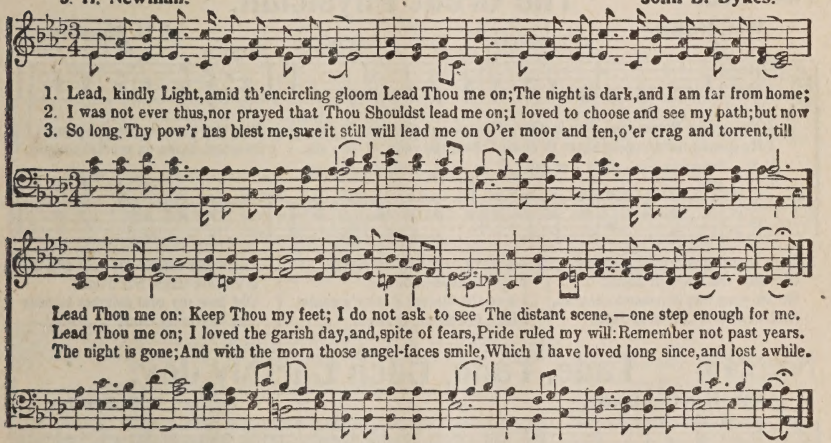
No. 238. My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.

B. Schmolke. Weber.


1. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! Oh, may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy hand of love I would my all re- - sign;
2. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! Tho'seen thro'many a tear, Let not my star of hope Grow dim or dis-ap-pear;
3. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me; Each changing fu-ture scene I glad-ly trust with Thee;
Thro' sor - row, or thro' joy, Conduct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, "My Lord, Thy will be done."
Since Thou on earth hast wept, And sorrowed oft alone, If I must weep with Thee, "My Lord, Thy will be done."
Straight to my home a-bove I trav - el calm-ly on, And sing, in life or death, "My Lord, Thy will be done."

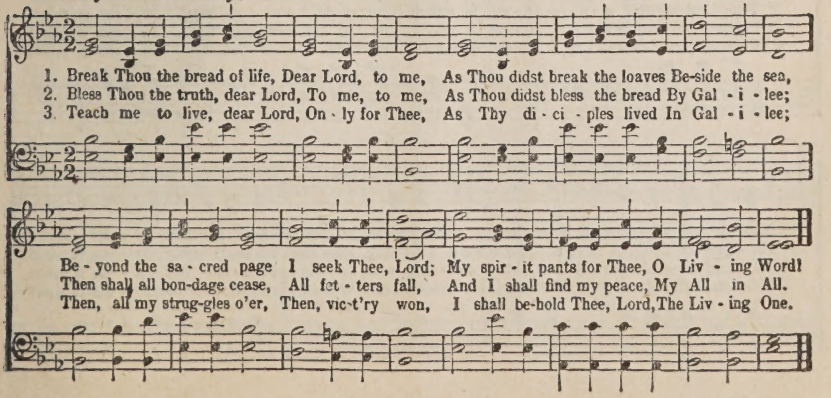
No. 239. Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman. John B. Dykes.


1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom Lead Thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home;
2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now
3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still will lead me on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
Lead Thou me on: Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The distant scene,—one step enough for me.
Lead Thou me on; I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: Remember not past years.
The night is gone; And with the morn those angel-faces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

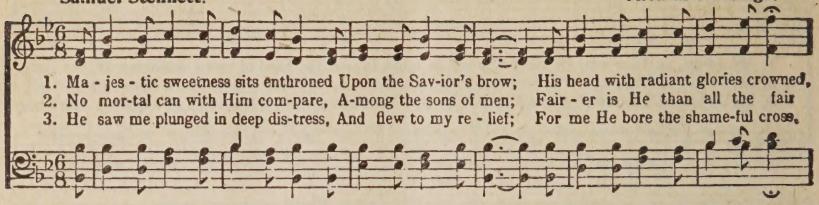
No. 240. Break Thou the Bread of Life.

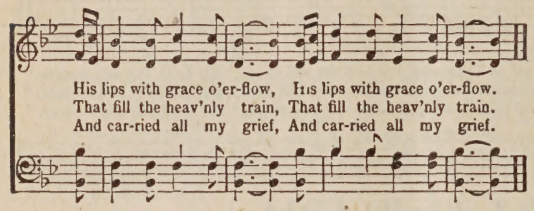
Mary Ann Lathbury. William F. Sherwin.


1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves Be-side the sea,
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst bless the bread By Gal - i - lee;
3. Teach me to live, dear Lord, On - ly for Thee, As Thy di - ci - ples lived In Gal - i - lee;
Be - yond the sa - cred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O Liv - ing Word!
Then shall all bon-dage cease, All fet - ters fall, And I shall find my peace, My All in All.
Then, all my strug-gles o'er, Then, vic-t'ry won, I shall be-hold Thee, Lord, The Liv - ing One.

No. 241. Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned,

Samuel Stennett. Thomas Hastings.


1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Upon the Sav-ior's brow; His head with radiant glories crowned,
2. No mor-tal can with Him com-pare, A-mong the sons of men; Fair - er is He than all the fair
3. He saw me plunged in deep dis-tress, And flew to my re - lief; For me He bore the shame-ful cross,

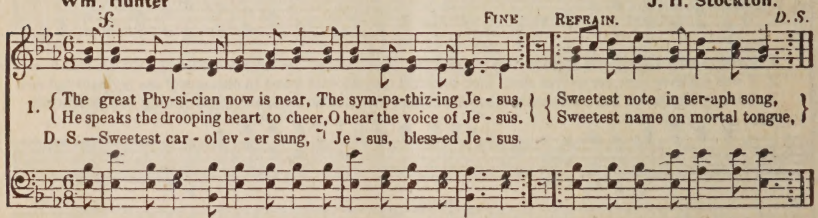

His lips with grace o'er-flow, His lips with grace o'er-flow.
That fill the heav'nly train, That fill the heav'nly train.
And car-ried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.

4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have:
He make me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

5 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

No. 242. The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter J. H. Stockton.


f.
FINE
REFRAIN.
D. S.
1. { The great Phy-si-cian now is near, The sym-pa-thiz-ing Je - sus, } { Sweetest note in ser-aph song, }
{ He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je - sus. } { Sweetest name on mortal tongue, }
D. S.—Sweetest car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.

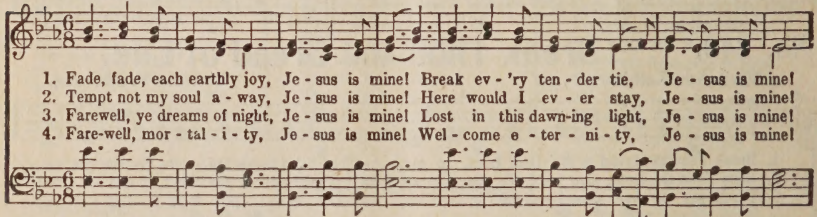
2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh! hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

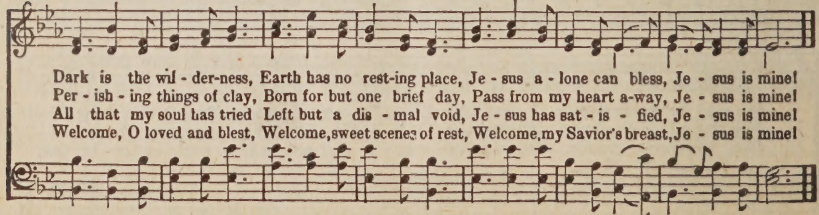
3 All glory to the dying Lamb
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

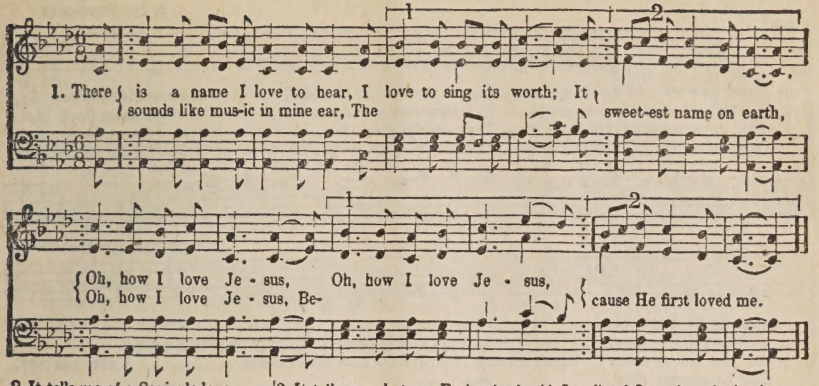
No. 243. Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

Mrs. Horatius Bonar. T. E. Perkins.


1. Fade, fade, each earthly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break ev - 'ry ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine!
2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine!
3. Farewell, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this dawn-ing light, Je - sus is mine!
4. Fare-well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come e - ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine!


Dark is the wil - der-ness, Earth has no rest-ing place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
Per - ish - ing things of clay, Born for but one brief day, Pass from my heart a-way, Je - sus is mine!
All that my soul has tried Left but a dis - mal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!
Welcome, O loved and blest, Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Savior's breast, Je - sus is mine!

No. 244. Oh, How I Love Jesus.


1. There { is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It
sounds like mus-ic in mine ear, The sweet-est name on earth,
{ Oh, how I love Je - sus, Oh, how I love Je - sus,
Oh, how I love Je - sus, Be- cause He first loved me.

2 It tells me of a Savior's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood;
The sinner's perfect plea.

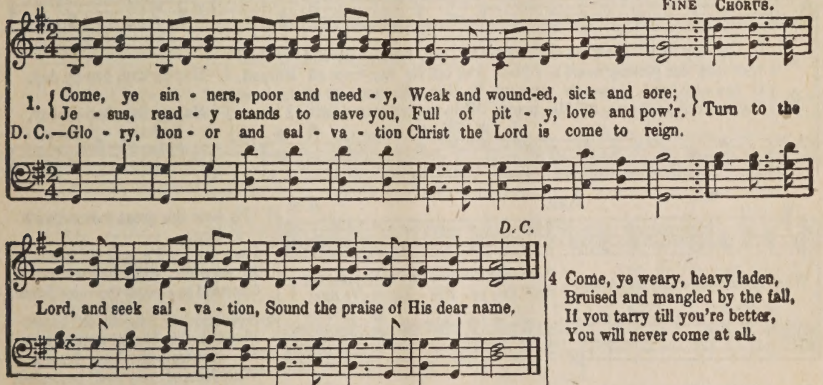
3 It tells me what my Father hath
In store for every day,
And tho' I tread a darksome path,
Yields sunshine all the way.

4 It tells of One whose loving heart
Can feel my deepest woe,
Who in each sorrow bears a part,
That none can bear below.

No. 245. Come, Ye Sinners.

Hart. J. Ingalls.

FINE CHORUS.


1. { Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore;
Je - sus, read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r. } Turn to the
D. C.—Glo - ry, hon - or and sal - va - tion Christ the Lord is come to reign.
D. C.
Lord, and seek sal - va - tion, Sound the praise of His dear name,

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh.

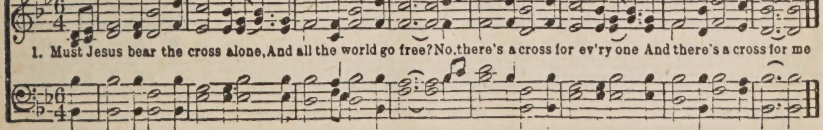
3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Your Redeemer prostrate lies,
On the bloody tree behold Him!
Hear Him cry, before He dies.

No. 246. Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

Thos. Shepherd. *Fourth Tune.* Geo. N. Allen.



2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

4 Upon the crystal pavement, down,
At Jesus pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown
And His dear name repeat.

No. 247. Only Trust Him.

J. H. S — J. H. Stockton.

1. Come ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will surely give you rest By
2. For Je - sus shed His precious blood, Rich bless-ings to bestow; Plunge now in-to the crimson flood That
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest; Be - lieve in Him with-out de-lay, And
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go, To dwell in that ce-les-tial land, Where
1
2
trust-ing in His word.
wash-es white as snow.
you are ful - ly blest.
joys im-mor-tal flow.
On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On-ly trust Him now;
He will save you, He will save you, He will.....
save you now.

No. 248. O Happy Day.

Philip Doddridge. — E. F. Rimbault.

1. O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior and my God!
Well may this glowing heart re - joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad.
Hap-py day, hap-py day,
2. O hap - py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love!
Let cheerful an-thems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move.
Hap-py day, hap-py day,
FINE
D. S.
When Jesus washed my sins away!
He taught me how to watch and pray
And live re - joic - ing ev-'ry day;

3 'Tis done this great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

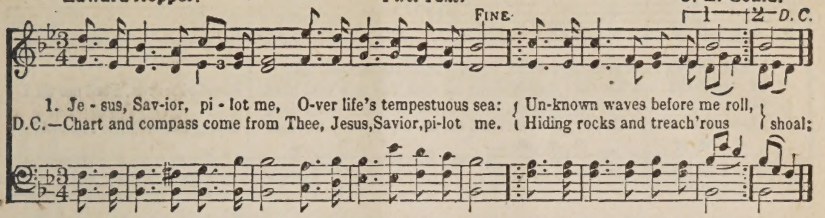
No. 249. Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay. — J. J. Husband.

1. We praise Thee, O God! For the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who died And is now gone a - bove.
2. We praise Thee, O God! For Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our Savior, And scattered our night.
3. All glo - ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins And has cleansed ev'ry stain.
4. Re - vive us a - gain; Fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-kindled With fire from a-bove.
REFRAIN.
1
2
Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men!
Re - vive us a - gain.

No. 250. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper. *First Tune.* J. E. Gould.


FINE.
1
2
D. C.
1. Je - sus, Sav-ior, pi - lot me, O-ver life's tempestuous sea: Un-known waves before me roll,
D.C.—Chart and compass come from Thee, Jesus, Savior, pi-lot me. Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;

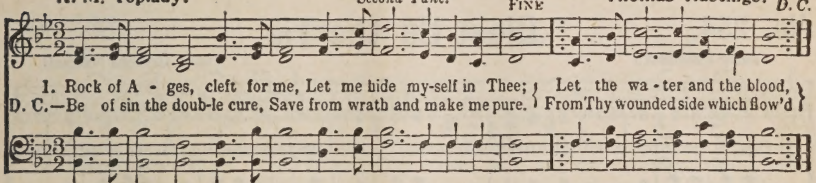
1 Jesus, Savior, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea:
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Chart and compass come from Thee
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves, obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twix me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

No. 251. Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. *Second Tune.* Thomas Hastings.


FINE
D. C.
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood,
D. C.—Be of sin the doub-le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure. From Thy wounded side which flow'd

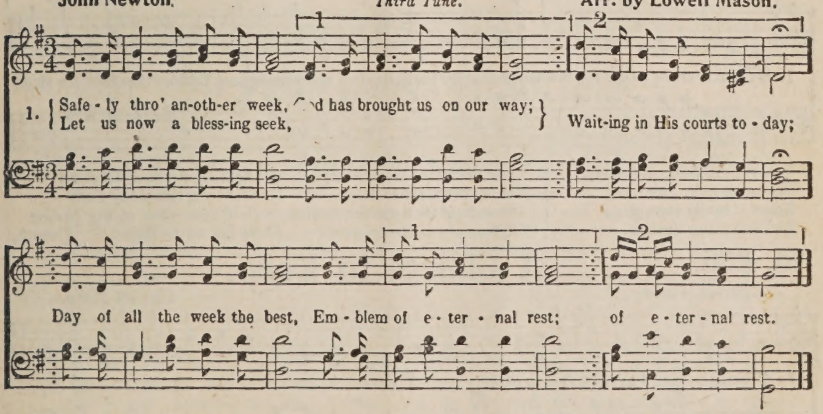
1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 252. Safely Through Another Week.

John Newton. *Third Tune.* Arr. by Lowell Mason.


1
2
1. Safe - ly thro' an-oth-er week, God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a bless-ing seek, Wait-ing in His courts to - day;
1
2
Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest; of e - ter - nal rest.

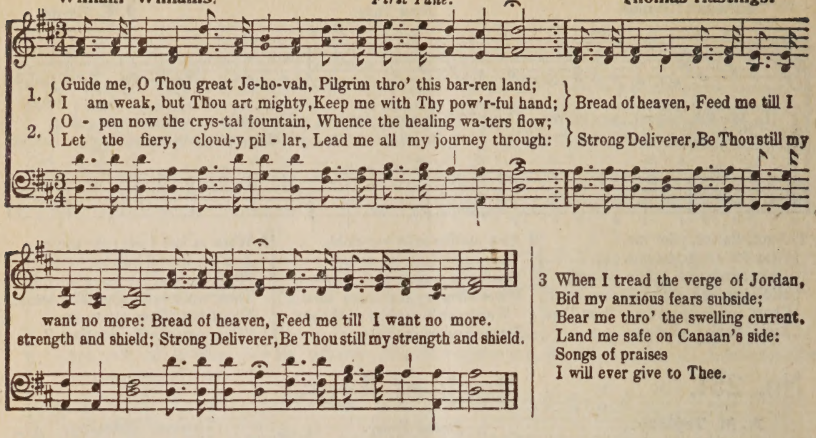
2 While we pray for pard'ning grace,
Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciled face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.

3 Here we come Thy name to praise;
Let us feel Thy presence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief to all complaints;
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

No. 253. Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

William Williams. *First Tune.* Thomas Hastings.


1. Guide me, O Thou great Je-ho-vah, Pilgrim thro' this bar-ren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty, Keep me with Thy pow'r-ful hand;
Bread of heaven, Feed me till I
2. O - pen now the crys-tal fountain, Whence the healing wa-ters flow;
Let the fiery, cloud-y pil - lar, Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer, Be Thou still my
want no more: Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.
strength and shield; Strong Deliverer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me thro' the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

No, 254. Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett. Hans George Naegeli.

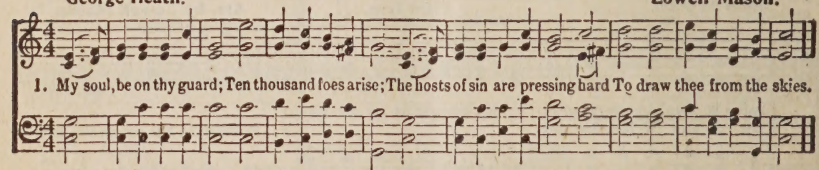
2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers; [one,
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

No. 255. My Soul, Be on Thy Guard.

George Heath. Lowell Mason.



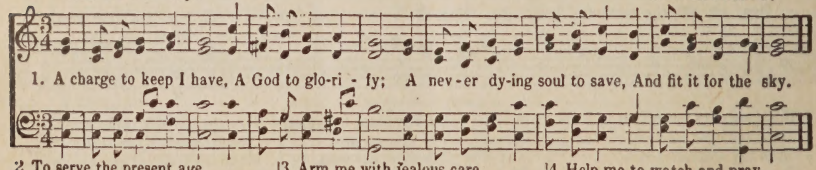
2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God:
He'll take thee, at thy parting
To His divine abode. [breath,

No. 256. A Charge to Keep.

Charles Wesley. Lowell Mason.



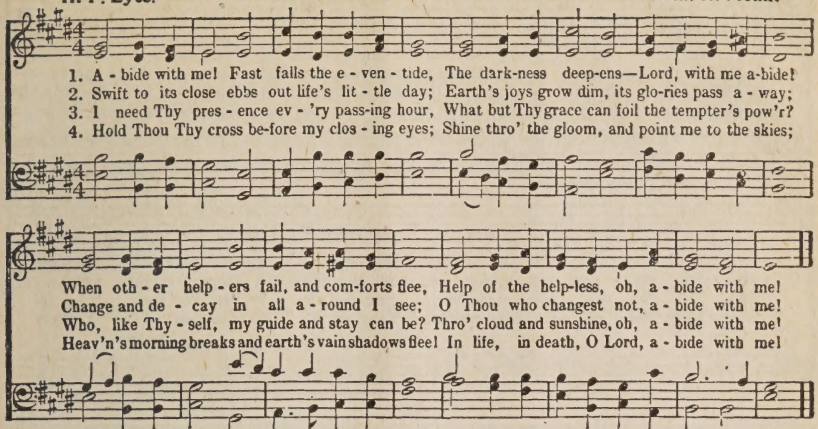
2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
Oh, may it all my pow'rs engage,
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

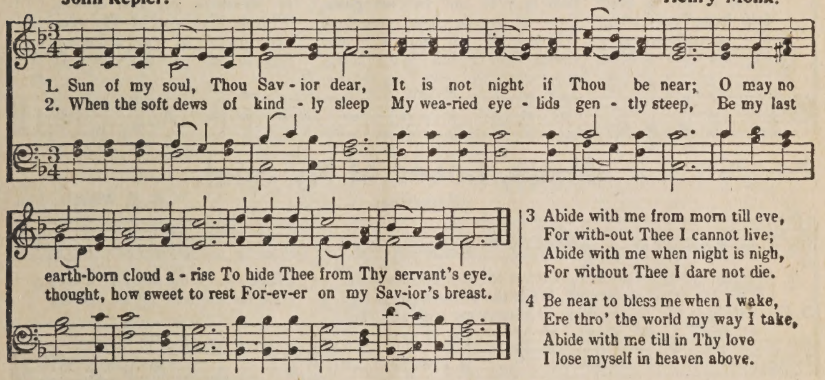
No. 257. Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte. Wm. H. Monk.


1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark-ness deep-ens—Lord, with me a-bide!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo-ries pass a - way;
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour, What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be-fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies;
When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a - bide with me!
Change and de - cay in all a - round I see; O Thou who changest not, a - bide with me!
Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a - bide with me!
Heav'n's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

No. 258. Sun of My Soul.

John Kepler. Henry Monk.

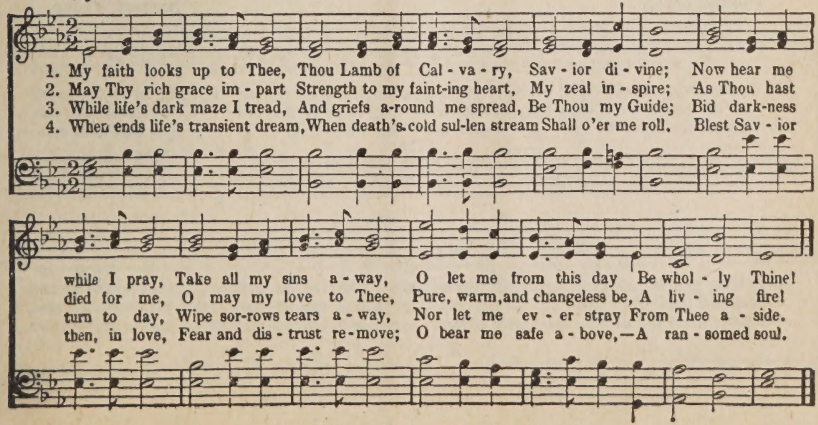

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near; O may no
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea-ried eye - lids gen - tly steep, Be my last
earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eye.
thought, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-ior's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For with-out Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere thro' the world my way I take,
Abide with me till in Thy love
I lose myself in heaven above.

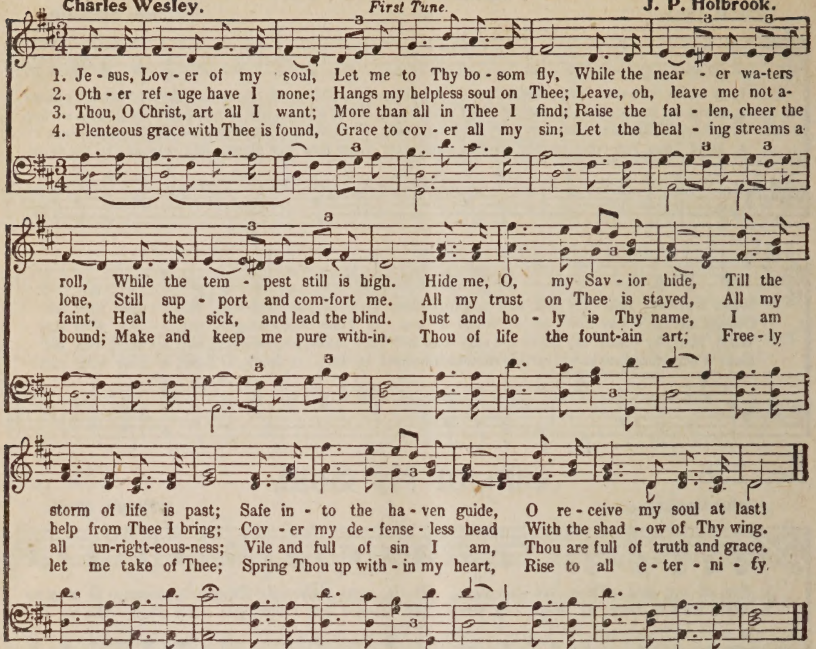
No. 259. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. Lowell Mason.


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - ior di - vine; Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint-ing heart, My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a-round me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark-ness
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sul-len stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - ior
while I pray, Take all my sins a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire!
turn to day, Wipe sor-rows tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
then, in love, Fear and dis - trust re-move; O bear me safe a - bove,—A ran - somed soul.

No. 260. Jesus Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley. *First Tune.* J. P. Holbrook.


1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the near - er wa-ters
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, oh, leave me not a-
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find; Raise the fal - len, cheer the
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin; Let the heal - ing streams a
roll, While the tem - pest still is high. Hide me, O, my Sav - ior hide, Till the
lone, Still sup - port and com-fort me. All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my
faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am
bound; Make and keep me pure with-in. Thou of life the fount-ain art; Free - ly
storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
help from Thee I bring; Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
all un-right-eous-ness; Vile and full of sin I am, Thou are full of truth and grace.
let me take of Thee; Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

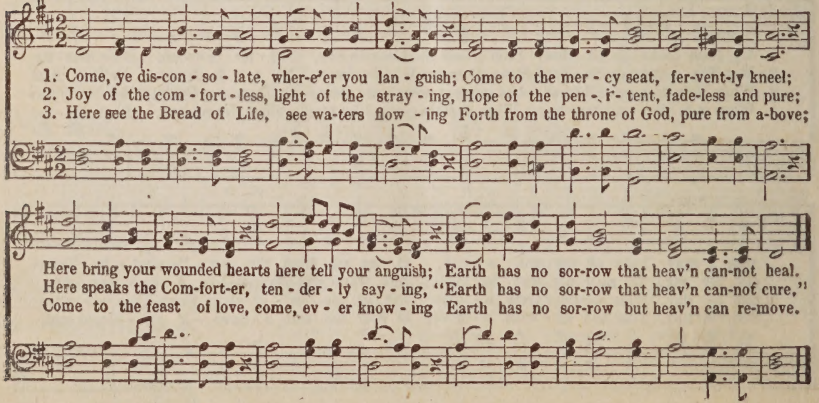
No. 261. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Second Tune. FINE S. B. Marsh. D. C.

1. { Je-sus, Lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, } { Hide me, O, my Sav-ior hide, }
{ While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high. } { Till the storm of life is past; }
D. C.—Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!

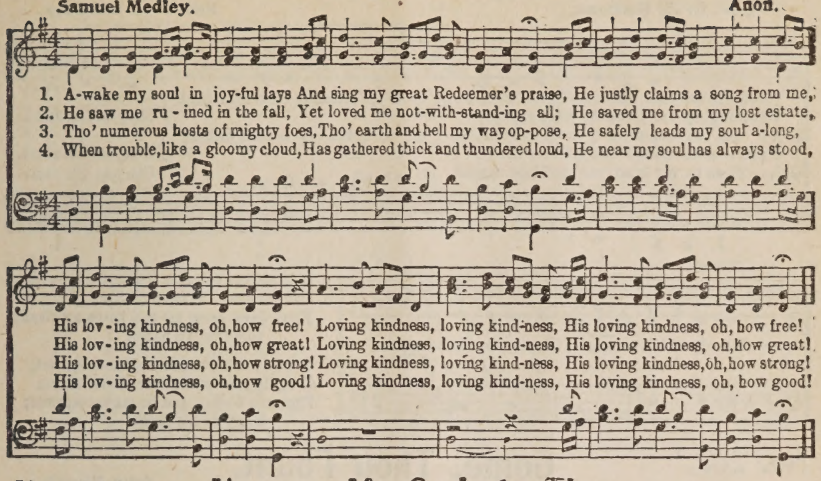
No. 262. Come, Ye Disconsolate.

Thomas Moore. Samuel Webbe.


1. Come, ye dis-con - so - late, wher-e'er you lan - guish; Come to the mer - cy seat, fer-vent-ly kneel;
2. Joy of the com - fort - less, light of the stray - ing, Hope of the pen - i - tent, fade-less and pure;
3. Here see the Bread of Life, see wa-ters flow - ing Forth from the throne of God, pure from a-bove;
Here bring your wounded hearts here tell your anguish; Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not heal.
Here speaks the Com-fort-er, ten - der - ly say - ing, "Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not cure,"
Come to the feast of love, come, ev - er know - ing Earth has no sor-row but heav'n can re-move.

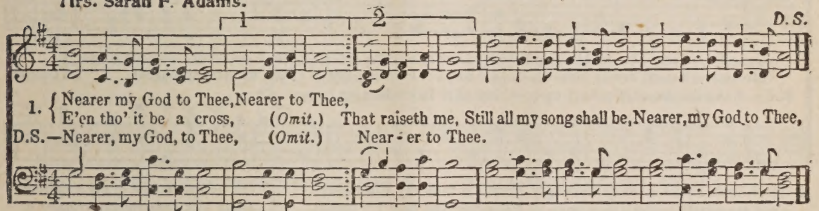
No. 263. Loving Kindness.

Samuel Medley. Anon.


1. A-wake my soul in joy-ful lays And sing my great Redeemer's praise, He justly claims a song from me,
2. He saw me ru-ined in the fall, Yet loved me not-with-stand-ing all; He saved me from my lost estate,
3. Tho' numerous hosts of mighty foes, Tho' earth and hell my way op-pose, He safely leads my soul a-long,
4. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gathered thick and thundered loud, He near my soul has always stood,
His lov-ing kindness, oh, how free! Loving kindness, loving kind-ness, His loving kindness, oh, how free!
His lov-ing kindness, oh, how great! Loving kindness, loving kind-ness, His loving kindness, oh, how great!
His lov-ing kindness, oh, how strong! Loving kindness, loving kind-ness, His loving kindness, oh, how strong!
His lov-ing kindness, oh, how good! Loving kindness, loving kind-ness, His loving kindness, oh, how good!

No. 264. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams.


1
2
D.S.
1. Nearer my God to Thee, Nearer to Thee,
E'en tho' it be a cross, (Omit.) That raiseth me, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee,
D.S.—Nearer, my God, to Thee, (Omit.) Near-er to Thee.

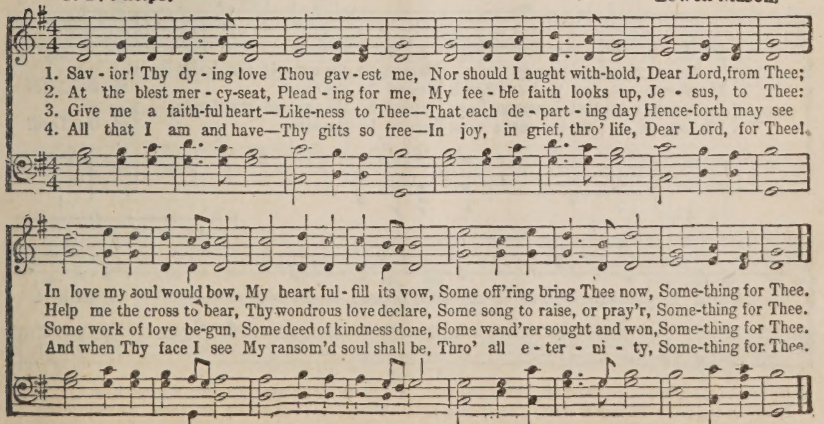
2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

4 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

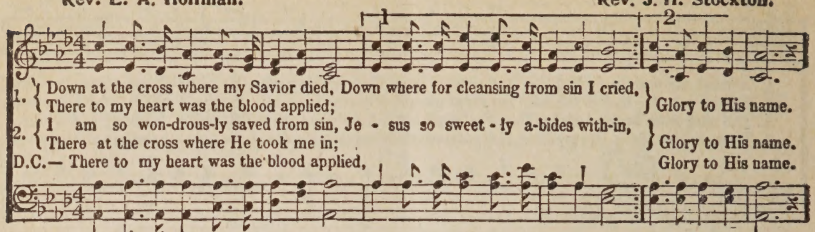
No. 265. Something for Jesus.

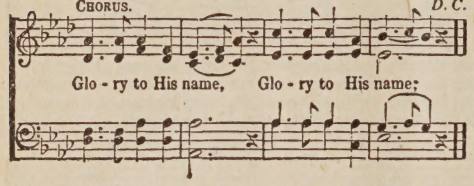
S. D. Phelps. Lowell Mason.


1. Sav-ior! Thy dy-ing love Thou gav-est me, Nor should I aught with-hold, Dear Lord, from Thee;
2. At the blest mer-cy-seat, Plead-ing for me, My fee-ble faith looks up, Je-sus, to Thee:
3. Give me a faith-ful heart—Like-ness to Thee—That each de-part-ing day Hence-forth may see
4. All that I am and have—Thy gifts so free—In joy, in grief, thro' life, Dear Lord, for Thee!
In love my soul would bow, My heart ful-fill its vow, Some off'ring bring Thee now, Some-thing for Thee.
Help me the cross to bear, Thy wondrous love declare, Some song to raise, or pray'r, Some-thing for Thee.
Some work of love be-gun, Some deed of kindness done, Some wand'rer sought and won, Some-thing for Thee.
And when Thy face I see My ransom'd soul shall be, Thro' all e-ter-ni-ty, Some-thing for Thee.

No. 266. Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Rev. J. H. Stockton.


1. Down at the cross where my Savior died, Down where for cleansing from sin I cried, There to my heart was the blood applied; Glory to His name.
2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a-bides with-in, There at the cross where He took me in; Glory to His name.
D.C.— There to my heart was the blood applied, Glory to His name.



3 Oh, precious fountain that saves from sin,
I am so glad I have entered in;
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean;
Glory to His name.

4 Come to this fountain so rich and sweet;
Cast thy poor soul at the Savior's feet;
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;
Glory to His name.

No. 267. Come, Thou Fount.

Geo. Robinson. *First Tune.* John Wyeth.

FINE.
D.C.
1. Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace, Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing. Call for songs of loudest praise; Teach me some melodious sonnet, Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove;
D. C.—Praise the mount, I'm fixed up-on it! Mount of Thy redeeming love.

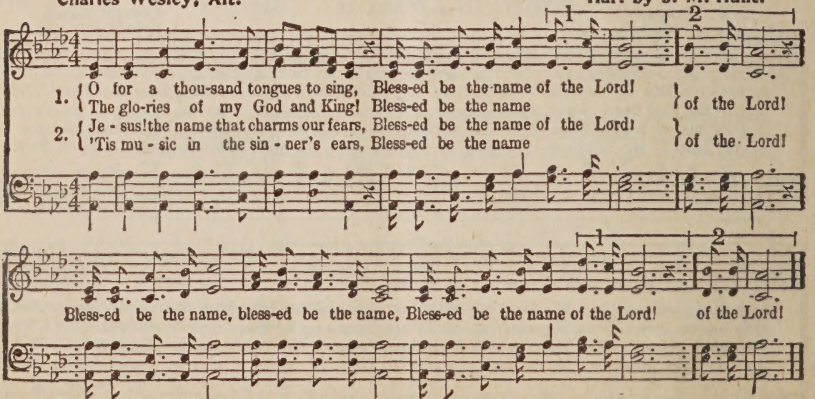
1 Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace,
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it!
Mount of Thy redeeming love.

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'll come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love; [it,
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal
Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 268. Blessed Be the Name.

Charles Wesley, Alt. Har. by J. M. Hunt.

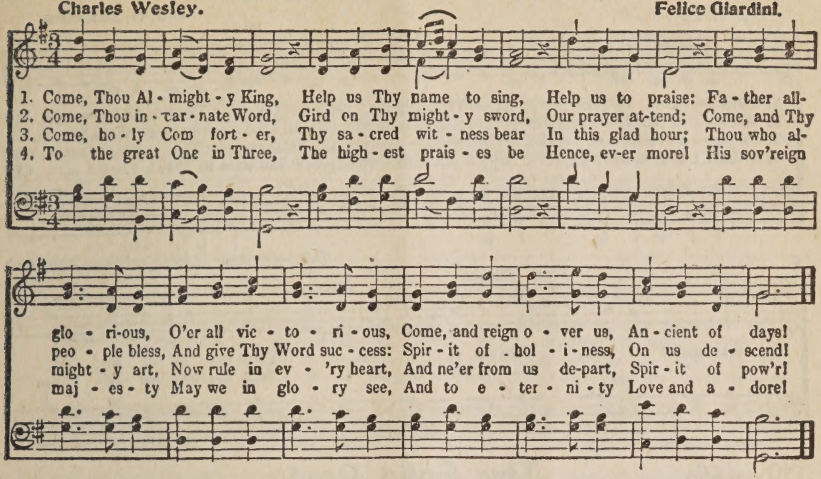

1. O for a thou-sand tongues to sing, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord! The glo-ries of my God and King! Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
2. Je - sus! the name that charms our fears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord! 'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
Bless-ed be the name, bless-ed be the name, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord! of the Lord!

3 He breaks the pow'r of canceled sin, Blessed be etc,
His blood can make the foulest clean, Blessed be etc,

4 I never shall forget that day, Blessed be etc,
When Jesus washed my sins away, Blessed be etc,

No. 269. Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley. Felice Giardini.


1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise: Fa - ther all-
2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword, Our prayer at-tend; Come, and Thy
3. Come, ho - ly Com fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear In this glad hour; Thou who al-
4. To the great One in Three, The high - est prais - es be Hence, ev-er more! His sov'reign
glo - ri-ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days!
peo - ple bless, And give Thy Word suc - cess: Spir - it of . hol - i - ness, On us de - scend!
might - y art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir - it of pow'r!
maj - es - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore!

No. 270. O Worship.

Tune Lyons.

1 O worship the King all glorious above,
And gratefully sing His wonderful love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

2 O tell of His might, and sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunderclouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

No. 271. Ye Servants.

Tune Lyons.

1 Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad His wonderful name;
The name all victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious: He rules over all.

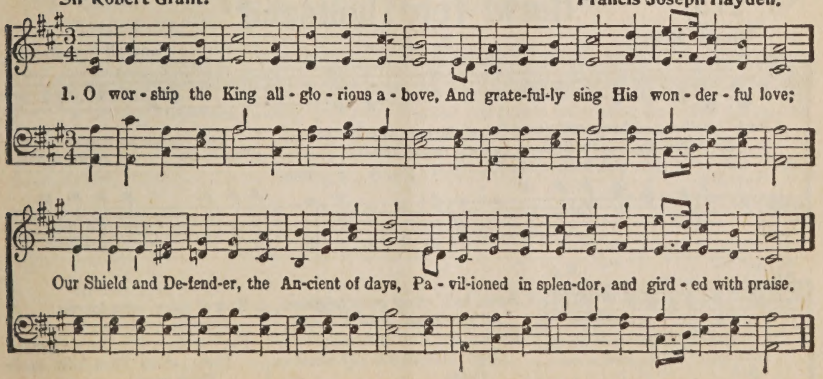
2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still He is nigh: His presence we have;
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.

3 "Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,"
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son,
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give Him His right—
All glory and power, and wisdom and might;
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.

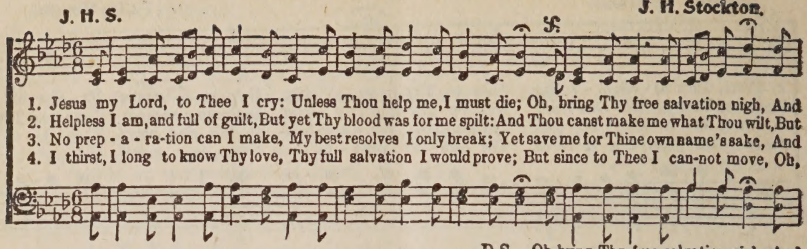
No. 272. Lyons. 10s, 11s.

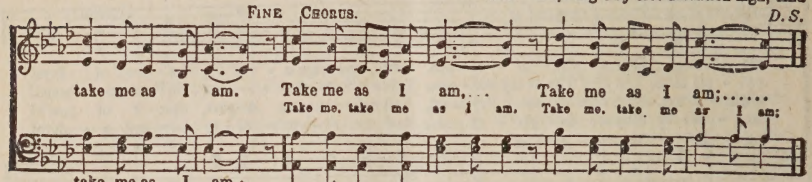
Sir Robert Grant. Francis Joseph Hayden.


1. O wor - ship the King all - glo - rious a - bove, And grate-ful-ly sing His won - der - ful love;
Our Shield and De-fend-er, the An-cient of days, Pa - vil-ioned in splen-dor, and gird - ed with praise.

No. 273. Take Me As I Am.

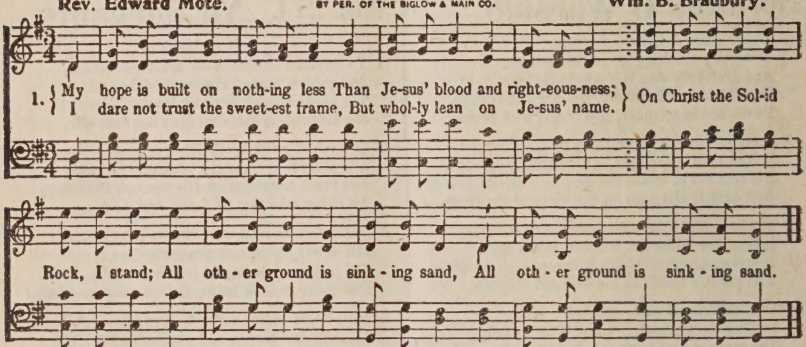
J. H. S. J. H. Stockton.


1. Jesus my Lord, to Thee I cry: Unless Thou help me, I must die; Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh, And
2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet Thy blood was for me spilt: And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, But
3. No prep - a - ra-tion can I make, My best resolves I only break; Yet save me for Thine own name's sake, And
4. I thirst, I long to know Thy love, Thy full salvation I would prove; But since to Thee I can-not move, Oh,
D.S.—Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh, And



No. 274. The Solid Rock.

Rev. Edward Mote. BY PER. OF THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO. Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and right-eous-ness; I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name. On Christ the Sol-id
Rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

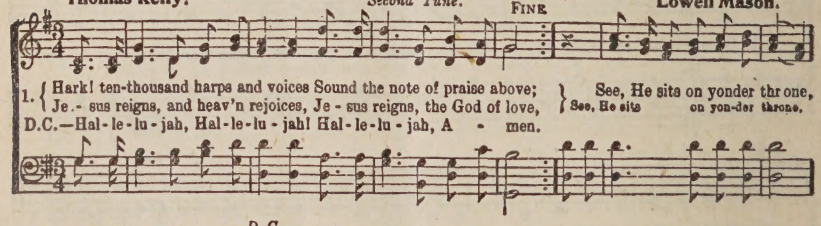
2 When darkness veils His lovely face
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vail.

3 His oath, His covenant, His blood
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

4 When He shall come with trumpet sound
O may I then in Him be found,
Drest in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.

No. 275. Hark! Ten Thousand.

Thomas Kelly. *Second Tune.* FINE Lowell Mason.

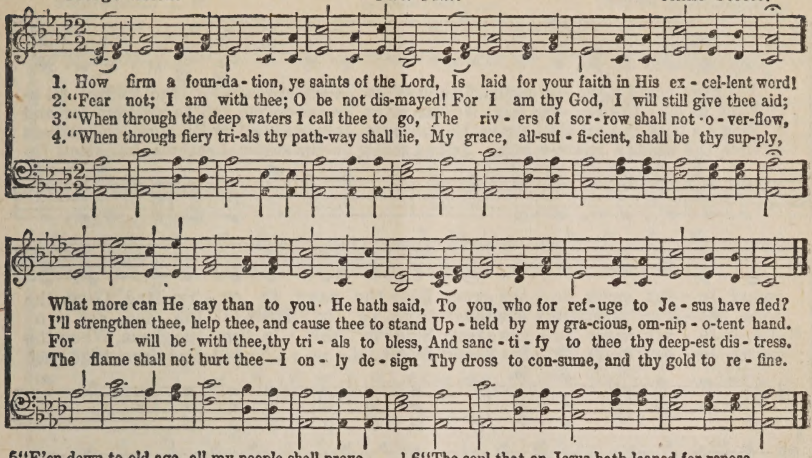

1. Hark! ten-thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise above; Je - sus reigns, and heav'n rejoices, Je - sus reigns, the God of love, See, He sits on yonder throne,
See, He sits on yon-der throne.
D.C.—Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah, A - men.

2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens,
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens,
Cheers and charms Thy saints on earth;
When we think of love like Thine,
Lord, we own it love divine:

3 King of glory, reign forever;
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face.

No. 276. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. *First Tune.* Anne Steele.


1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His ex-cel-lent word!
2. "Fear not; I am with thee; O be not dis-mayed! For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
3. "When through the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of sor-row shall not o-ver-flow,
4. "When through fiery tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all-suf-fi-cient, shall be thy sup-ply,
What more can He say than to you He hath said, To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand Up-held by my gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand.
For I will be with thee, thy tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
The flame shall not hurt thee—I on-ly de-sign Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-fine.

5 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake."

No. 277. My Shepherd.

First or Second Tune.

1 The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd.

2 Thro' the valley and shadow of death tho' I stray,
Since Thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall with my Comforter near.

3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil Thou annointest my head;
O what shall I ask of Thy providence more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above.
I seek by the path which my fore-fathers trod,
Thro' the land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love.

No. 278. Delay Not.

First or Second Tune.

1 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Savior is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

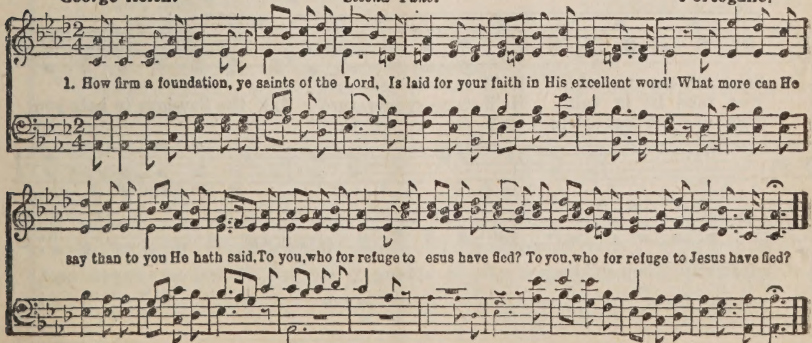
2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
A fountain is open, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in His pardoning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For Mercy still lingers and calls thee today:
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace
Long grieved and resisted, may take his sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

No. 279. How Firm a Foundation.

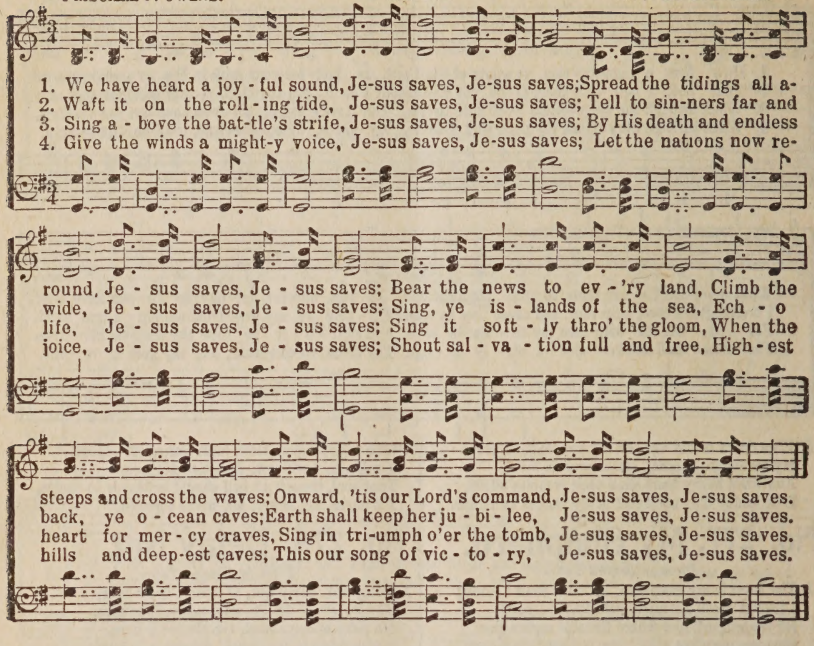
George Keith. *Second Tune.* Portogallo.


1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His excellent word! What more can He
say than to you He hath said, To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled? To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

No. 280. Jesus Saves.

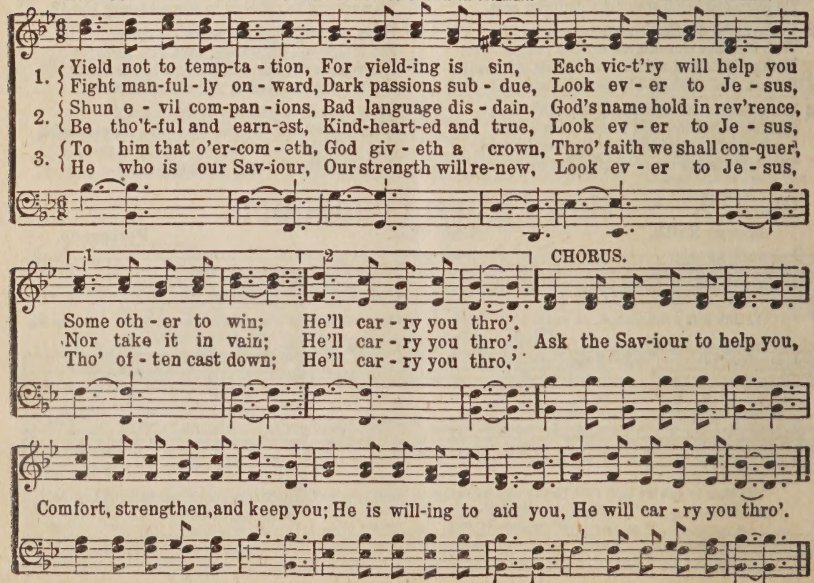
COPYRIGHT, 1910. BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
IN RENEWAL.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. We have heard a joy - ful sound, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves; Spread the tidings all a-
round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves; Tell to sin-ners far and
wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o
3. Sing a - bove the bat-tle's strife, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves; By His death and endless
life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the
4. Give the winds a might-y voice, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves; Let the nations now re-
joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est
steeps and cross the waves; Onward, 'tis our Lord's command, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves.
back, ye o - cean caves; Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves.
heart for mer - cy craves, Sing in tri-umph o'er the tomb, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves.
hills and deep-est caves; This our song of vic - to - ry, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves.

No. 281. Yield Not to Temptation.

H. P. P. BY PERMISSION OF DR. H. R. PALMER. H. R. PALMER.


1. Yield not to temp-ta - tion, For yield-ing is sin, Each vic-t'ry will help you
Fight man-ful - ly on - ward, Dark passions sub - due, Look ev - er to Je - sus,
2. Shun e - vil com-pan - ions, Bad language dis - dain, God's name hold in rev'rence,
Be tho't-ful and earn-est, Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev - er to Je - sus,
3. To him that o'er-com - eth, God giv - eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall con-quer,
He who is our Sav-iour, Our strength will re-new, Look ev - er to Je - sus,
CHORUS.
Some oth - er to win; He'll car - ry you thro'.
Nor take it in vain; He'll car - ry you thro'. Ask the Sav-iour to help you,
Tho' of - ten cast down; He'll car - ry you thro.'
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you; He is will-ing to aid you, He will car - ry you thro'.

No. 282. Christ Arose!

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL.
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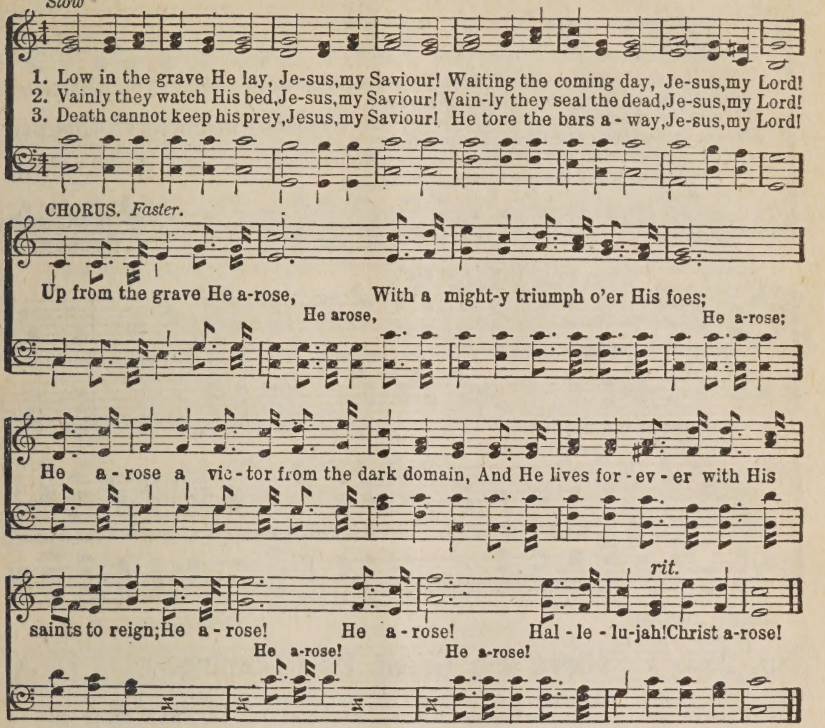
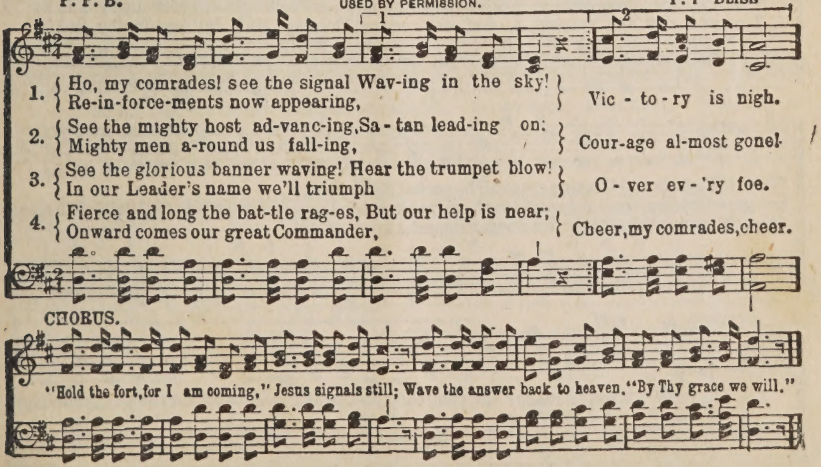
R. L. *Slow* — ROBERT LOWRY.


1. Low in the grave He lay, Je-sus, my Saviour! Waiting the coming day, Je-sus, my Lord!
2. Vainly they watch His bed, Je-sus, my Saviour! Vain-ly they seal the dead, Je-sus, my Lord!
3. Death cannot keep his prey, Jesus, my Saviour! He tore the bars a-way, Je-sus, my Lord!
CHORUS. *Faster.*
Up from the grave He a-rose, With a might-y triumph o'er His foes;
He arose, He a-rose;
He a-rose a vic-tor from the dark domain, And He lives for-ev-er with His
saints to reign; He a-rose! He a-rose! Hal-le-lu-jah! Christ a-rose!
rit.
He a-rose! He a-rose!

No. 283. Hold the Fort.

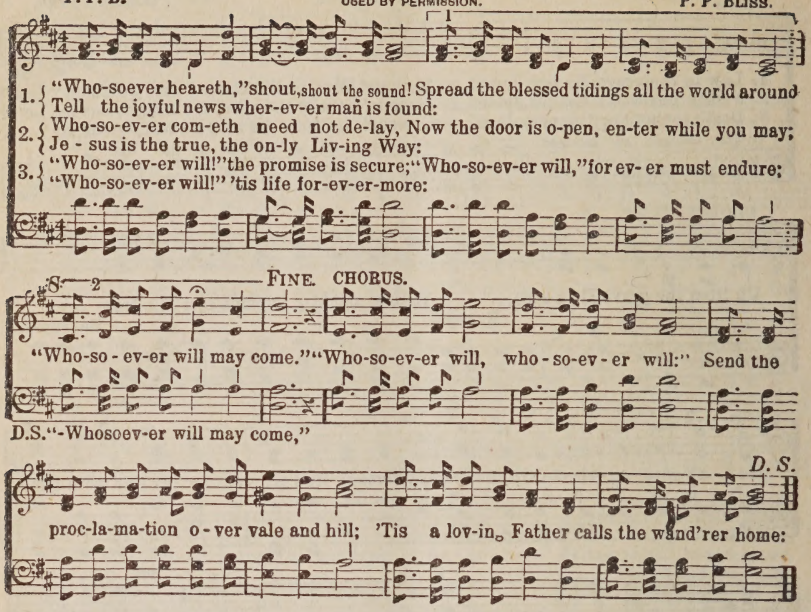
THE JOHN CHURCH CO OWNERS.
USED BY PERMISSION.

P. P. B. — P. P BLISS


1. Ho, my comrades! see the signal Wav-ing in the sky! Re-in-force-ments now appearing, Vic-to-ry is nigh.
2. See the mighty host ad-vanc-ing, Sa-tan lead-ing on: Mighty men a-round us fall-ing, Cour-age al-most gone!
3. See the glorious banner waving! Hear the trumpet blow! In our Leader's name we'll triumph O-ver ev-'ry foe.
4. Fierce and long the bat-tle rag-es, But our help is near; Onward comes our great Commander, Cheer, my comrades, cheer.
CHORUS.
"Hold the fort, for I am coming," Jesus signals still; Wave the answer back to heaven, "By Thy grace we will."

No. 284. "Whosoever Will."

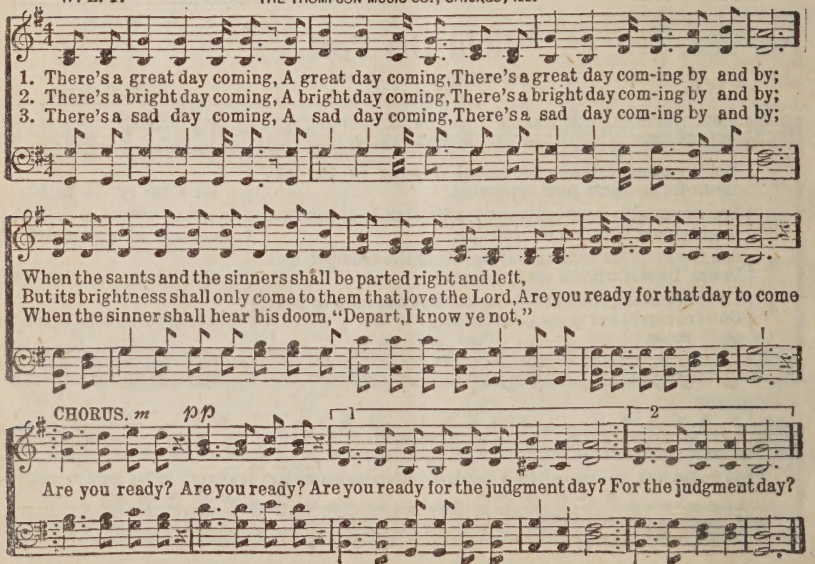
P. P. B. COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. USED BY PERMISSION. P. P. BLISS.


1. "Who-soever heareth," shout, shout the sound! Spread the blessed tidings all the world around
Tell the joyful news wher-ev-er man is found:
2. Who-so-ev-er com-eth need not de-lay, Now the door is o-pen, en-ter while you may;
Je - sus is the true, the on-ly Liv-ing Way:
3. "Who-so-ev-er will!" the promise is secure; "Who-so-ev-er will," for ev- er must endure;
"Who-so-ev-er will!" 'tis life for-ev-er-more:
FINE. CHORUS.
"Who-so - ev-er will may come." "Who-so-ev-er will, who - so-ev - er will:" Send the
D.S. "-Whosoev-er will may come,"
D. S.
proc-la-ma-tion o - ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov-in, Father calls the wand'rer home:

No. 285. There's a Great Day Coming.

USED BY PER. W.L. THOMPSON & CO., EAST LIVERPOOL, O., AND THE THOMPSON MUSIC CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

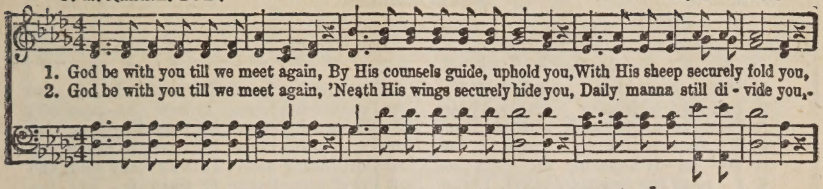

1. There's a great day coming, A great day coming, There's a great day com-ing by and by;
2. There's a bright day coming, A bright day coming, There's a bright day com-ing by and by;
3. There's a sad day coming, A sad day coming, There's a sad day com-ing by and by;
When the saints and the sinners shall be parted right and left,
But its brightness shall only come to them that love the Lord, Are you ready for that day to come
When the sinner shall hear his doom, "Depart, I know ye not,"
CHORUS. m pp
Are you ready? Are you ready? Are you ready for the judgment day? For the judgment day?

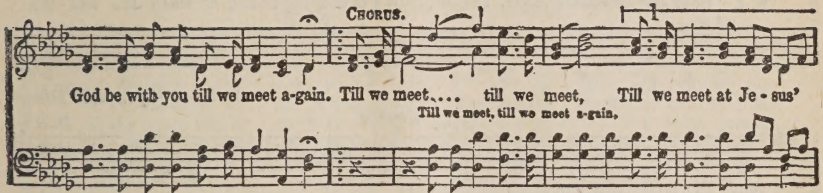
No. 286. God Be With You.

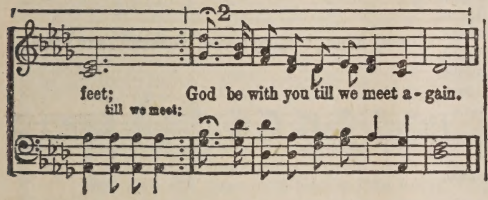
J. E. Rankin, D. D.

COPYRIGHT, BY J. E. RANKIN, D. D. USED BY PER.

W. G. Tomer.


1. God be with you till we meet again, By His counsels guide, uphold you, With His sheep securely fold you,
2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath His wings securely hide you, Daily manna still di - vide you,





3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again.

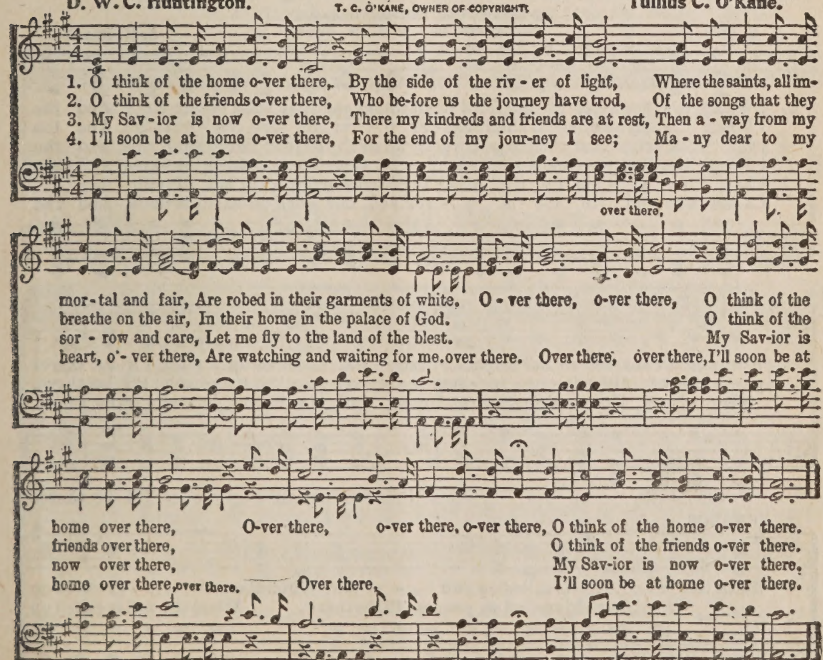
4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.

No. 287. The Home Over There.

D. W. C. Huntington.

T. C. O'KANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

Tullius C. O'Kane.


1. O think of the home o-ver there, By the side of the riv - er of light, Where the saints, all im-
2. O think of the friends o-ver there, Who be-fore us the journey have trod, Of the songs that they
3. My Sav - ior is now o-ver there, There my kindreds and friends are at rest, Then a - way from my
4. I'll soon be at home o-ver there, For the end of my jour-ney I see; Ma - ny dear to my
over there.
mor - tal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white. O - ver there, o-ver there, O think of the
breathe on the air, In their home in the palace of God. O think of the
sor - row and care, Let me fly to the land of the blest. My Sav-ior is
heart, o' - ver there, Are watching and waiting for me. over there. Over there, over there, I'll soon be at
home over there, O-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the home o-ver there.
friends over there, O think of the friends o-ver there.
now over there, My Sav-ior is now o-ver there.
home over there, over there. Over there, I'll soon be at home o-ver there.

No. 288. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

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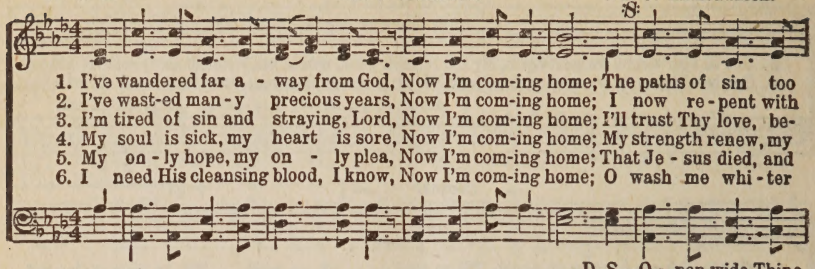
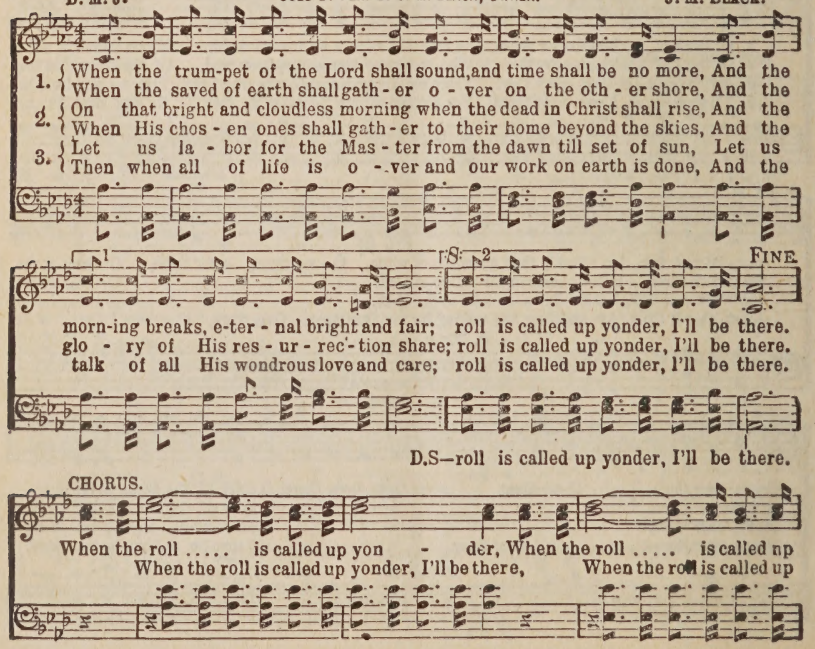
W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. I've wandered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home; The paths of sin too
2. I've wast-ed man-y precious years, Now I'm com-ing home; I now re-pent with
3. I'm tired of sin and straying, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home; I'll trust Thy love, be-
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home; My strength renew, my
5. My on-ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm com-ing home; That Je - sus died, and
6. I need His cleansing blood, I know, Now I'm com-ing home; O wash me whi-ter
D. S.—O - pen wide Thine
Fine.
CHORUS.
D. S.
long I've trod; Lord, I'm coming home.
bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm coming home.
lieve Thy word; Lord, I'm coming home.
hope re-store; Lord, I'm coming home.
died for me; Lord, I'm coming home.
than the snow; Lord, I'm coming home.
Coming home, coming home, Nevermore to roam,
arms of love; Lord, I'm coming home.

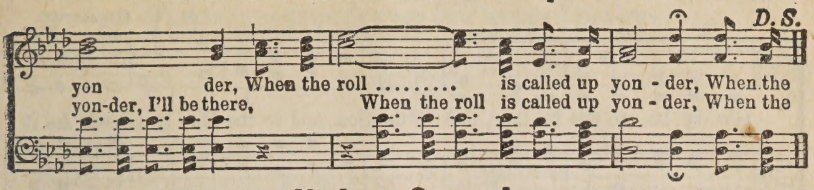
No. 289. When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL
USED BY PER. OF J. M. BLACK, OWNER.

B. M. J. J. M. Black.


1. When the trum-pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the
When the saved of earth shall gath-er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the
2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the
When His chos - en ones shall gath-er to their home beyond the skies, And the
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set of sun, Let us
Then when all of life is o - ver and our work on earth is done, And the
1
2
D.S.
FINE.
morn-ing breaks, e-ter - nal bright and fair; roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
glo - ry of His res - ur - rec-tion share; roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
talk of all His wondrous love and care; roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
D.S—roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
CHORUS.
When the roll ..... is called up yon - der, When the roll ..... is called up
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there, When the roll is called up

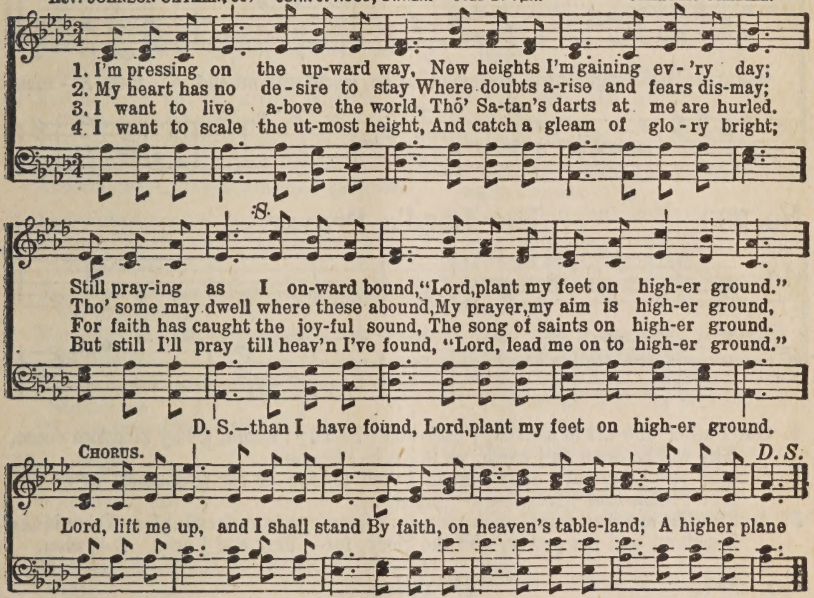
When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.



No. 290. Higher Ground.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. JOHN J. HOOD, OWNER. USED BY PER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. I'm pressing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gaining ev-'ry day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts a-rise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Sa-tan's darts at me are hurled.
4. I want to scale the ut-most height, And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright;
Still pray-ing as I on-ward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground."
Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My prayer, my aim is high-er ground,
For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on high-er ground.
But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to high-er ground."
D. S.—than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground.
CHORUS.
D. S.
Lord, lift me up, and I shall stand By faith, on heaven's table-land; A higher plane

No. 291. While Jesus Whispers.

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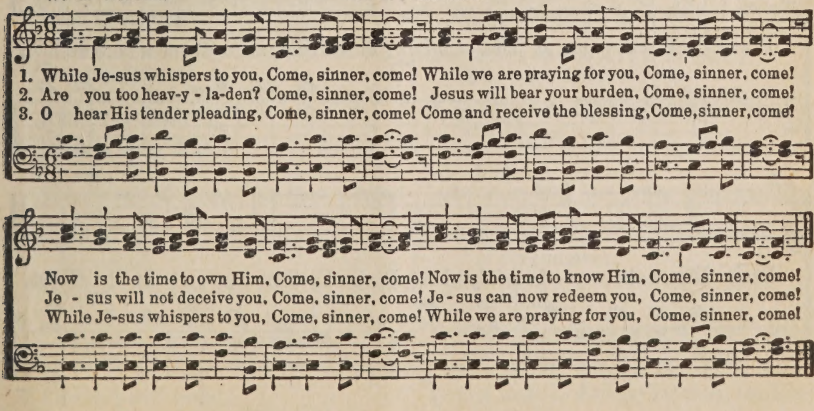
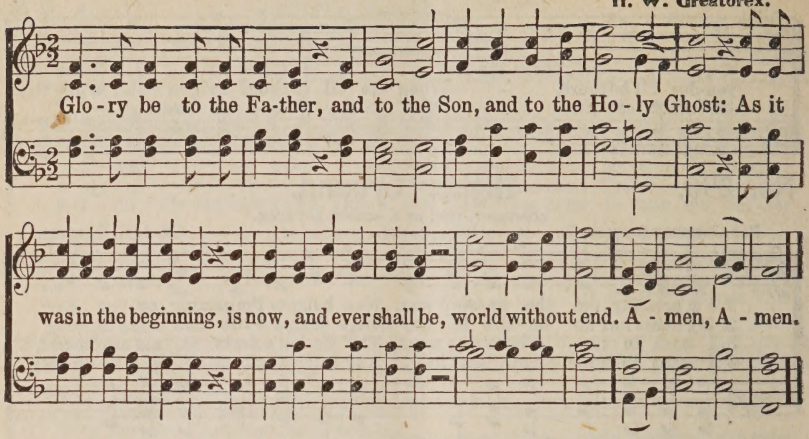
W. E. WITTER. H. R. PALMER.

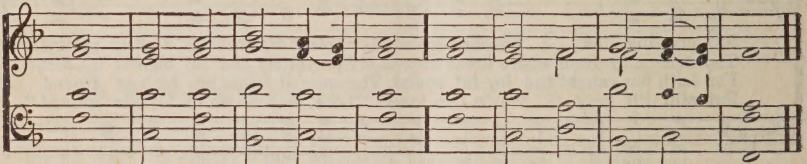

1. While Je-sus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!
2. Are you too heav-y - la-den? Come, sinner, come! Jesus will bear your burden, Come, sinner, come!
3. O hear His tender pleading, Come, sinner, come! Come and receive the blessing, Come, sinner, come!
Now is the time to own Him, Come, sinner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sinner, come!
Je - sus will not deceive you, Come, sinner, come! Je - sus can now redeem you, Come, sinner, come!
While Je-sus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!

No. 292. Gloria Patri.

H. W. Greatorex.


Glo - ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost: As it
was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. A - men, A - men.

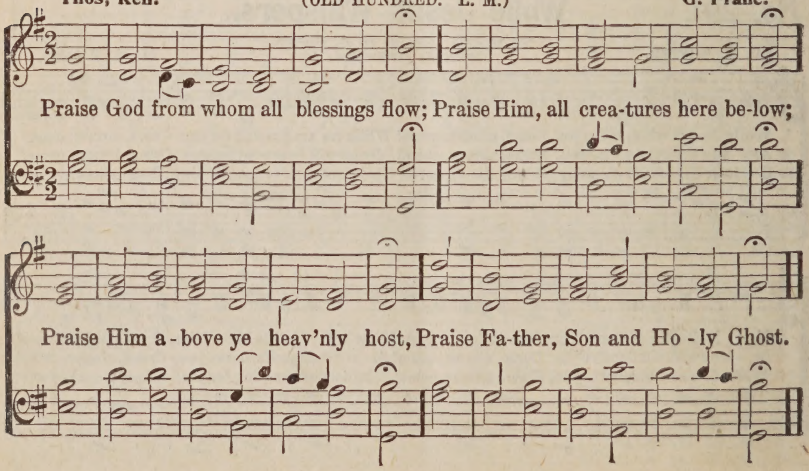
No. 293. The Lord's Prayer.



1. Our Father who art in heaven, | hallowed | be Thy | name; ‖ Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on | earth, as it | is in | heaven.
2. Give us this | day our | daily | bread, ‖ And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | trespass a- | gainst us.
3. And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from | evil; ‖ For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for- | ever and | ever. A- | men.

No. 294. Doxology.

Thos, Ken. (OLD HUNDRED. L. M.) G. Franc.


Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all crea-tures here be-low;
Praise Him a-bove ye heav'nly host, Praise Fa-ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.

Responsive Readings

No, 295. PSALM 1.

1 Blessed is the man that walketh not in
the counsel of the wicked,
Nor standeth in the way of sinners,
Nor sitteth in the seat of scoffers:

2 But his delight is in the law of Jehovah;
And on his law doth he meditate day
and night.

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by
the streams of water,
That bringeth forth its fruit in its season,
Whose leaf also doth not wither;
And whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4 The wicked are not so,
But are like the chaff which the wind
driveth away.

5 Therefore the wicked shall not stand in
the judgment,
Nor sinners in the congregation of the
righteous.

6 For Jehovah knoweth the way of the
righteous;
But the way of the wicked shall perish.

No. 296. PSALM 8.

1 O Jehovah, our Lord,
How excellent is thy name in all the
earth,
Who hast set thy glory upon the heav-
ens!

2 Out of the mouths of babes and suck-
lings hast thou established strength,
Because of thine adversaries,
That thou mightest still the enemy and
the avenger.

3 When I consider thy heavens, the work
of thy fingers,
The moon, and the stars, which thou
hast ordained;

4 What is man, that thou art mindful of
him?
And the son of man, that thou visitest
him?

5 For thou hast made him but little lower
than God,
And crownest him with glory and honor.

6 Thou makest him to have dominion
over the works of thy hands;
Thou hast put all things under his feet:

7 All sheep and oxen,
Yea, and the beasts of the field,

8 The birds of the heavens, and the fish
of the sea,
Whatsoever passeth through the paths
of the seas.

9 O Jehovah, our Lord,
How excellent is thy name in all the
earth!

No, 297. PSALM 15

1 Jehovah, who shall sojourn in thy ta-
bernacle?
Who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

2 He that walketh uprightly, and worketh
righteousness,
And speaketh truth in his heart;

3 He that slandereth not with his tongue,
Nor doeth evil to his friend,
Nor taketh up a reproach against his
neighbor;

4 In whose eyes a reprobate is despised.
But who honoreth them that fear Je-
hovah;
He that sweareth to his own hurt, and
changeth not;

5 He that putteth not out his money to
interest,
Nor taketh reward against the innocent.
He that doeth these things shall never
be moved.

No. 298. PSALM 19.

1 The heavens declare the glory of God;
And the firmament showeth his handi-
work.

2 Day unto day uttereth speech,
And night unto night showeth knowl-
edge.

3 There is no speech nor language;
Their voice is not heard.

4 Their line is gone out through all the
earth,
And their words to the end of the
world.
In them hath he set a tabernacle for
the sun,

5 Which is as a bridegroom coming out
of his chamber,
And rejoices as a strong man to run
his course.

6 His going forth is from the end of the
heavens,
And his circuit unto the ends of it;
And there is nothing hid from the heat
thereof.

7 The law of Jehovah is perfect, restoring the soul:
The testimony of Jehovah is sure, making wise the simple.

8 The precepts of Jehovah are right, rejoicing the heart:
The commandment of Jehovah is pure, enlightening the eyes.

9 The fear of Jehovah is clean, enduring for ever:
The ordinances of Jehovah are true, *and* righteous altogether.

10 More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold;
Sweeter, also than honey and the droppings of the honeycomb.

11 Moreover by them is thy servant warned:
In keeping them there is great reward.

12 Who can discern *his* errors?
Clear thou me from hidded *faults*.

13 Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous *sins*;
Let them not have dominion over me:
Then shall I be upright,
And I shall be clear from great transgression.

14 Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart
Be acceptable in thy sight,
O Jehovah, my rock, and my redeemer.

No. 299. PSALM 23.

1 Jehovah is my shepherd; I shall not want.

2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;
He leadeth me bside still waters.

3 He restoreth my soul;
He guideth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil; for thou art with me;
Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.

5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies:
Thou hast anointed my head with oil;
My cup runneth over.

6 Surely goodness and lovingkindness shall follow me all the days of my life;
And I shall dwell in the house of Jehovah for ever.

No. 300. PSALM 51.

1 Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy lovingkindness:
According to the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

2 Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity.
And cleanse me from my sin.

3 For I know my transgressions;
And my sin is ever before me.

4 Against thee, thee only, have I sinned,
And done that which is evil in thy sight;
That thou mayest be justified when thou speakest,
And be clear when thou judgest.

5 Behold, I was brought forth in iniquity;
And in sin did my mother conceive me.

6 Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts;
And in the hidden part thou wilt make me to know wisdom.

7 Purify me with hyssop, and I shall be clean:
Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

8 Make me to hear joy and gladness,
That the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

9 Hide thy face from my sins,
And blot out all mine iniquities.

10 Create in me a clean heart, O God;
And renew a right spirit within me.

11 Cast me not away from thy presence;
And take not thy holy Spirit from me.

12 Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation;
And uphold me with a willing spirit.

13 Then will I teach transgressors thy ways;
And sinners shall be converted unto thee.

14 Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation;
And my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.

15 O Lord, open thou my lips;
And my mouth shall show forth thy praise.

16 For thou delightest not in sacrifice; else would I give it:
Thou hast no pleasure in burnt-offering.

17 The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit:
A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

18 Do good in thy good pleasure unto Zion:
Build thou the walls of Jerusalem.

19 Then wilt thou delight in the sacrifices of righteousness,
In burnt-offering and whole burnt-offering:
Then will they offer bullocks upon thine altar.

No: 301. PSALM 91.

1 He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High
Shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

2 I will say of Jehovah, He is my refuge and my fortress;
My God in whom I trust.

3 For he will deliver thee from the snare of the fowler,
And from the deadly pestilence.

4 He will cover thee with his pinions,
And under his wings shalt thou take refuge:
His truth is a shield and a buckler.

5 Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night,
Nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

6 For the pestilence that walketh in darkness,
Nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

7 A thousand shall fall at thy side,
And ten thousand at thy right hand;
But it shall not come nigh thee.

8 Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold,
And see the reward of the wicked.

9 For thou, O Jehovah, art my refuge!
Thou hast made the Most High thy habitation.

No: 302: PSALM 98.

1 Oh, sing unto Jehovah a new song;
For he hath done marvellous things:
His right hand, and his holy arm, hath wrought salvation for him.

2 Jehovah hath made known his salvation:
His righteousness hath he openly showed in the sight of the nations.

3 He hath remembered his lovingkindness and his faithfulness toward the house of Israel:
All the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.

4 Make a joyful noise unto Jehovah, all the earth:
Break forth and sing for joy, yea, sing praises.

5 Sing praises unto Jehovah with the harp,
With the harp and the voice of melody.

6 With trumpets and sound of cornet
Make a joyful noise before the King, Jehovah.

7 Let the sea roar, and the fullness thereof;
The world, and they that dwell therein;

8 Let the floods clap their hands;
Let the hills sing for joy together

9 Before Jehovah; for he cometh to judge the earth:
He will judge the world with righteousness,
And the peoples with equity.

No. 303. PSALM 103.

1 Bless Jehovah, O my soul;
And all that is within me, bless his holy name.

2 Bless Jehovah, O my soul,
And forget not all his benifits:

3 Who forgiveth all thine iniquities;
Who healeth all thine diseases;

4 Who redeemeth all thy life from destruction:
Who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies;

5 Who satisfieth thy desire with good things,
So that youth is renewed like the eagle.

6 Jehovah executeth righteous acts,
And judgments for all that are oppressed.

7 He made known his ways unto Moses,
His doings unto the children of Israel.

8 Jehovah is merciful and gracious,
Slow to anger, and abundant in lovingkindness.

9 He will not always chide;
Neither will he keep his anger for ever.

10 He hath not dealt with us after our sins,
Nor rewarded us after our iniquities.

11 For as the heavens are high above the earth,
So great is his lovingkindness toward them that fear him.

12 As far as the east is from the west,
So far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

13 Like as a father pitieth his children,
So Jehovah pitieth them that fear him.

14 For he knoweth our frame;
He remembereth that we are dust.

15 As for man his days are as grass;
As a flower of the field so he flourisheth.
16 For the wind passeth over it and it is gone;
And the place thereof shall know it no more.
17 But the lovingkindness of Jehovah is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him,
And his righteousness unto children's children;
18 To such as keep his covenant,
And to those that remember his precepts to do them.
19 Jehovah hath established his throne in the heavens;
And his kingdom ruleth over all.

No. 304. ISA. 53.

1 Who hath believed our message? and to whom hath the arm of Jehovah been revealed?

2 For he grew up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground: he hath no form nor comeliness; and when we see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him.

3 He was despised, and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and as one from whom men hide their face he was despised; and we esteemed him not.

4 Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows; yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

5 But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

6 All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and Jehovah hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

7 He was oppressed, yet when he was afflicted he opened not his mouth; as a lamb that is led to the slaughter, and as a sheep that before its shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth.

8 By oppression and judgment he was taken away; and as for his generation, who among them considered that he was cut off out of the land of the living for the transgression of my people to whom the stroke was due?

9 And they made his grave with the wicked, and with a rich man in his death; although he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth.

10 Yet it pleased Jehovah to bruise him; he hath put him to grief: when thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of Jehovah shall prosper in his hand.

11 He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied: by the knowledge of himself shall my righteous servant justify many; and he shall bear their iniquities.

12 Therefore will I divide him a portion with the great, and he shall divide the spoil with the strong; because he poured out his soul unto death, and was numbered with the transgressors: yet he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

No. 305. JOHN 3: 1-8.

1 Now there was a man of the Pharisees, named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews:

2 The same came unto him by night, and said to him, Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God; for no one can do these signs that thou doest, except God be with him.

3 Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except one be born anew, he cannot see the kingdom of God.

4 Nicodemus saith unto him, How can a man be born when he is old? can he enter a second time into his mother's womb, and be born?

5 Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except one be born of water and the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.

6 That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit.

7 Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born anew.

8 The wind bloweth where it will, and thou hearest the voice thereof, but knowest not whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit.

No, 306. PROVERBS 3.

1 Jehovah by wisdom founded the earth;
By understanding he established the heavens.
2 By his knowledge the depths were broken up,
And the skies drop down the dew.
3 My son, let them not depart from thine eyes;
Keep sound wisdom and discretion:
4 So shall they be life unto thy soul,
And grace to thy neck.
5 Then shalt thou walk in thy way securely,
And thy foot shall not stumble.
6 When thou liest down, thou shalt not be afraid:
Yea, thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet.
7 Be not afraid of sudden fear.
Neither of the desolation of the wicked, when it cometh:
8 For Jehovah will be thy confidence,
And will keep thy foot from being taken.
9 Withold not good from them to whom if is due,
When it is in the power of thy hand to do it.

No. 307. JOHN 3: 1-11.

1 I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandmen.

2 Every branch in me that beareth not fruit, he taketh it away: and every branch that beareth fruit, he cleanseth it, that it may bear more fruit.

3 Already ye are clean because of the word which I have spoken unto you.

4 Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; so neither can ye, except ye abide in me.

5 I am the vine, ye are the branches: He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same beareth much fruit: for apart from me ye can do nothing.

6 If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and they gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned.

7 If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ask whatsoever ye will, and it shall be done unto you.

8 Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; and so shall ye be my disciples.

9 Even as the Father hath loved me, I also have loved you: abide ye in my love.

10 If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love; even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love.

11 These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy may be in you, and that your joy may be made full.

No. 308. Prayer.

1 *Jesus:*—And he went forward a little, and fell on his face, and prayed, saying, My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt.—Matt. 26:39.

2 And there appeared unto him an angel from heaven, strengthening him.—Luke 22:43.

3 *Church*:—Peter therefore was kept in the prison; but prayer was made earnestly of the church unto God for him.

4 And behold, an angel of the Lord stood by him, and a light shined in the cell: and he smote Peter on the side, and awoke him, saying, Arise up quickly. And his chains fell off from his hands.—Acts. 12:5-7.

5 *Apostles*: These all with one accord continued steadfastly in prayer, with the women, and Mary the mother of Jesus, and with his brethren.—Acts 1:14.

6 *Diseiples*: And when they had prayed, the place was shaken wherein they were gathered together; and they were all filled with the Holy Spirit and they spake the word of God with boldness.—Acts 4:31.

7 *Paul and Silas*: But about midnight Paul and Silas were praying and singing hymns unto God, and the prisoners were listening to them;

8 And suddenly there was a great earth quake, so that the foundations of the prison house were shaken: and immediately all the doors were opened; and every one's bands were loosed.—Acts 16:25-6.

9 *James*: Confess your sins one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed. The supplication of a righteous man availeth much in its working.

10 Elijah was a man of like passions with us, and he prayed fervently that it might not rain; and it rained not on the earth for three years and six months.

11 And he prayed again; and the heaven gave rain, and the earth brought forth her fruit.—Jas. 5:16-18.

No. 309. The Holy Spirit.

1 And he, when he is come, will convict the world in respect of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment:

2 Of sin, because they believe not on me;

3 Of righteousness, because I go to the Father, and ye behold me no more;

4 Of judgment, because the Prince of this world hath been judged.—Jno. 16: 8-11.

5 Nevertheless I tell you the truth: It is expedient for you that I go away; for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I go, I will send him unto you.—Jno. 16: 7.

6 But the Comforter, even the Holy Spirit, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring to your remembrance all that I said unto you.—Jno. 14: 36.

7 But ye shall receive power, when the Holy Spirit is come upon you: and ye shall be my witnesses both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth.—Acts. 1: 8.

8 Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit:

9 Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I commanded you: and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.—Matt. 28: 19-20.

10 Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except one be born of water and the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.—Jno. 3: 5.

No. 310, Conversion of the Jailer.

1 But about midnight Paul and Silas were praying and singing hymns unto God, and the prisoners were listening to them;

2 And suddenly there was a great earthquake, so that the foundations of the prison house was shaken: and immediately all the doors were opened; and everyone's bands were loosed.

3 And the jailer, being roused out of sleep and seeing the prison doors open, drew his sword and was about to kill himself, supposing that the prisoners had escaped.

4 But Paul cried with a loud voice, saying, Do thyself no harm: for we are all here.

5 And he called for light and sprang in, and, trembling for fear, fell down before Paul and Silas, and brought them out and said, Sirs, what must I do to be saved?

6 And they said, Believe on the Lord Jesus, and thou shalt be saved, thou and thy house.

7 And they spake the word of the Lord unto him, with all that were in his house.

8 And he took them the same hour of the night, and washed their stripes; and was baptized he and all his, immediately.

9 And he brought them up into his house and set food before them, and rejoiced greatly, with all his house, having believed in God.—Acts. 16: 25-34.

No. 311. Wine is a Mocker.

1 Wine is a mocker, strong drink a brawler; and whosoever erreth thereby is not wise.—Prov. 20: 1.

2 He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man: he that loveth wine and oil shall not be rich.—Prov. 21: 17.

3 Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath complainings? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?

4 They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek out mixed wine.

5 Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it sparkleth in the cup, when it goeth down smoothly:

6 At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adderr—Prov. 23: 29-32.

7 And every man that striveth in the games is temperate in all things. Now they do it to receive a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible.

8 I therefore so run, as not uncertainly; so fight I, as not beating the air:

9 But I buffet my body, and bring it into bondage: lest by any means, after that I have preached to others, I myself should be rejected.—1 Cor. 9: 25-27.

10 And be not drunken with wine wherein is riot, but be filled with the Spirit.—Eph. 5: 18.

No. 312. Confessing Christ.

1 Everyone therefore who shall confess me before men, him will I also confess before my Father which is in heaven.

2 But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven.—Matt.10:32-33.

3 Wherefore also God highly exalted him, and gave unto him the name which is above every name;

4 That in the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven and things on earth and thing under the earth,

5 And that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.—Phil. 2:9-11.

6 The word is nigh thee, in thy mouth and in thy heart; that is the word of faith, which we preach:

7 Because if thou shalt confess with thy mouth Jesus as Lord, and shalt believe in thy heart that God raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved;

8 For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.—Rom. 10:8-10.

No. 313. Jesus the Savior.

1 Thou shalt call his name Jesus; for it is he that will save his people from their sins.—Matt. 1:21.

2 And the angel said unto them, Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people:

3 For there is born to you this day in the city of David, a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord.—Luke 2:10-11.

4 But Peter and the apostles answered and said, We must obey God rather than men.

5 The God of our fathers raised up Jesus, whom ye slew, hanging him on a tree.

6 Him did God exalt with his right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance to Israel, and remission of sins.

7 And we are witnesses to these things; and so is the Holy Spirit, whom God hath given to them that obey him.—Acts 5:29-32.

No. 314. Repentance.

1 I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance-—Luke 5:32.

2 And that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name unto all the nations, beginning from Jerusalem.—Luke 24:47.

3 Then began he to upbraid the cities wherein most of his mighty works were done, because they repented not.—Matt. 11:20.

4 Except ye repent, ye shall all in like manner perish.—Luke 13; 3.

5 The times of ignorance therefore God overlooked; but now he commandeth men that they should all everywhere repent.—Acts 17:30.

6 The men of Nineveh shall stand up in the judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it; for they repented at the preaching of Jonah; and behold, a greater than Jonah is here.—Luke 11:32.

7 The Lord is not slack concerning his promise, as some count slackness; but is long-suffering to you-ward, not wishing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.—2 Peter 3:9.

8 Now when they heard this, they were pricked in their heart, and said unto Peter and the rest of the apostles, Brethren, what shall we do?

9 And Peter said unto them, Repent ye, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ, unto the remission of your sins; and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Spirit.—Acts 2:37,38.

10 I say unto you that even so there shall be joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine righteous persons, who need no repentance.—Luke 15:7.

No. 315, Communion.

1. For I received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you, that the Lord Jesus in the night in which he was betrayed took bread;

2. And when he had given thanks, he brake it, and said, This is my body, which is for you; this do in remembrance of me.

3. In like manner also the cup, after supper, saying, This cup is the new covenant in my blood: This do, as often as ye drink, in remembrance of me.

4. For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink the cup, ye proclaim the Lord's death till he come.

5. Wherefore, whosoever shall eat the bread or drink the cup of the Lord in an unworthy manner, shall be guilty of the body and the blood of the Lord.

6. But let a man prove himself, and so let him eat of the bread, and drink of the cup.

7. For he that eateth and drinketh, eateth and drinketh judgment unto himself, if he discern not the body.

8. Wherefore my brethren, when ye come together to eat, wait one for another.

9. If any man is hungry, let him eat at home; that your coming together be not unto judgment. And the rest will I set in order whensoever I come.—1 Cor. 11; 23-34.

No. 316. The Grace of Giving.

1. Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the firstfruits of all thine increase.

2. Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings.

3. Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house; and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.

4. For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich.

5. Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him.

6. Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver.

7. It is more blessed to give than to receive.

8. Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.

9. He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord.

10. For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold to them thatwalk uprightly.

No. 317. Closing Sentences.

1. The Lord bless thee, and keep thee;

2. The Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee;

3. The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

4. The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another.

5. Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant,

6. Make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.

7. Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us,

8. Unto him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.

9. Now unto him who is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy,

10. To the only wise God, our Savior, be glory and majesty, dominion and power both now and ever. Amen.

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